

Memories and Opinions

NEW YORK TIMES 10/20/1973

ROLLO L. DE WILTON

Rollo L. De Wilton, a retired editor at the Macmillan Company died Tuesday at his apartment at 200 West 20th Street. He was 89 years old.

Mr. De Wilton was a teacher at the Taft School, one of his pupils was Robert F. Wagner Jr., who later became Mayor of New York.

When the Crowell-Collier Corporation absorbed Macmillan, he reviewed the company's correspondence from 1892 to 1960 and was instrumental in preserving 14,900 letters from 367 authors, which are now in the Division of Manuscripts at the New York Public Library.

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Best Foreman
with my kind regards.

P. A. DeWitt

BOB FOREMAN
1967

MEMORIES
and
OPINIONS



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MEMORIES and OPINIONS

by Horace Dutton Taft

"Nothing is more tiresome than a superannuated
pedagogue."

— *From The Education of Henry Adams*

New York THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1942

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HORACE D. TAFT

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TO
THE OLD BOYS
of
THE TAFT SCHOOL

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FOREWORD

ONE of the chapters of this book is called "A Scrapbook of Anecdotes." The whole book partakes a bit of the nature of a scrapbook.

My original excuse for undertaking to make a record of so uneventful a life as mine was the prodding by a number of loyal old boys. When my bald narrative was evidently unsatisfactory to them I proceeded to air my views on a number of subjects—an airing which I am afraid was much more interesting to me than it will be to any readers there may be. My mentors even objected to my giving my views on education, which, considering that I was writing as a schoolmaster, reminded me of the sign in a Chicago hospital: "No children allowed in the maternity ward."

I make no apology even for recording my amateurish views on politics or international affairs. I can only issue a caveat to the unwary reader.

My hearty thanks are due to Mr. R. L. DeWilton, for many years a master in the Taft School, and now in the Editorial Department of The Macmillan Company, for his suggestions, criticism and encouragement.



PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

BY DEANE KELLER

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MEMORIES
and
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CHAPTER I

PARENTS, HOME, AND CHILDHOOD

I AM of Yankee stock on both sides. I never had any interest in genealogy. My father told me that it was a fascinating study, said that I should have more sense when I reached the age of fifty. It did not come to pass, though some incidents or circumstances interested me as they cropped up.

The first Taft settled in Mendon, Massachusetts, about 1670. He was a carpenter and had five big sons. My father had five big sons, and the comparison pleased him. Carpenters were scarce, and that family of six was important in the little community. Tradition has it that they built a bridge for the town with the understanding that they were not to be called on to do any work on the roads. Their man power was so important that the town went back on the bargain later.

I used to brag that an ancestor of my mother had declined the presidency of Harvard College. I kept it up until it was discovered that the man was never married—a hasty investigation showed that we were descended from his brother.

On the whole, I should say that we were of good average stock, chiefly farmers, with some clergymen and other men of education. If you trace back the many lines of ancestry of any New Englander, you will find him descended from the same ancestors as a number of prominent men. Thus, I believe that we have a distant connection with Ralph Waldo Emerson. The name of Rawson is also in the family. Through two or three lines we are descended from Deacon Samuel Chapin, the leading settler of Springfield, Massachusetts,

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whose memory is preserved by the statue of the Puritan by Saint-Gaudens.

Of my four grandparents I knew only one, my mother's father. The variety in these four in tastes, ability, and character is extraordinary. I suppose that is true of the grandparents of most. It is a pity that a man cannot select the best qualities from all four or even from those farther back. Of course this variety accounts for the extraordinary difference in families, a difference which is of peculiar interest to schoolmasters and leads to speculation on the subject of heredity. As a little girl expressed it: "Me and my sister ain't any more alike than if we wasn't us; and she's as different as me, only the other way."

I wish that I had known my father's father. He was a farmer's boy and had only a country-school education, but, apparently, he was rather exceptional in character and mind. He was greatly interested in a wide variety of subjects, educated himself by reading, had a keen sense of humor, and carried weight in his community. He seems to have gone to the legislature or to have filled any other office, as he pleased. I have always supposed that he was only a moderately good farmer. I know nothing bearing on this subject, except that he had so much interest in public affairs that farming would almost seem to have had a second place in his life. He took the lead in the foundation of Leland Classical and English School, which, under the name Leland and Gray Seminary, is still doing fine work, being the only institution for secondary education in ten Vermont towns.

His wife was very different. We have her portrait, a portrait handsome and grim, agreeing very well with what I have heard of her. She was the strictest kind of Baptist (my grandfather was also a Baptist, but he was not strict in anything), with very little humor. My grandfather served as a buffer between her and the rest of the world. When my

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brothers Charlie and Peter were reaching an age to be interested in such things, a little dance was planned at home. When the fiddles struck up, my grandmother rose to her feet and started up the stairs followed by my grandfather. He was quoting to her a passage of the Bible about David's dancing before the Lord, etc. He had an astonishing knowledge of the Bible, which served him in good stead in modifying her grim prejudices. She held the purse strings—which was a very fortunate thing, because there was little in the purse.

My grandfather Torrey was a gentleman of the old school, with old-time manners, a high temper, and a strong notion of discipline. He held to a rigid code and, intellectually, led a very narrow life. I have no recollection of his reading anything except the newspaper—a strange contrast with my other grandfather. He was strong in family pride, independence, and strict honor. When he said, "There goes a man who does not pay his debts," there was nothing more to be said.

My grandmother was his second wife and a remarkable contrast with him in every way. Physically, he was powerful, healthy, and straight as an arrow to his dying day, which did not come till he was nearly eighty nine. She was delicate and died in her early sixties. She was a great reader and was immensely interested in the important questions of that day, questions which turned on Unitarianism versus orthodoxy, the slave contest, and so on. They began their married life in Boston, where my grandfather was in business, at a time when William Ellery Channing and other prominent lights of Unitarianism were in their prime. To my grandmother's great disappointment, my grandfather conceived the idea that his lungs were unsound, and retired from business and built a house in Millbury opposite his wife's old home.

We were much amused to find, a hundred years after it was written, a letter from my grandmother to my grandfather. It

was before they were married. She said that on her return she had been astonished to find out that the clergyman had had directions to announce their engagement. She said that in such a matter as this she had expected to be consulted, and she had taken the liberty of canceling the order. She went on to say that her friends told her that she would not make a good wife for a dictatorial man. She then described further and quite accurately the kind of man she would not make a good wife for, and it was a perfect description of my grandfather—but she married him after all and found out that she had been entirely right. This was all news to us, though I confess I had had a notion that any woman who married my grandfather, as I remembered him, would have had her troubles.

My father was born on a Vermont farm in 1810. He was an only child and, naturally, the apple of the eye of his parents. He somehow became very eager for an education and went through many hard experiences such as have made interesting the lives of a good many successful Americans. I remember his telling how, one day in an oat field, he first told his father of his dream of going to college. It involved an expenditure which would seem ridiculously small today, but which was rather appalling to a Vermont farmer a hundred and twenty years ago. At last his father said, "We will ask your mother." To the boy's intense delight she thought awhile and then said: "We can do it." He taught school, earned money in other ways, and finally succeeded in entering Yale in 1829, graduating in 1833. Occasionally he walked from Vermont to Yale. Sometimes he went in a stagecoach. Once, for the return trip, he took a sloop to New York, took another boat of some kind up the Hudson, and walked over the mountains to Townshend, his native village. He was a Phi Beta Kappa man at college. He had sacrificed so much and had been so earnest in his pursuit of an education that everything

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that he learned in college was sacred in his eyes. He was a liberal-minded man, but he had some strong prejudices. A criticism of the old classical course was sure to meet with an indignant response.

His class got up a kind of strike, because the work in mathematics was thought to be unreasonably hard. Father had come to college to work and declined to join. He was one of only two who recited. It was a hard test, but he was wont to face the music throughout his life. In any case, it did him no harm with his classmates. He was a very powerful man physically, and argument with him in that line was unprofitable, while his traits of character, his simplicity, courage, honesty, and kindness, were sure to win.

He aimed at the law; and, in order to earn money for a start, he taught two years in a boarding school at Ellington, Connecticut, and in 1835 came back to Yale as a tutor. I have a number of books presented to him by divisions of the classes he taught. I remember being tickled by his description of a football game between the freshman and sophomore classes. It was slightly different from modern football. In the first place, it was a kicking game, played, of course, with a round ball. In the second place, the entire sophomore class played against the entire freshman class. The game was held on the Green. One goal was the Chapel Street fence, and the other the steps of the State House. My father was umpire. One would think they would have required the entire faculty to umpire a game like that.

In 1839 he went West and settled in Cincinnati, which was then the Queen of the West. I wish that I could remember all the means of transportation required in such a trip. It was a period of rapid change, and the railroad period was just beginning. Most of the way to Pittsburgh he traveled by stage-coach, but he was able to travel in part by canal and railroad. He waited two days in Pittsburgh for a steamboat, which took

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him down the Ohio. This made four kinds of transportation.

He rose steadily through the years till he became one of the leaders of the bar. After a year or two in Cincinnati he went back to Vermont to marry a girl of his old home town. There are two or three amusing letters to indicate that romance had very little part in his life. While he was a tutor at Yale, he had evidently been prodded a little bit as to the wisdom of his looking around for a wife. His answer was that he was too busy; but it was evident that he would be grateful for any help in his search for the proper candidate.

The children of this marriage were Charles Phelps Taft, of the class of '64 at Yale, and Peter Rawson Taft, of the class of '67.

His first wife died, and in 1853 he married my mother, Louisa Maria Torrey of Millbury, Massachusetts. He had become acquainted with her through his Yale classmate, the Reverend Samuel Dutton of New Haven, who had married an aunt of my mother. My middle name came from him. A letter of inquiry to Mrs. Dutton about my mother indicates again a very sober consideration of the problem of matrimony with very little of the modern romantic sentiment. I can only say in defence of such an approach to matrimony that it would be hard to find a more devoted couple, or a couple who faced life with more sympathetic aims and ideals.

My brother Will was born in 1857, my brother Henry in 1859, I came along in 1861, and my sister in 1865. We were thus a large family, five boys and a girl, though Charlie and Peter were so much older that they belonged to the grown-ups while we were still children.

I did not know until nearly seventy years later that my welcome into this world was not unanimous. I was greatly tickled to run across a letter which I still possess, written on the day of my birth, December 28, 1861, by my father to my grandfather Torrey. After telling of the important arrival and

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of my mother's condition, he adds: "Willie is very much displeased about it and insists that old Santa Claus brought him here because no one else wanted him. Louise has, however, compromised the matter with him and the baby is to remain a while, and if he does not behave well he is to be sent to the orphan asylum, but if he behaves well we may keep him. Harry is pleased with the new brother, but Willie wants no other brother than Harry." Evidently I behaved well, for I never went to the orphan asylum.

I cannot remember anything about the Civil War, not even the assassination of Lincoln. A good many men and women of my age say that the assassination of Lincoln is the first thing they remember. The grief of their parents, the signs of mourning on the streets, etc., made a great impression. I was not so bright. My first recollection is of an accident which nearly finished me. I remember pleading with our Irishman to put me on the back of our horse, standing in his stall. The foolish fellow did it and left me there. I was only four years old and managed to fall off, sliding I should think, over the horse's hindquarters. In any case, he let drive with his heels, kicked me in the head, and the family thought I was done for. I still have a slight dent in my skull for proof. A month or so later, when I was being wheeled in a baby carriage and was recovering, I saw the same horse brought home by a couple of men, with the harness broken and twisted. Shortly after that, they brought home my brother Will, with a broken skull. The horse had run away down a steep hill, and Will had landed on his head on the curbstone. Why it did not kill him, I do not know. He carried a deep depression in his skull all his life. The folks had not blamed the horse for kicking me; they felt that the Irishman was to blame. But after the second accident they sold the beast. He had been an army horse and probably did not know that the war was over. However, it seems that all of our generation must have had

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tough skulls. Our serious accidents were all in the head. My brother Harry, some years after, was diving in a new place when swimming, and landed on his head on a pointed rock under the surface of the water. They pulled him out, bleeding profusely, but apparently, as in the other instances, no damage was done. Whether in these cases the freedom from injury was due to thickness of the skull or some vacancy underneath, I cannot tell.

Another incident made a deep impression on my mind. Many of my old boys remember the five Mallon boys who went through the School—a fine set they were, and are. Their grandfather owned a place next to ours on Mt. Auburn, the Cincinnati suburb where we lived. The Mallons lived in a small frame house which stood on the street, their lot being one hundred feet wide and perhaps two hundred feet deep. Our place was higher than theirs and a retaining wall marked the line. Howard Mallon, the uncle of the boys who came to Taft, was of just my age, about six. He and I had heard people talk about grasshoppers and the great damage they were doing. I had no idea what part of the country the old folks were talking about. I do not know whose brilliant idea it was, but we agreed that it would be a good thing for the country, and also good fun, to burn some grasshoppers. The summer was well advanced and the grass on the Mallon place was high and dry. It ought to have been cut for hay before that. To carry out our plan I volunteered to get the matches. To my surprise, when I asked my mother for the matches and explained our brilliant plan, she said, "Certainly not." Progressive ideas always meet with conservative opposition. However, I went upstairs, stood on a chair, and got a handful of matches. I joined Howard and, realizing that the authorities were not in favor of our plan, we retired to the extreme end of the Mallon property and, sitting down in the high, dry grass, felt quite safe. We had no kindling, but

thought that if we pulled up some of the dried grass it would burn and, when the fire was started, we could hunt for grasshoppers.

We were quite right as to the burning. In about ten seconds Howard and I were running for the wall and for our lives. we had started a roaring prairie fire. We hurried up in the lee of the wall toward the Mallon house. For reasons that seemed to me good and sufficient, I preferred to stay on the Mallon side of that wall. Up next the house we trembled more and more as a crowd of men gathered from the neighborhood and made a brave fight to save it. They worked the pump violently, tore up the dry grass next the house, and finally succeeded. A beautiful big tree next the house, however, was killed.

While I was making myself as inconspicuous a part of the scenery as possible, and huddled under the wall, my mother's calm voice came over from the other side: "Horace, did you find the matches?" I said, "Yes, Mamma," and then Mother and I went into conference; we held an executive session, as it were. Before I leave the subject, I think that I may say that in one respect our expectations were entirely justified. If there were any grasshoppers in that lot, I am sure they were exterminated.

In September, 1868, I began in the lowest class of the district public school. It was presidential year, Grant against Seymour. Of course I knew which was the right side, because I knew which side my father was on. I screamed, "Hurrah for Grant!" A little Irishman, a year or two older than I, knocked me down and rolled me all around the school yard. I blubbered, but kept on screaming for Grant until the school bell rang and rescued me.

As I look back I think that, on the whole, we were fortunate in our environment, both in the home and in the neighborhood. As I have indicated, we were five boys and a girl,

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though my two oldest brothers, Charles and Peter, did not count in some ways, because they were grown up. They counted in other ways because they had helped to set a standard in various directions. We were a large enough group to make the family public opinion a power, especially for the youngest boy.

My father was a rare combination of strength, sweetness, gentleness, simplicity, and broad-mindedness. As for social distinctions, he was the most democratic man I ever knew. His sympathy and kindness extended to all, though he could be stern enough when individuals failed to live up to his standard of right. He was very generous. As a tutor at Yale, he divided his small salary to put through college a boy in whom he had become greatly interested. The boy was valedictorian of the class of '39, and my father hoped that he would study law and come West and be his partner. The boy died the summer after his graduation, at my father's home in Vermont. It was a sad ending of a close friendship and of what seemed likely to be a brilliant career.

I have spoken of my father's strong prejudices. His hard fight for an education had, as I have said, enshrined in his mind all the studies he had pursued, and in education he was a thorough conservative. He had a belief in hard work that would meet the strong disapproval of some of our moderns. He started in life as a Baptist, under parental guidance, but became quite unorthodox. He joined the Unitarian church and faced the music at a time when to be a Unitarian in the West required a good deal of moral courage. He was very ambitious and yet felt bound to take positions in that controversy which were sure to be serious handicaps. His dissenting opinion in the Bible-in-the-public-schools case prevented his being governor of Ohio, though the Supreme Court of that state confirmed his opinion at every point. His will was law with us, yet I cannot remember lectures or exhortations set-

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ALPHONSO TAFT
THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

ting forth his philosophy or ethical code. The moral atmosphere we breathed undoubtedly came from our parents, and, as I have said, public opinion in the family was healthful and strong. I do not remember any lecturing on the question of scholarship and school work. All I know is that we felt that the sun shone brighter if we brought home good reports. I do not remember even talks on smoking. My father had an intense prejudice against tobacco, and none of us ever smoked. Where he got the prejudice I do not know, because he had no such feeling in regard to wine and liquor, or any of the other things which the strait-laced condemn.

As I have said, my father rose to the top of the Bar of Cincinnati and Ohio. He was, however, a born judge. He had the judicial temperament, the moral courage, the ability and patience. I always felt that he ought to have been a judge all his life. He was first appointed to the Superior Court bench, the court of highest standing in the county, was then elected on the Republican ticket for another term, and then at the end of that was elected unanimously for a third term. This, in spite of some unpopularity which a brave decision brought him. When the necessity of a larger income for the education of his numerous family obliged him to resign, a prominent lawyer wrote: "No leader of the Bar ever left the court feeling that his case had been too difficult or deep for the Judge's understanding and learning. No beginner at the Bar ever left feeling that the case had been too small and unimportant for the Judge's patience and kindness."

Another lawyer, who had often had my father as an associate in some cases and as an opponent in others, speaking of him as a practicing lawyer said, "When a difficult case was on, involving fundamental principles of law, bringing Taft in was like bringing up the heavy artillery."

My mother was also a Yankee clear through, with a strong character, and with New England ideals of life that today are

under a cloud. Her ambition for my father and the children was as strong as his. Of course the details of discipline in daily life were her responsibility. She faced life and its problems with a serene courage which lasted till her death.

Someone writing about her stated that she never read a frivolous book. I rush to her defense. She enjoyed good literature, but in that she included many a frivolous or humorous book. What a dreadful charge that is to make against any well regulated mind! Indeed, when she was past seventy she said to a friend, "I have reached an age at which I do not need to read improving books."

I remember with amusement one lesson which she taught me, though it was not amusing at the time. We attended the Unitarian church, rather irregularly, and we children attended the Sunday school of that church. As a small boy I had not made a careful study of the creeds of the Unitarian and the Baptist churches, but I did know that nothing of importance happened at the Unitarian Sunday school on Christmas, while candy, oranges, etc., were distributed generously at the Baptist Sunday school—which, moreover, was quite near our home, while the Unitarian church was down in the city. About a month before Christmas I joined the Baptist Sunday school and was a regular and prompt attendant. My mother made no objection, but on Christmas morning suggested that I would better stay at home. I was not the first nor the last to join a church for temporal blessings which might ensue. However, I learned a lesson.

We lived in Mt. Auburn, a neighborhood on a hill within the city limits of Cincinnati, but so separated from the city that we had the advantages of both city and country. There was only one policeman on the whole hill. We boys regarded him as superfluous, but as not generally troublesome. The houses were near enough for neighborhood, but far enough apart to give us plenty of room. One big difference between

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that time and this was that none of the extracurriculum activities, as we call them, were arranged for us. If a boy did his duty in the school, was honest, reasonably unselfish, and held his own with the other boys, that was enough. We learned to swim, but not because anybody taught us. I "tagged along" with the older boys and went into the shallow end of the pond, while they went into the deep end. We went fishing or on long hikes, taking for food the most indigestible things we could find. Bologna sausage and hard-boiled eggs were the chief part of the diet. We had plenty of games, but they were not organized: football, baseball, shinny, etc. Even college games had been organized only a few years before. We had to create our own amusements. I have come to think that we had a great advantage in having no radio, no victrola, no automobile, no movies. For myself, I played every game, enjoyed it, and was conspicuously clumsy and failed in all. I was fairly strong, though without endurance enough to make me an athlete, even if I had not been clumsy. I was pretty good in a rough-and-tumble, and enjoyed it.

As I look back, I wish that I had been taught a good many things which it never occurred to parents of that day to teach a boy. I wish my father had put me in the hands of a carpenter some summer, promising to pay for all the damage I did to his tools. I wish I had been taught to sail, or to rough it, or to ride horseback; but those were all things that a boy took to naturally or not, and they were not regarded as important aids to resourcefulness, manual skill, etc.

There was more fighting among boys then than today. I suppose that civilization has made some progress, and I have no doubt that the development of athletics has done much to banish the custom. I remember that my mother was much distressed by the fights between us brothers. My brother Will was too old and strong to fight with me, except in a disciplinary way, but Harry was between us in age and he had to

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defend both frontiers, as it were. I even undertook to discipline my sister, but she didn't fight fair. she kicked shins, pulled hair, and scratched, all of which are forbidden in any civilized code. As I say, my mother was very much distressed by the appearance of the old Adam among her lads, but Father, though he interfered with emphasis once or twice, took the ground that we were bound to have more sense when we grew older.

Some of our summers were spent at my mother's old home in Millbury, Massachusetts, and there we came under the rule of my grandfather Torrey, whose old-time manners and high temper I have already mentioned. Life may have been too easy for us at home, but not in Millbury. Harry came home from there one September and said in an awed voice, "The folks at Millbury are awful polite." I can still see my grandfather, a tall man, straight as an arrow, well over eighty, with a thick growth of white hair on his head, escorting a lady to the gate, opening the gate and lifting his hat, and then stalking back and casting a withering glance at us youngsters, with the simple remark, "The boys of today have no manners." He was very proud when he walked up the aisle of the Congregational church Sunday morning, with two or three daughters and numerous grandchildren. I always looked forward to getting out of going to church the next Sunday, but I don't think that I ever accomplished it. A hint from Grandpa that I should hardly have time to black my shoes before church was always enough. I was coming downstairs one Sunday whistling "Wake, Freshmen, Wake," when the old gentleman said, "Horace, I don't recognize the tune of that hymn you are whistling." The whistling stopped.

While speaking of Millbury, I ought to say a word about my aunt Delia Torrey, an important member of the family circle. She was my mother's oldest sister, presiding always at Millbury when we gathered there and often visiting in the homes

of her sisters and nephews. She was an unreconstructed Yankee and would have approved heartily a short editorial in some New England paper at the time of the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims—the newspapers over the country were making a good deal of fun of New England, the New England conscience, the worship of the Concord and Boston circles, and so on. The editorial said, "We must admit that we Yankees have been pretty smug and conceited and have made ourselves a little obnoxious. We would only rise to remark that nobody has ever referred to a New York conscience or a Pennsylvania conscience *even in jest*." Aunt Delia was poor and thrifty. She had been brought up in narrow circumstances, and the lifelong habit made her watch the pennies. A good many of us, accustomed to a different scale of living, used to make fun of her habits in this line. More thoughtful ones, however, noticed that it was toward herself that she was stingy. When her church was in need, or nephews or nieces, she was ready to give out of all proportion to her income. She gave a piece of ground to the town for a library. Afterwards she consulted me as to whether she ought to give the lot back of it to the town or sell it. I said:

"Give it to the town! If you would let me have the money, I should be for selling it."

"What in the world would you do with it?"

"I would go down to the garage at the corner and tell them that I would pay them for two automobile rides a week whether you took them or not."

"How perfectly absurd! I have all the transportation I need!"

This meant that she toddled out on her poor old legs to climb into a trolley car to go to Worcester for shopping, feeling that to spend money for an automobile ride would be downright immoral and would be robbing her nieces and nephews.

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She had an excellent sense of humor, and we all delighted in her company. She particularly disliked sham. A certain doctor in her neighborhood had been a surgeon in the Civil War, and it came to my aunt's knowledge that he was drawing a pension for deafness, though he could hear quite as well as the ordinary person. She never spoke to him again without shouting, and to his intense rage explained that she did it because he was deaf, saying to a third party: "Hadn't you heard that he is deaf? He draws a pension for it."

Millbury was on the Blackstone River. A beautiful stream in the days of my early childhood, but utterly befouled by the sewage of Worcester when that city ceased to be a village. There were hot times in the court, but the situation is still bad. At that time people were adopting fancy names like "Manchester by the Sea" or "Tivoli on Hudson." Aunt Delia began to date her letters, "Millbury by the Sewer." She died at ninety-three, outliving by many years all of her generation in the family.

Altogether, as I look back, life on Mt. Auburn seems to have been very wholesome and natural. Meredith Nicholson, in one or two of his books, describes suburban life in Indianapolis in a way that reminds me of the simple democratic life that we lived. For myself, I was quite an average, commonplace boy, except in bodily length. I cannot remember when I was not trotted out by the teachers before visitors to the school, with the remark, "This boy is only —— years old," the teachers having no idea how awkward and embarrassed it made me feel.

In this connection I remember an event which threw a little doubt on the idea that honesty is the best policy. A group of us were at the door of the Cincinnati Exposition. The charge was twenty-five cents for all above twelve years of age, but fifteen cents for all below. I was the tallest boy in the crowd

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and the only one under twelve. I came last in the procession and heard the ticket-taker call to the ticket-seller, "Aren't some of these boys getting pretty big for under twelve?" Every one of the boys lied and gave his age as under twelve. I came along and bought an under-twelve ticket. When I reached the ticket-taker he cursed me and said that I ought to be ashamed to tell such a lie. Scared and very much embarrassed, I went back and paid my quarter — the only one in the crowd who had told the truth.

One thing I can say with emphasis, I liked folks. And I am inclined to think that a liking for humans which is not too discriminating makes for happiness and usefulness in life. I liked most of my teachers and a great variety of boys. I was a fair scholar, because home influence made ambition and industry in that line inevitable. I read perhaps rather more than the average boy, Cooper, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, probably in the order named, and many other novels, and a good deal of history. I remember that Thackeray did not come till high school years. Of course there was very little predigested children's literature, compared with the mass of it which is published today. We had Oliver Optic books and a set of books by, I think, Castlemon, which I have always called the "Frank" books. At any rate, the two heroes in the books were Frank Nelson and his cousin Archie. They were tales of two boys who did a great many impossible things in the woods of Maine, then in the Civil War, and then on the prairies of the West. I re-read one only a few years ago and was much amused to see how careful authors were in those days not to corrupt the young. These boys were in the army and were out with trappers of the West, and against all kinds of tough elements, but I think in all nine books there was not an oath mentioned. The strongest expression of their two experienced guides was, "Bars and buffaler!" On one occasion

at a crisis came the sentence, "The deuce!" said Archie, forgetting himself in his excitement." No wonder we developed into a model generation.

I was interested in politics in a thoroughly boyish way, because my father was, and I heard a good deal of political talk. I read about the campaigns and delighted in such arguments as I could understand. I remember chortling over an exchange between two newspapers. Old Bill Allen was a war horse of the Democratic party who was running for governor of Ohio. Election morning the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic newspaper, put at the head of its editorial column: "Ohio speaks today. Rise up, William Allen!" The next morning the leading Republican paper put in still larger type: "Ohio Has Spoken! Sit Down, William Allen!"

When I think of the intensity with which the great majority of the educated people of that day, including all of our folks, believed in the Republican party and in the Reconstruction policy which they put through, when I think how I was brought up to regard Charles Sumner as an ideal senator of a republic, when I think of the propaganda which pursued and almost ruined Andrew Johnson, it makes me wonder how a man can be certain of anything in this life. I think that any fair man of my age, looking back, will find that he has supported so many things that were wrong that he ought to be modest in the conclusions he forms now.

Speaking of the trial of Andrew Johnson by impeachment brings to mind the omission on the part of our lawmakers to do something that would be highly appropriate. In the fury of partisanship and hate which swept the country, seven Republican senators followed their consciences and sacrificed their political lives to a patriotic sense of duty. They were hooted in the press; threats of every kind were made, and they were assured that they would never be elected to another office. They never were. One of them said, "I feel as though

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I were looking into my open grave " But they stood fast. The vote of any one of them would have completed the two-thirds majority necessary for conviction. When our lawmakers are putting up the statues of many mediocre men or of men whose distinction was a misfortune to the country, when they are putting up a statue to Huey Long, it is a pity that they cannot in some way set up a memorial to these seven senators with an inscription to indicate the kind of stuff of which the statesmen of a republic should be made.

In some ways I was, if not serious minded, at least very argumentative. It seems to me that whenever I found a boy who was thoroughly orthodox, I felt it my duty and pleasure to go at him. Religion in that day, in the orthodox pulpits, consisted too frequently of sending the Unitarians to hell, while the Unitarians responded by pointing out the mistakes of Moses. I was always interested in history and, for a boy and a slow reader at that, I read a good deal of it. I have always wondered whether my father had a method in his treatment of me or was just naturally interested. I know that it was a great pleasure to me, when I had been reading Dickens or Thackeray, or the life of Washington, or a history of the Civil War, to bring up the subject with him, after a Sunday dinner or at some other good time. Father had been a worshiper of Webster, and I never lost the intense interest in the man which I acquired in that way. Of course, if these talks had been in the form of lessons, or if I had even suspected that they were for my education, the result would have been different. In any case, I can recommend this method to parents generally. If a man will read some of the good books which his boy is reading, he will find that the exchange of ideas about those books will make reading a pleasure to the boy, and the process will not be unprofitable to the parent, aside from the strengthening of the bond between the two. I have often been surprised at the complaint of a man that his boy does not do any good

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reading except what is required at school, when I have known beyond question that the reading of the man himself was confined to the sporting news, the financial section, and the more sensational headlines. He seemed to think that the time had come to gather figs from thistles.

These talks with my father ranged over American history, with its outstanding personalities, modern English history, and the history of Rome. It was these talks about Webster which led to my astonishment afterward at the ignorance of the ordinary American of the history of his country. I liked to ask a group of boys who had not studied history in our school who Daniel Webster was. I came to expect complete ignorance on the subject. However, having used sarcasm on the various groups, I "fessed up" honestly after a reunion dinner of my '83 Class at Yale. We were then about sixty-five years old. In a schoolmasterish talk to the Class I dwelt on the complete ignorance on the part of the American boys of the history of their own country and told how very few of them knew who Daniel Webster was. One classmate came up to me afterward and said to me: "Horace, you make a devil of a lot out of a little thing. Who *was* Daniel Webster? I never heard of him." A graduate of Yale!

Of course the curriculum we followed was prescribed from the alphabet to the end of the sophomore year for a boy who chose the academic course, and when a boy said he was going to college, it was that course which he generally meant. We had one advantage in the conservatism of the age, and that was that there was no discussion at home or elsewhere as to the value of the studies we were pursuing. A discussion at home as to the doubtful value of a study which a boy has at school is a dreadful preparation for the attention and ambition needed. We got full value from the studies, as far as the ability of teachers to arouse our interest went, or the desire to learn was inculcated in the boy. Our teachers, in the main,

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LOUISA MARIA TORREY TAFT
THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER

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had not studied pedagogy, but they had studied human nature—knew the subjects which they taught, and managed well.

My father was an ideal parent, from a teacher's standpoint. He could not bear the idea of divided authority. We had a very foolish teacher the year before I went to the high school. I remember that her tactlessness so aroused the boys that they succeeded in persuading their parents to put disrespectful remarks on the back of the reports. One measure adopted by the teacher caused special indignation. She gave us marks for conduct and included these marks in the regular scholarship report, which put some of us down quite a bit in our general average. One parent wrote that he thought it a very foolish arrangement by which an idiot could be at the head of the class. I was rebellious and very eager to have Father write something equally caustic. He looked over his glasses at me, and then wrote that he was sorry that his boy had had so little sense; he hoped that he would do better, but that he wanted it understood that any measures which were taken would have his full support. He added that when he was a boy they used to use what they called "strap oil," and it worked very well.

When I went to the high school he said, "Now I think you are going to get better teaching and better discipline." I said, reproachfully: "Well, Father, I always supposed you thought I had had the best discipline and teaching. You never said anything else." He smiled and said, "When I get ready to criticize a teacher to you, my boy, I will take you out of school first." He would have enjoyed greatly a story of an old fellow who started an academy at the head of Academy Hill in Watertown, Connecticut. You know, in the old days, the little red schoolhouse had no discipline. If the boys could thrash the teacher, the fathers seemed to think it a good joke. This old fellow started his private school and had different notions. The first day, a big fellow did something which so

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aroused the teacher that he told him if he did it again he would expel him. The boy apparently thought he would like to know what the word meant; so he did it again and was sent home. He appeared the next morning and, to his astonishment, was sent home again and told to stay there. This brought the farmer, the boy's father, who had never heard of such a thing. He argued and argued, getting more and more violent, while the master was perfectly set and determined. At last the father said, "As far as I can see, you expect to do what you damned please with this school." The old man blinked, and said, "Your language is coarse and your manners offensive—*but you have grasped the idea.*"

CHAPTER II

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

OF course after the district school came the high school. It was the Woodward High School, small according to the standards of these days, and old-fashioned in curriculum. The scholastic standard was very high compared to that of other schools of that day and of many high schools of today. Before we were through they dropped 40 per cent of our class. We paid nothing, but were expected to work or leave—a strange idea to the modernists. It was not expected in that day that a large proportion of children should go to high school, and that their requirements should be lowered to make this possible. Boarding schools then were few and small, and if a boy in our neighborhood went to one, the question was, "What is the matter with him?" There was a private school in the city to which many boys who fell out of the high school would go. When this happened to a boy, we conceited high-school youngsters said, "There goes an honor boy for Chick's." Indeed it was hard for a boy to graduate from that private school without some kind of honor. Our high school was especially strong in mathematics. We were given a good deal of original work in plane geometry at a time when original work was not dreamed of in most schools. Five boys in our class went to Yale. Four of them were Phi Beta Kappa men there, and the other a good first-division man. One of the four was valedictorian. He was Eliakim Hastings Moore, who became head of the mathematics department of the University of Chicago, and one of the three or four foremost

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mathematicians of the whole country. After our sophomore year in college he never had a thought in mathematics that one of us could understand.

The requirements for college preparation were in general much less than today. Most schools in that time could not have covered the ground required now. We covered the same ground in Latin, as far as reading was concerned, but without the sight work. Greek, of course, was required. The work in the classics was decidedly inferior to that of modern times. In mathematics, the contrast was still greater. We studied only two books of the five in plane geometry, and, as I have said, college required no original work of any kind. We had neither French nor German. The only examination in English was an easy one in grammar.

Almost up to our day all Yale entrance examinations had to be taken in New Haven. In '79, however, this had been changed, and we took our examinations in Cincinnati. A boy could not take part of his examinations one year and part the next. We took them all in two days. We high school boys got into a race and were allowed to ignore the time table and take the next subject as soon as we had finished the one before. The result was that I received a condition in Greek Prose. I remember two things about it with some amusement. First was my own chagrin and the importance that it assumed in the eyes of the family. It was the first condition in our experience and, as I had had four brothers ahead of me with clean records, I felt the disgrace. When the boys poked fun at me, Father interfered to save my feelings. I defended myself by explaining how we had raced. I noticed a change in Father's face. He said: "Let me have the facts about this. You mean you could have passed that examination if you had tried?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am sure I could if I had taken the time."

He looked very serious and said: "My boy, I have wasted my sympathy. If you work hard for an examination and do

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your best in it and get 50, you will have my sympathy, but if you get 95 when you *can* get 100, I am thoroughly ashamed of you."

I never defended myself again to him on the ground that I could have done better if I had tried. He had a great deal of Gladstone's feeling that, when a boy runs, he ought to run as fast as he can; when he jumps, he ought to jump as far as he can; and when he works, he ought to work as hard as he can.

My life during my high-school years was interrupted in one way by my father's appointment as Secretary of War, which office he later gave up for that of Attorney General. During that year, from March, '76, to March, '77, I lived at the home of the Mallons; and it was, indeed, a home to me. In the summer I went with my mother and sister to Washington, where we spent a day or two, and then to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. In Washington I remember being introduced to General Sherman and President Grant. I remember that Sherman was spry and chatty, and joked with my father who was the Secretary of War, Sherman being the commanding General of the Army. Grant was about as cheerful and communicative as a tombstone. I sat with the driver as we went about Washington, and he told me that he had been the coachman of President Lincoln a dozen years before. He had a number of stories about the great War President.

We spent only two days at the Centennial. Mother was a strong New England woman and determined to do her duty by her offspring. The consequence was that my chief recollection of those two days is of an intense weariness and a dreadful ache between the shoulders. I remember being told of a new invention by which you could hear a voice from one part of the building to another through a wire. There were people who were foolish enough to think that soon we should be able to talk all over town. On that same trip we stopped in New Haven at the Thacher House, and I attended Commence-

ment and heard Arthur Hadley deliver the Valedictory for the Class of '76.

As I look back on my education at home, the most conspicuous thing about it was its limitations. My father was very ambitious for all of his children but, like most Americans of that day, thought of education as a school affair and as connected almost exclusively with the school curriculum. If a boy was honest, earnest, industrious, studied well in school, and played the game in general, what more could an ambitious father want? We had no music, no art, no mechanical training, and our reading was done with very little guidance, though I have indicated how my father's conversation made much of my reading more interesting. I doubt whether anybody could have done anything for me in the way of art or music, but we were not even exposed. Of course our family was not peculiar in this. The great majority of families in that day—at least in the West—would have regarded such things as "frills."

One of the things that made a great impression on me in my high-school days was the Hayes-Tilden election, interest in which was stimulated by my father's participation in politics. I used to go down to the city and join the great crowd outside the newspaper office to get the latest bulletin. Both parties claimed the election, committees from both organizations visited every one of the disputed states, and partisanship became violent. I suppose that even now nobody can tell who was elected. In the battle off Santiago Admiral Schley said, "There is honor enough to go around." In the election of '76 there was *dishonor* enough to go around, and more too. Republicans and Democrats in South Carolina and Louisiana were utterly unscrupulous. However, the electoral commission settled the matter and Hayes was elected. Whatever the justice of the decision, it was better than civil war.

I have referred to the way in which our opinions are re-

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versed in the passage of years. History has reversed or will reverse the judgment of that day in regard to three Presidents who came together. I was brought up to think that Andrew Johnson was a drunkard, a lawbreaker, and a traitor. The whole North so regarded him. I think that it is clear now that he was a brave and thoroughly conscientious man, anxious to carry out the policy that Lincoln undoubtedly had in his mind. He was clumsy, obstinate, and had a kink in his mind in regard to the Constitution. The violence and unscrupulousness, however, of Thad Stevens, Ben Butler, and their crowd make one, at this distance, sympathize with poor Johnson; and the dreadful reconstruction policy which they forced through, in spite of him, is our lasting shame.

Grant followed him, and we have had few worse administrations than his two terms. Corruption ran riot and, though no taint of it touched him personally, he had close friends who participated in it. The Civil Service was worse than ever, and he absolutely failed to understand the need of its improvement. The period was one of moral decline and business corruption, and we never needed more from Washington an example of honesty and public spirit. I remember that when my father was appointed to the Cabinet to take the place of the secretary of war, who was retiring because of the discovery of peculations, some newspapers thanked God that they had got an honest man in the Cabinet. The implication of that remark was, of course, a dreadful libel. In spite of all this, the halo of the great military leader was only slightly dimmed and, four years after his retirement, a large minority in a Republican convention were in favor of a third term for him. History now deals very harshly with Grant as President, but not unjustly so.

Then came Hayes, a very inconspicuous President. He was under a cloud from the start because of his disputed title. The Democrats regarded him as a usurper, as a receiver of stolen

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goods. The spoils politicians in command of the Republican party wanted to go on with Grant's policies, and resented vastly the more respectable methods of Hayes. He appointed an excellent cabinet. He did his best to improve the Civil Service, and one or two of his cabinet officers adopted the merit system in their departments to the intense indignation of the politicians. Hayes vetoed the silver bills and stood for sound money, though the bills were passed over his veto with promptness and with vindictive pleasure. Altogether, it is hard to read of the administration of Hayes without coming to the conclusion that he was a very conscientious man and was right on all, or nearly all, of the main questions that came up. Yet, in the noise of the self-seeking politicians like Conkling and Blaine, this quiet man passed into history as a failure. Again I say how very risky it is to be absolutely sure in contemporary matters.

I went to Yale in September of 1879, having never seen the city except for the visit of a day or two in '76. It is interesting to contrast the arrangements made for the modern boy—the mother or father or the entire family sometimes going on to consider the important question of his room—with the way in which I was sent. I was about to catch the night train for New Haven and Mother was trying to tell me how to select a room when my brother Will, who had graduated the year before, came in and said, "For heaven's sake, Mother, if the boy hasn't enough sense to select a room for himself, don't send him to college." So poor Mother was ruled out, while Will laid down the law to me as to the work I ought to do. He had inherited a good deal of Father's prejudice in this matter. Anyhow, I arrived in New Haven and succeeded in selecting what was probably the worst room in New Haven for my purposes. It was a fairly large room, on the ground floor, with a big bay window. The consequence of this situation was that my classmates never used the front door, but

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came in by the bay window, and I had to be ready at any hour of the day or night to repel boarders, so to speak. My landlady was philosophical. When we broke a chair nothing was said, but the chair was left in that condition. The mattress consisted of discs, each supported by a spiral spring, and when a roughhouse resulted in a tumble on the bed, one of those springs was likely to break. The consequence was that before long the bed was like the Rocky Mountains for smoothness of surface. However, I would give a great deal to be able to sleep as I did on that up-and-down surface. When I went to college I was six feet four inches in my stocking feet, and thirty-five pounds lighter than I am now. The sophomores must have thought that the Lord had been good to them.

Physically, the college of our day was much more like that of my father's, fifty years before, than that of today. The old brick row still stood and was the chief part of the dormitory equipment, though Durfee and Farnam had been built. There has been, of course, a complete revolution since then, so that a Yale man of my time needs a guide to take him around the buildings of the great University. But that revolution is not as marked as it is in other ways. Perhaps the greatest change has been in the matter of docility and contentment. Of course with our physical surroundings we found no fault. We had steam heat in our rooms and toilets in the basement, which was more than our fathers had had; and, if we paraded to the old gymnasium Saturday afternoon with our clean underclothes in our satchels, that amount of bathing was considered respectable in our home circles. There was not a bathroom on the campus.

The Saturday night bath has been a joke at the expense of country people for a great many years, but I well remember when it was the rule everywhere. I have sometimes wondered how long the daily bath has been in vogue in England. I think that the average Englishman thinks that William the

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Conqueror took a bath every day. I remember seeing in a biography of the Duke of Wellington the statement that when he came back from India, some time between 1800 and 1805, he brought back with him the custom of the daily bath. This would seem to indicate that the custom does not go back in England much beyond a century, if indeed it goes as far back as that. Dr. Richmond, the distinguished president of Union College, was in the class of '83 at Princeton, graduating the same year I graduated at Yale. He told me that at a recent reunion he asked a Princeton classmate when he took his baths when he was in college. The reply was, "When I went home."

But this contentment that I speak of is not surprising in connection with our physical surroundings. What was so different from the modern situation was our contentment with the course of study, discipline, etc. Everything was prescribed for us till the end of the sophomore year, and, during the junior and senior years, eleven hours a week were given to prescribed studies, and only four hours to optional studies. We followed the traditional course, and nobody ever thought of asking our opinion; nor did we dream of offering it. The discipline was more like that of a boarding school, and week ends were almost unknown. Chapel services were wooden, but we took them as we took the sunrise. It never occurred to the authorities or to us that the services or the sermons should be adapted to our needs, or our opinion considered at all.

Dr. Barbour, a fine old Scotchman, was the college pastor, and he preached good orthodox doctrine. He was an excellent man, but he was not an American; he was elderly, and had very little idea of the American boy, his ways, or his language, and consequently we were frequently tickled by his unintentional slips. One Saturday, Harvard beat us all to pieces in baseball. The next morning Dr. Barbour, in his fine Scotch

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accent, began, "I will take for my text this morning, 'Where are the nine?'" He was quite surprised at the effect on that youthful congregation.

In speaking of our contentment and docility, I do not mean to imply that we were more orderly than college students of today. I think that the reverse was true. There certainly was as much drunkenness as there is today, and plenty of sporadic disorder; and I imagine that in the matter of immorality and gambling the situation has not changed. I only mean that the period of general discussion and criticism of college government, the system of education, etc., had not arrived.

A startling example of the freedom of the modern college press was shown a few years ago when the Reverend Sidney Lovett was named pastor and university chaplain, an appointment which has amply justified itself. When this was announced, the *Yale News* contained an editorial about college undergraduates and the religious situation. Among other things it said: "To them prayer is weak mumbling, a confession that they cannot stand on their own feet. To them the ritual of the church today seems filled with century-old fetishes." Farther on: "A new chaplain comes among us. Does he come with the consolation of Zoroastrian ritual cloaked in Christian theology? Does he come equipped with ancient superstition disguised in modern forms and methods? Does he come with the God which was good enough for men five centuries ago but is not good enough today? If he comes with these things, he will have a lonely time at Yale."

Such a thing in our day would have been quite impossible; in fact, a student wishing to win favor with the faculty or the public was under temptation to emphasize his piety. I remember one sophomore who was bewailing the decay of the ancient faith and attacking the modernists. His composition ended with the remark, "And now we are to be deprived of the hope of a future life, *hell being a myth.*"

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Some of the students of our time were orthodox and earnest. Some were conventionally orthodox and indifferent. Others were decidedly skeptical. Among those who were interested there was plenty of vigorous argument. But, of course, this never occurred to the authorities. What I am calling attention to is that now, when there is no chapel or church, but a special religious adviser, when week ends are the order of the day, the amount of criticism and discontent is vastly greater than in our simple times. It is the modern spirit. Undoubtedly the change involves a great deal of good as well as bad. I read with much interest the book by John Tunis, "Was College Worth While?" Mr. Tunis was in the class of 1911 at Harvard and, therefore, was almost halfway between my time and the present. I am confident that such a verdict as he reached from considering the reports of his classmates would not be the verdict of the great majority of my class. In the first place, I think that we should have put college friendship very much higher in importance among the good results of a college course. We graduated only 154, and consequently it was much easier to form close and lasting friendships than in the very much larger class to which Mr. Tunis belonged. I do not believe that if we had gone into the world at the end of our preparatory school course, we should have had a chance of forming anything like the fine friendships we formed at that charming period of life. Of course, it depends upon the man himself.

There were even those of us who thought they profited by the scholastic work. But college life is many-sided, and the man who gets most out of it is the one who throws himself into it with the most vigor. We had time for thought and discussion, for the cultivation of ideals, and for literary effort. All made for development in one way or another though, of course, a man *could* go through the entire course without

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profit to himself or others. That possibility we can never change.

The modern week end is a sad subtraction from the value of college life. I remember a conversation between my good friend Professor Gruener, of the class after mine, and three leading seniors about the harm of week ends away from New Haven:

"But, Professor Gruener, what could a man do if he stayed here?"

"Why, in our day Sunday was perhaps the most valuable day of the week. There was no alcohol connected with it. We took long walks with our best friends, talked over serious and interesting questions, and had time for any reading that appealed to us."

The three seniors looked at each other, and finally one of them said: "My God! *Walk*—and *talk*—and *read*!"

It seemed to him like a penitentiary sentence. Yet old Gus's description and estimate were true.

I had four happy years in Yale, with probably more disappointments and troubles than occur to me in retrospect. I worked hard and was a fair scholar, according to our moderate standard. I did not distinguish myself in any way, but I enjoyed life and made many friendships that have been precious to me from that day to this—in too many cases till death brought the end. I am inclined to think that the man who finds no satisfaction or profit in the varied life and opportunities of college might consider the bare possibility that the fault is not in his environment, but nearer home.

I had the good fortune to have as my roommate, after my freshman year, William Irwin Grubb, whom, many years after, my brother appointed United States District Judge in Alabama. He was always proud of the appointment and considered Billy the best judge in the South. My roommate and

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I were very sympathetic in our tastes. He was a man of sterling principles, shy and retiring, but with great moral courage. His name became quite well known when he declared unconstitutional one of the New Deal laws. We were always a source of considerable amusement because of the marked difference between us physically. It was a combination of a Great Dane and a rat terrier.

Two of my dearest friends were Edward Tompkins McLaughlin and Sherman Day Thacher. The former was the ablest man in the Yale of our time in literature, whether as a scholar or as a writer. He was a tutor in English one year after graduation, went through a painful experience of unpopularity with his classes, owing to mistaken severity and sarcasm, but in a remarkably short time won the appreciation, admiration, and gratitude of his classes for the inspiration he gave them and the insight into the best things in literature. This appreciation was keenest among the best men. One of the brightest men of one of his later classes said to me, "I never really knew how to read till I had McLaughlin." He played an important part at the beginning of the development of the Modern English department at Yale. To the great loss of Yale and his friends, he died only ten years after his graduation and only a month after his promotion to a full professorship.

Sherman Thacher and I had so many points of contact that we were like brothers. My father graduated in '33, and his father in '35; they were afterward on the faculty together, and were lifelong friends. His mother and mine knew each other before either of them had met her husband. Our brothers knew each other down through the years, and I knew Sherman before we went to college. Both of us studied law and practiced a little, and both became schoolmasters. He married my cousin, Eliza Blake. He was founder and headmaster of the Thacher School in the Ojai Valley, California. He was a

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man of strong character and high ideals, and did a unique work.

Sherman had a delightful sense of humor, and it was a treat to get a letter from him. He wrote me once of a mother who was a crank on diet, and who complained that her son was suffering from an unbalanced ration. Sherman added: "The next week Eliza and I went to the Catalina Islands. The sea was rough and our rations lost their balance altogether." I remember his amusement at the piety of an old lady who had been in a runaway accident, and who said to him that she trusted in the Lord till the breeching broke.

He had three fires, each of which almost destroyed the school. He wrote me: "I am building my new school of slow-burning construction. I should like to see a school of mine burn slowly once."

An old settler in the Ojai, who must have had something the matter with his eyesight, went down to see Theodore Roosevelt at Ventura when the President was making a California tour. On his return he said:

"Mr. Thacher, did anybody ever tell you you looked like Theodore Roosevelt?"

"Nobody ever did."

"Well, you do. I was down there yesterday and when he come out on the platform I says to myself, 'By gum, you look jest like Mr. Sherman Thacher'—*I never was so disappointed in the looks of a man in my life.*"

On the whole, ours was a good, average class. We had several members who became conspicuous in business. Richard Bissell, for instance, at the head of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, was a very prominent man in general in the insurance world. In fact, for character, influence, and accomplishment I am inclined to rank Dick as number one. During the First World War Governor Holcomb came to him for help in one of the many complicated business affairs brought

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to the Governor's door by the war. The response to the request was:

"Why, Governor, I am giving seventy-five per cent of my time and effort to the government now."

"That is all right, Mr. Bissell. All we want is the other twenty-five per cent."

I have no doubt the Governor got it.

Joseph Robinson Parrott was president of the Florida East Coast Railway and the head of the great Flagler interests in that state. Robert Cameron Rogers, who wrote "The Rosary" and other poems, was one of our classmates. However, when one thinks of his class he does not think of these worldly distinctions, but each man has a circle of those who are dearest and nearest to himself.

The most popular man in our class, and probably in the Yale of our day, was John Butler Woodward of Wilkes-Barre. He had a personal charm which attracted all who knew him, and a simplicity of character combined with a delightful sense of humor which continued throughout his life and gave him a youthfulness of spirit that never failed. He had a beautiful voice and great enjoyment in singing, so that in any reunion of the Class a large group was sure to gather around "But" for the old college songs and the old college spirit.

Noah Porter was our president, a man revered for his character and noted in philosophy, but distinctly of the old type of college president, without the decision of character needed for discipline or administrative work. Sherman Thacher used to say that he never said anything but once and that he took that back. I remember that one night a small group of our classmates, boiling-drunk, took great paving stones and heaved them through the windows of the president's lecture room, completely demolishing the windows and shutters, and breaking much of the furniture inside. The class in general were highly indignant, but were a good deal amused when

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the president commented on it and said that the act was, "to say the least, discourteous."

Practically all the men of my time found William G. Sumner (Billy to us) the most inspiring teacher we had. He taught us political economy, but he also gave lectures on American history which were optional. In either, however, he was forceful, interesting, and inspiring. He was an amusing contrast to Professor Northrop, a popular teacher of rhetoric, an admirable speaker, and a good deal of a politician. He held the office of Collector of Customs while still a professor, and was an orthodox Republican and a protectionist. This was enough to make old Billy contemptuous of him. He regarded Professor Northrop's opinions on political economy as those of an amateur and a politician.

Professor Northrop had the reputation of remembering every student that had ever been under him. A year after our graduation he was made president of the University of Minnesota, in which position he was exactly in his element. A member of the Class of '80, many years after his graduation, was going through Minnesota and thought he would test the old man's memory. He went into the president's office and said, "President Northrop, I am an old pupil of yours, and I have just called to pay my respects."

Northrop looked over his glasses at him in the way that all of us remembered and said, "Bless me, X of the Class of '80 at Yale," and he added, "One of two men who handed in the same composition in sophomore year."

X came back to New York and said, "I got recognized all right."

Of course our professors and instructors varied very much in methods and in success. On the whole, however, I think it safe to say that the college boy of today is vastly better taught and has much more to interest and inspire him than the boy of my time.

CHAPTER III

A YEAR OFF

TOWARD the end of my junior year my father was appointed Minister to Austria. We had no ambassadors at that time. The title was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and some of the men appointed were certainly "extraordinary."

The long course of American history, with its frontier training in resourcefulness, had planted in the American mind the idea that any man could do anything if he put his mind to it, and it made Americans think lightly of specialists. Now, it is quite true that the business of American diplomacy at most capitals was simple and required in the main a man of common sense and dignity. The consequence was that men were sent to the capitals of various countries for the most extraordinary reasons. They were lawyers, or businessmen, or authors—anything except diplomatists. My father was a conspicuous example of this. I need hardly add to what I have already said to show what an affection for him we all had, or what admiration for his character, ability, and personality. His appointment to the Austrian Legation was regarded as eminently fitting and very creditable to the Administration. Yet, what country but America would have sent to a high diplomatic post a man seventy-two years old who had devoted his entire life to the practice of law, who did not know a word of a foreign language, and whose experience in European countries had been confined to a summer's trip a dozen years before? Yet we all took it as the most natural thing in the world,

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and as the fitting recognition of an honorable career—and it did not occur to me till long afterward to think how peculiarly American it was.

As far as the business of the office was concerned, he was well able to take care of that. I took much pleasure and amusement in his life there. He was as big-minded as he was big-bodied, and had a kindliness that went into everything and a democratic feeling that extended to everybody. He made his way, as he was bound to do, by his simplicity and by his gracious and kindly character, and a natural dignity which every one respected. It was interesting that he should have been sent to the most aristocratic Court in Europe. He had to be taught a number of things on the side of etiquette and convention. He had to learn that he must not buy fruit at a street corner and carry it home in a bag. A Minister Plenipotentiary could not do that. Of course, my mother had to learn too; but women are quick about those things, and she had to take Father in hand. Fortunately, Europeans understand about us, and much is pardoned to an American.

I have said that the Austrian Court was the proudest and most aristocratic in Europe. What they had to be proud of except their antiquity, it was hard to say. They prided themselves especially on their military, and yet they had never won a war for a couple of centuries—possibly because their armies were always led by Archdukes. Statues of these Archdukes were generously sprinkled about the city.

My father and mother and sister went over in the spring of 1882. I followed in the summer of 1883, immediately after my graduation, and spent seven months in Vienna. When I arrived the folks were in the Austrian Alps, and I followed. It was a beautiful country. A few miles away lived the Persian Minister and his family. They invited us to a picnic. We drove over in our carriage and then were taken in the Persian carriages in a procession, through the most beautiful drives,

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to the place of the picnic. The Persian Minister had a son of about my age, and we two occupied the last carriage in the procession. He could talk no European language except French, and I could talk nothing but English. Fortunately, we had both studied about twenty lessons each of Otto's German Grammar, and I suppose that never did so small a vocabulary do such large duty before. We were both immensely interested and amused to see how we could convey ideas by gesture and the overworking of those grammar lessons. The Persian Minister, by the way, was a perfect diplomat and a perfect host. I could not have named one of those dishes; but they were all extremely easy to eat.

About 1930 I visited Vienna for a day or two. The change was sad. I had attended a Court Ball at the Palace in 1883. It was a great sight—a wonderful variety of beautiful uniforms worn by diplomats and military men, and beautiful gowns and jewelry worn by the ladies. Fifty years later, where all this splendor had been, we paid a few cents to be shown through, not only the ballrooms, but all the bedrooms and other private apartments that had been occupied for centuries by the Hapsburgs. Vienna itself had been gay beyond any other city on the Continent, and proud of the officers that thronged the streets and the military parades that were constantly taking place. All this had gone at the time of my second visit. Francis Joseph might have been called a child of calamity. His Empress, one of the most beautiful women in Europe, had been murdered by a fanatic; his only son had committed suicide; and he himself, after losing two big wars, had lived well into a third war, which was to destroy his empire.

I remember being quite conceited by my experience at the Court Ball. My sister and Miss Maria Herron, a great friend of ours, had been a little concerned for fear my untutored Americanism might make me conspicuous and had been trying to teach me to bow. They wanted me to bow from the

waist. I protested and said that I would simply bow like a gentleman. Well, at the Ball we were arranged in two lines stretching down the sides of the vast reception hall, the gentlemen on one side and ladies on the other. The Ambassadors were at the head of the line in the order of seniority, and below them the Ministers. The Emperor went down the line of the gentlemen, stopping for a word or two at each place, and giving each Ambassador or Minister a chance to present those who had been selected for that honor. Then he crossed over and went down the line of the ladies. In the meantime the Empress had begun with the ladies and went down the line of gentlemen afterward. She was very tall. I suppose she was struck by my height; besides, she liked to talk English. In any case, she talked rather longer with me than she did with most, and on the way home the girls were quite anxious to know what the conversation had been about. I asked them what kind of man they thought I was, to violate the confidence of a lady. Of course the conversation was of the usual exciting kind, the Empress asking how long I had been there, how long I expected to stay, and how I was enjoying myself. I afterward remembered that I called her "Your Majesty" only once, and I imagine that my impropriety in this matter amused her. She disliked ceremony and, for that reason, especially disliked the Austrian Court. It pleased me to notice that the Oriental Ministers were the only ones to bow from the waist. I flattered myself that my own bow was dignified and respectful and proper—and so informed my critics.

Austria's position in Europe was unique. Some statesman has said that, if there had been no Austria, Europe would have had to create one. She served as policeman for the mutually hostile and restless peoples of that part of the Continent, and the Emperor occupied the most difficult position. He was constantly called on to use either the strong hand, or the power of persuasion. He was, I suppose, one of the few

monarchs in Europe, certainly the only monarch of a great country, who did not speak English. When one understood, however, the number of languages it was necessary for him to understand in his own empire, it was easy to forgive him his ignorance of the one which, to us, was most important.

A good many Americans came through Vienna, and there was much entertaining to be done. I remember one incident because it threw a little light on the character of some prominent Americans. A very rich couple stopped for a day or two in Vienna. They had been in Europe for some time and had recently lost their son. My mother invited them to dinner. My aunt Delia, who was staying with us, wondered whether she ought to wear her diamonds, since these people were in mourning. I should think that she owned about a diamond and a half. She concluded not to wear them. When they came, the lady who was in mourning had large buttons down the entire front of her dress, each of which shone like a jewelry store with diamonds. She apologized for not wearing her jewels because she was in mourning. My aunt was very glad that she had not displayed her own little collection.

Bearing this incident in mind, I was much interested later to hear a story which was told me by Professor George Brush, the creator and first director of the Sheffield Scientific School. The couple I have spoken of were proposing to build a university. They came to consult Professor Brush and asked him who was the most successful college president in America. Professor Brush said:

"I suppose that everybody would agree that Charles W. Eliot of Harvard is the man."

"Then we will get him."

"Oh, no, I do not think you can."

"Why not? How much of a salary does he get?"

"I don't know—I suppose possibly ten thousand."

"Why, I pay my lawyer twenty-five thousand."

A YEAR OFF

"I suppose so, but I fear that you will find that salary does not enter into the matter."

This remark introduced an element that the gentleman could not understand. In any case, they went to Cambridge and called on President Eliot, who met them very courteously. He did not make fun of their proposition, but said that he thought he would stay where he was, that his interests were in Harvard. They inquired, "How much is the plant of Harvard worth?" He said, "I suppose ten or fifteen million dollars." This, you must remember, was more than fifty years ago. The good lady looked at her husband and smiled and said, "We have more than that."

The thing that struck me was the same thing that struck me about the Vienna visit. I doubt whether I have ever seen people who believed so thoroughly in the divinity of wealth as they did.

While my father was Minister to Austria, the Imperial Government showed how it could put its foot in it when there was occasion. Europe suffered from a great flood, and the people of the valleys of the Rhine and the Danube were hard hit. There was a property loss of many millions, some lives were lost and great hardship was endured. The Germans in various parts of this country collected money for the sufferers. Those of Pittsburgh collected a goodly sum and sent half of it to the American Minister at Berlin and the other half to my father, who tendered it to the Austrian Government. The German Government took the money sent to them at once and applied it to the relief of the sufferers, but the Austrian rulers were very unwilling that their people should have feelings of gratitude and admiration for the inhabitants of a miserable Republic. They therefore courteously declined, saying that they had plenty of money and did not need it. So my father sent the money on to our Minister to Germany and, as in duty bound, made a report of the matter to the committee

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in Pittsburgh. This report was published in the newspapers and got back to Vienna, and the comment in Parliament and newspapers was hotly indignant. A committee waited on my father to make sure of the facts, and it was made plain to the whole nation that when Austrians were suffering and dying for lack of funds the Government had rejected the means of helping them. What would have passed with very little notice was tremendously emphasized.

From our standpoint Austria was a very backward country, quite separated from the rest of the world. Their pride helped to keep them ignorant, and it was most amusing to hear their questions about America and to notice their surprise and incredulity when they found that we were almost civilized. I became acquainted with a young man of my own age, the son of a professor in the University of Vienna. He was a good fellow and, no doubt, knew twice as much as I did about the classics and everything else that we had studied; but he was green as grass and knew comically little about the world, and especially America. Had I ever seen streetcars before I came to Austria? Did we have telephones in America? How far back into the country from New York did you have to go before you got into the woods? One day, going past a shop window where there were some sewing machines, he asked me whether we had sewing machines in America. I took him by the arm and led him into the shop and made inquiry. He was much chagrined to find that there was not a sewing machine in that store that had not come from America.

I used to spend an evening occasionally at the home of this young man and was struck by the gastronomic ability of the Germans. At half-past nine or ten there was a tremendous array of several kinds of cheese, several kinds of bread, some wine, and many bottles of beer. Add sausages to this, and you have a meal that most Americans would fear at that time of night. I was young, and I heartily approved of the custom.

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Vienna was the medical center of Europe, owing largely to the great hospital there. Many Americans who had finished their medical education at home came to get the experience and instruction of the leading doctors. At that time the opportunities in America were inferior. This brought to our house a good many fine young fellows and led to very pleasant acquaintances. I remember the pleasure of these students when they were invited to Sunday breakfast at the Legation. My mother had trained the servants in the mysteries of an American breakfast, and we had coffee, corn bread, corned-beef hash, and eggs. These young fellows, if invited to dinner, would have had the same kind of dinner they could have anywhere in Europe, but the old American breakfast was different.

It has often been said, and truly, that the Germans with all their roughness are a sentimental people, making much of Christmas and holidays. My brother Will came to us in September, 1883, on a summer trip to Europe. He left us on September 15th, his birthday. No one mentioned the date. He found himself in a compartment with several German-Austrians who could talk broken English. They had a pleasant conversation, when it suddenly occurred to Will that it was his birthday, and he mentioned it. He wrote us that much more of a demonstration was made by these strangers than had been made by the Taft family in all his birthdays up to date.

After seven months in Vienna I spent six weeks in Italy, and then three months in Hanover, Germany. I devoted myself to the German language during those Hanover months with some success, though afterward I proceeded to forget German as rapidly as I had learned it. Still, the experience was interesting. My landlady, an elderly woman, was my teacher. Her husband was an ex-captain of the Prussian army, a genial old fellow, full of the most conservative Prussian

ideas—which, of course, I thought fit for the dark ages. He could talk no English; so we had to talk in German. Both of us were extremely argumentative and at once had battles royal on trial by jury, parliamentary government, the practice of dueling, etc. I murdered the German language, of course, spluttering away as hard as I could. His wife tried to correct me, but he said: "You keep out of this. He will learn more German this way than he will from all your lessons." And it was true. I have never in my life run across so firm a believer in monarchical government and the right of the military to rule the world. I remember the look with which he regarded me when I drank water at my meals. The water in Hanover was as good and pure as any water could be, and an American could not avail himself of the usual excuse for drinking wine or liquor. While I felt perfectly free to drink anything I pleased, I generally drank water. The old man could not see how it was possible. I asked him whether he never drank water. He said, "Yes, when the doctor prescribes it with medicine."

I spent a couple of weeks in Paris, and perhaps as long a time in London. During my stay in London I attended Parliament twice and had the pleasure of hearing Gladstone speak. He was speaking on an unimportant subject—I think on the question of some office in Ireland—but it was interesting to see the leonine head and to hear that voice. In the House of Lords I heard Salisbury make a very earnest speech.

After my visit in London I left for home. While I was on the way home my father was transferred from Austria to Russia. This was considered a promotion.

Before I sailed from America I had seen a play called "7-20-8" by Daly's company, with Ada Rehan and John Drew in the cast. When I was in Vienna I had gone to see a play, "Die Schwabenstreich." I found that this German play was the original of "7-20-8." When I went to London I saw

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that the Daly company were giving a play called "Casting the Boomerang"; and, having a recollection of the pleasure of my last experience with that company, I bought a ticket. I found that it was "7-20-8" with a new name; so I saw the same play three times without any intention of repeating.

On my voyage home I had an experience that interested and puzzled me. There was an elderly lady who was very pious—genuinely so, I think—and very kindhearted. She took an interest in me, being perhaps a little concerned for the welfare of my soul. She was most charitable and was collecting for the poor in the steerage. As we drew near New York, I was making out a list of things I had to declare, when she came along and said, "What in the world are you doing?" I told her, and she said, "What do you want to do that for?"

"Well," I said, "it is the law and I have to take my oath to my declaration."

Her only answer was, "Pshaw, the Government is rich enough!"

This combination of Christian charity with disregard of common honesty interested me. Naturally, I have seen a good deal of that kind of thing since; but I had not run across it up to that time.

CHAPTER IV

LAW AND REFORM

WELL, I reached Cincinnati in the summer of 1884 and roomed in lodgings with my brother Will and began to study law in his office, the firm being Lloyd & Taft. All of us Tafts went into the law as naturally as we went from junior year to senior year in college; yet we have scattered over the face of the country, and our occupations have been extremely varied. My brother Charlie, beginning in the law, was early interested in newspaper work and finally became the creator, manager, and main owner of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. Old Taft boys should be interested in him, because of the generous assistance he and his wife gave at every turn in the School history. The Charles Phelps Taft Hall is named after him. My brother Peter, who had been the valedictorian of the Yale Class of '67, practiced law, but broke down some ten years after his graduation, and died a dozen years later. Charles and Peter were sons of my father's first wife. Of my brother Will's wanderings and various activities I need hardly speak. I was always a great hero worshiper in his case, but will not comment here on his career. Henry, whom we always called Harry, was the most enterprising of us all. Graduating at Yale in 1880, he spent a year in Cincinnati, teaching in the high school and studying law. He moved to New York, was admitted to the Bar the next year, and was married the year after that, with nothing but his own brains and courage to live on in that struggling metropolitan life. It was hard going, but he rose to the top of the Bar, and he is still going strong at the age of eighty-two.



THE FOUR BROTHERS

HENRY WATERS WILLIAM HOWARD CHARLES PHILIPS HORACE DUTTON

LAW AND REFORM

A few years ago Harry was introduced to a gentleman who sat next him at a public dinner. The gentleman said, "There was a man named Taft who taught in the Hughes High School in Cincinnati in the year 1880-81. Are you related to him?" Harry laughed and said, "I am the man!" Whereupon the man remarked, "Then I want you to know, sir, that all the pleasure and profit I got from Latin I owe to you." He went on to enlarge on the subject. "Well," my brother said, "this is very interesting and very flattering. The only trouble is that I never taught a single lesson of Latin in my life. My subjects were history and algebra." I told Harry that he ought not to have embarrassed the man, but he said that he felt that he was receiving high praise under false pretences.

Just to complete the story of our wanderings and geographical scattering, I shall say that my sister married Dr. William A. Edwards, an eminent physician and surgeon of Southern California. Thus we have settled in Cincinnati, the old home, New York, Connecticut, California, and Washington.

My experience in the law is soon told. I entered the Cincinnati Law School, which, at that time, was a very poor one. Henry Fowles Pringle, in his life of my brother, says that the Cincinnati Law School which my brother attended was not a second-class school. He was quite right. It was certainly as low as third class. Since then the Law School has been completely revolutionized and has become an excellent institution, and my brother Will bore an honorable part in this revolution.

In the first part of my second year in the law school I had a chance to form a partnership with Henry N. Morris. He proposed the partnership; and when I told him that I could not be admitted to the Bar until the following June, at which time I was to graduate from the law school, he persuaded me to go to Columbus and take the State examination. I did so and

was admitted to the Bar half a year and more earlier than I should have been if I had followed the regular course. The standard of a western law school at that time and the requirements for admission to the Bar were incredibly low, and I undoubtedly knew less about the law when I was admitted to the Bar than a young man would be required to know now at the end of one year in a good law school. We formed the firm of Taft, Morris, & Taft, my father lending his name to the firm. He was an old man, broken down by a dreadful siege of typhoid and pneumonia in Russia, but he took an interest in our struggles. I did not find the law interesting. The study was not so bad, but the practice of it did not attract me at all. I should never have made a good lawyer, but I might have done a good deal better if I had not been so much interested in political reform.

Nothing brings home to my mind the length of time I have lived so much as the thought of the numerous changes in the dominant issues in political struggles and the revolution in political thought in general. Without remembering the Civil War itself, my earliest recollections are of the intense heat of politics caused by memories of that great conflict. For a whole generation men were exhorted to vote the way they had shot. The old war horses of politics were a picturesque lot. They were what men called wholehearted; that is to say, they appealed to the emotions and to prejudices, with as little attention as possible to the intellect or the merits of the question. The country soon settled down to the dreary and sordid struggles of the reconstruction period. That period makes hard reading today, and thousands of thinking men whose fathers and grandfathers backed the reconstruction policy are vicariously ashamed of it.

As I have said, I lived through the dreadful struggle of the Hayes and Tilden campaign. I was a boy of fifteen, old enough to read about the campaign, and intensely interested

in it because my father was in Grant's cabinet. I remember the morning after the election, in that November of 1876, getting up early and running down to the front door in my night-shirt, to get the first news. As I opened the door, the boy with the newspapers arrived. I said: "Who is it?" He answered "Tilden," and my heart sank. I remember the hateful picture of the rooster, emblem of the Democratic party, that covered almost the whole front page of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Then followed the long and dirty struggle, the investigations and negotiations, and finally the Electoral Commission, already referred to, which decided in favor of Hayes. Whether they were right or wrong, nobody can tell. Many viewed the contest much as Thad Stevens did the case of an election contest before a congressional committee on credentials. He came in to see how the case was going on and, sitting down next a fellow Republican congressman, asked:

"How is it going?"

"They are both damned rascals."

"I know that, but which is *our* damned rascal?"

When I reached home in 1884 the Cleveland-Blaine election was on and the political pot was boiling. There was still in the North a strong feeling that the election of a Democrat would put the solid South in the saddle and imperil in some inexplicable way the results of the Civil War. This made the Republicans enthusiastic, and their enthusiasm was tinged with bitterness because of the revolt of the Mugwumps, men who balked at the spotted reputation of Blaine in politics and who admired the sturdy honesty of Cleveland. They were very rare in our part of the country, but numerous enough in the East to alarm and disgust the old-time Republicans. This led to hate and violence, and my first experience as a voter made a great impression on me.

It has often been remarked with how little wisdom the world is governed. A striking example of this is the length of

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time it took to adopt very simple election methods to prevent fraud. When I first voted, the judges and clerks at the polls were not selected beforehand. The polls were opened at six o'clock in the morning at the enginehouse or saloon or other convenient place which had been selected. The group of voters who gathered in front of the window (and there was nobody to make sure that they were all voters) proceeded to elect a Republican judge and clerk and a Democratic judge and clerk. These took their places inside the polling place, and the election began. A Democratic challenger and a Republican challenger were chosen in the same informal way and stood on one side or the other of the window. Most amazing of all, there had been no registration. Think of a city of 300,000 people holding an election with no registration listed showing who was entitled to vote. Moreover, the voting districts were much larger than they are today; so it was easier for a corruptionist to give an imaginary residence. As a man did not enter a booth, it was perfectly possible to see how he voted. A corruptionist with money in his pocket could stand on the opposite side of the street and give a dozen men ballots of his party, and this line could move across the street, holding the ballots up so that they could be seen, deposit them in the ballot box, and then return to collect the one, three, or five dollars apiece from the man who had watched the ballots from the time they left his hands till they dropped into the box. The ballots were printed by the parties and not by the state. Of course corruption was easy and common. A group of repeaters could make the rounds of most of the voting places. The only check on all of this, if you can call it such, was the pollbook in which the clerks were required to write down the name of each man as he voted.

The hot election of 1884 came on. Ohio was an October state—that is to say, they had two elections, one in October and the other in November. Feeling ran high. I at once joined

a Good Citizens' organization which had been improvised, the object of which was to have a goodly number of honest men at the polls—"honest men" in our minds, of course, meaning honest Republicans. My brother and I lived in the Eighteenth Ward, which had a large tough element in it. A rather larger crowd than usual gathered at six o'clock in the morning, and the Good Citizens I have mentioned were added to the regular group of politicians. Breakfast makes a good deal of difference in a man's courage, and I can remember feeling rather uncomfortable, having had no breakfast, and having the knowledge that most of the men in that crowd carried revolvers. We could all feel the tenseness of the situation. Later I was a good deal alarmed for the safety of my brother Will. He had been elected that morning the Republican judge and, of course, was inside the window helping to receive the votes. The Democratic challenger was a peppery little man who had an enemy, another Irishman, who would come down from another precinct in the ward for an exchange of compliments with our challenger, reach for his pistol as he backed away, while our challenger reached for his. My brother would reach up and grab the challenger by the shoulders, pull him inside the window, and hold him there until he learned that the other man had been secured and subdued. I had a feeling that if there was an exchange of shots my brother would make a good target, and, as he was engaged in holding the pugnacious challenger, his chance of getting a bullet was very good. This thing happened two or three times, until about noon word came down from the upper precinct that the visiting Irishman had got into a row up there and had been shot in the eye. We had no anxiety of that kind for the rest of the day. That was my first election.

Then, the next month came the November election. There had been so much talk of violence and fraud that the Federal Government appointed deputy marshals for a number of

cities. My brother was appointed commander-in-chief, under what title I do not remember, and went around in a buggy visiting the polls to see that his men were doing their duty. The local administration was Democratic and, in hot indignation at the appointment of United States deputy marshals, they had appointed a large number of deputy sheriffs to uphold their side of any dispute. Of course all of these officers on both sides were armed, and in the tough wards a man felt that anything might happen. A great many of the marshals and sheriffs were negroes. Both of those in our precinct were of that color. The deputy sheriff and the deputy marshal belonged to opposite factions. They had several bitter clashes during the day, until at last the deputy sheriff backed off and pulled his revolver. But the deputy marshal was the quicker artist of the two and put a bullet through him. I was about fifteen feet away when the man fell, but immediately got up again and ran between me and the shooter; and, as Uncle Remus would say, "I made like I had another engagement." I think I was the first man across the street except the policeman. The wounded man fell to the ground after covering three or four yards and died.

In the precinct above, a very courageous negro had been appointed who, looking at his wife as he started out in the early morning, said: "Take a good look at me. I don't know when you will see me again." Once during the morning two or three men jumped over the railing and made for the ballot box. Pistols were drawn from many pockets. This darky jumped over too and, calmly but loudly enough for those around to hear, remarked, "The man that puts a hand on that ballot box I will kill." The men looked at his pistol and got back over the railing, and the darky calmly said: "Put up your pistols, gentlemen. The trouble is over." Later in the day, when some rioting started and pistols were drawn, this fellow threw himself on his back in the middle of the crowd and

began shooting straight up in the air. The crowd scattered like sheep, and quiet followed.

I give these details to show something of the heat of the political struggles at that time, and also the utter lack of the simple arrangements that we have today, making for honesty and order. I think an event of that year was the last straw that broke the camel's back. John McLean, owner and editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was a candidate for the United States senate. McLean was not what you would call an idealist in politics, and a prodigious amount of money was poured into the election. The legislature chosen was Republican, so that he failed in his purpose, but when the votes were counted, Fourth Ward, Precinct A, of Cincinnati returned a bigger Democratic majority than the number of men, women, and children in the precinct. It was so outrageous that it was carried into court. You remember that the one check on the correctness of the vote was the pollbook, the names on which had to equal in number, of course, the votes cast. Well, these stupid fellows had no idea that the thing would come into court and, being hard put to it for names, they would have a list like John Monday, Henry Tuesday, William Wednesday, etc. and follow that up with John January, Henry February, William March, and go through the months; then they would add the colors, and they would take the surnames they had already used and put different Christian names in front of them. The production of the pollbook caused a general laugh, and I think that this must have played a considerable part in hastening the reforms. Very soon after, a law was passed providing for the division of the wards into smaller voting precincts, for registration of voters, and for the regular appointment by proper authorities of the judges and clerks at elections. I remember a Barney Muldoon—I think that was his name—who had been a joyous participant in the violence and corruption of his precinct in various elections, coming to

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my brother with a mournful face, in the midst of the first election after the new law went into effect. He said: "Mr. Taft, it is nothing but a prayer meeting down our way. There is no fun left in it."

Such a thing as a short ballot had never been heard of. The voters had to choose between candidates for each office, from a presidential elector down to a justice of the peace. The ballot necessarily was a very long one and contained a multitude of names utterly unknown to the ordinary voter. All that he could do was to vote the straight ticket, scratching here and there where he happened to have a choice. The tickets, naturally, were made up at the party conventions. The number of offices to be filled offered a splendid opportunity for trades and purchases. The voter had his choice between two groups, of whom he hardly knew a single individual, and he generally voted the straight ticket. As I think of it, it seems remarkable that the government was not worse than it was. As yet the boss system had not been developed, at least in Cincinnati. George Cox was already a power in his ward, to be reckoned with in the general politics of the city; but nobody could claim to be a boss in the modern sense of that word.

I have said that I was not interested in the law. I found myself intensely interested in this political situation and, with an assurance which indicated how very green I was, thought that I could do something to reform it. I reasoned that the bad work was done in conventions. At elections the citizens only had to choose between two bad groups of candidates. If we could stir up the good citizens to go to the primaries and thus elect good delegates to the conventions, we could set things right. I therefore got together a number of young men, some of them almost as green as I was, and in several wards and precincts we organized Good Citizens' Clubs in the Republican party the object of which was to get out all good

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citizens to vote at the primaries. We favored no particular candidates and offered and proclaimed no other purpose than this. We covered a considerable part of the city and went into the primaries with a great deal of vigor. I was puzzled by the opposition we encountered. Of course a number of men who were opposing us were regular political "bums," as we called them, men who simply wanted to go to the convention in order to sell their votes. But the leaders who opposed us in most precincts and wards were not of this kind. We succeeded in electing our delegations in perhaps a quarter or more of the precincts.

The result was interesting in various ways. In the first place, in the precincts themselves the old-time political leaders were quite surprised by the onslaught and found themselves greatly outnumbered in many precincts by men who had never attended a primary before. However, when our men arrived on the floor of the convention, they were perfectly helpless, for they did not know who the different candidates were and they had none of their own. Many of the very men they had beaten in the primary were on the floor of the convention as sergeants-at-arms, or as doorkeepers, and were busy making deals, and in general were much more influential than our men who had beaten them. It was a singularly futile campaign, except for the education that it gave us reformers. I said that I did not know why we were so strenuously opposed in the primary. After the election I found out. These men who opposed us were appointed janitors or assistant this and that, etc. In other words, they were looking for positions that carried good pay. It was my first practical introduction to the spoils system, and I never forgot it.

The comic elements were prominent in such political struggles. Of course, a man out for a janitorship or an assistant's place must have recommendations, and he had to be a very bad character indeed if he could not get innumerable signa-

tures for his recommendation. A fellow with a big beery face came into my office one day and wanted me to sign a recommendation for him for some place. I was very young, and I suppose he thought I looked good-natured.

"I can't sign this," I said, "I never saw you before."

He grinned and said, "No, but your brother Bill knows me."

"My brother Bill's office is about six doors down this corridor."

"I know that, but I know damned well that Bill wouldn't sign it." With that he laughed and I laughed, and we parted on very good terms. He was simply around taking a shot at different people, and no doubt succeeded in getting a goodly number of signatures.

As far as my own education was concerned, I was left with two valuable conclusions. One was that I was as unfit for practical political work as I was for the law, the other, that no real reform is possible in politics till the spoils system is abolished, root and branch, in national, state, and municipal governments. These lessons were not without value, and I never regretted my experience in law and reform politics, elementary and futile as it was.

My interest in national politics was very keen, and I found myself in argument with my father in a way that made me rather the dissenter in the family circle. I had voted for Blaine in 1884 with that strong feeling that many had, especially in the West, that in some way a Democratic administration in Washington would mean the dominance of the solid South. I began to admire Cleveland's administration and to hope that he would attack the tariff question. I was a theoretical believer in free trade and in bringing our tariff as near it as we could, with due attention to the actual condition of business after a quarter-century of very high tariff. I can remember my father's saying after an argument, "Why, if you feel that way, I don't see why you don't support Cleveland." He spoke as

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though that was an utter impossibility. I said, "I will if he comes out flatly on the tariff." That is just what Cleveland did, and I voted for him in '88 and '92. His splendid courage and devotion to principle made him a hero of mine as long as he lived, and he is still to me one of our great statesmen.

CHAPTER V

A NEW START

I CANNOT remember when I first became specially interested in education and thought of having a school. I had always thought a good deal about the subject, and especially the general training of boys. Moreover, I had theories of education, some of them as little connected with the facts of life as those of the wildest progressive who ever spelled the word with a big "P." In any case, I came to the conclusion after half a year or so at the Bar that I would abandon the law and somewhere start a school. My chief regret about it came from my father's disappointment, for his heart was set on my going on in the law. Sherman Thacher had just graduated at Yale Law School with high honors, and stopped in Cincinnati on his way out to Kansas City, where he was going to practice law. He wanted me to go with him. I told him that if he could find any way by which I could support myself out there I would gladly go out and look around. Presently he sent word that he had found a boy who needed tutoring in arithmetic and algebra, and that I might find some other work to do.

On the 1st of February, 1887, I left for Kansas City, giving up, as one newspaper said, "a lucrative practice." I do not know why it is always a lucrative practice that a man gives up: I think we succeeded in paying our office rent for that year and perhaps a little more. So to Kansas City I went and took in hand the elementary mathematical education of George B. Case, who afterwards was captain of the Yale baseball team and is now one of the leading lawyers of New York

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City. It was my first experience in teaching. Elementary though the instruction was, I found it very interesting and, moreover, found my association with George and his charming mother very pleasant indeed. I discovered, however, that that almost frontier city was an impossible place for a private school and, besides, I could find very little to do aside from the tutoring I have mentioned. Sherman and I were ill part of the time and, altogether, the experience was not encouraging. But I met a number of pleasant people and ran across one man who told me my first story about parents from a school-master's point of view.

He was a lawyer and a good one, but, some years before, he had been at the head of a high school in St. Joseph, Missouri. On the day he began as principal, he got about a dozen letters, worded differently, but all having the following meaning: "Johnny is a very *good* boy, but he is a very *peculiar* one, and you will not have any trouble with him if you bear in mind his peculiarities." The mother then named the peculiarities. He pondered over these, and finally, when the whole school had assembled in the great auditorium, he read one of these letters to the pupils, of course giving no names. He then said: "I have had about a dozen letters like that, telling me that the sons of the writers are very good boys but very peculiar, and that I shall have no trouble with them if I bear in mind their peculiarities. Now, I have called you together to tell you that I am a *very good* man, but I am *dreadfully peculiar*, and you will have no trouble with me if you bear in mind my peculiarities. You can see for yourselves that it will be much easier for you to bear in mind my peculiarities than for me to remember yours. Moreover, I am a very busy man, and I wish you would go home and tell your mothers what I haven't time to write."

I have always treasured that as the first hint of trouble to come.

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I had, while there, the experience of hearing a man who loomed large in the popular mind of that day as a preacher. I have resented the fact that he is often named in the same category with Henry Ward Beecher. I refer to T. DeWitt Talmage. Mrs. Case was interested in me and rather troubled about my soul, for she knew that I was a Unitarian. Talmage was coming to preach in her church, and she asked me whether I would attend service with them that Sunday and sit in her pew. I gladly accepted the invitation.

When we reached the church the crowd outside reached clear across the street, and men were even trying to climb up to look through the windows. We were admitted through the door, opened as carefully as possible by stalwart doorkeepers, who were vigorously exerting themselves to keep out those who had no rights. There were extra chairs everywhere; every foot of space was occupied; and after the service began one man, getting a push from behind, fell through one of the windows on the heads of those below. In the main it was a striking example of vulgar curiosity. After some music, Talmage began to preach, and a worse mountebank performance I have never seen. He shouted and screamed and gesticulated up and down the platform.

We sat through it and, with a good deal of difficulty, got out of the church. We had walked a square or two in perfect silence when George said, "What did you think of him, Mamma?" After a long pause she said, "Well, I think he might help *some* people." I poked fun at her afterward about it.

Pond, who conducted the tours of many famous lecturers, says in his book that, given a railroad crossing and enough rolling stock, a greater crowd could be gathered to hear Talmage than any other living American. This is a dreadful reflection on the American people, but I dare say that it is deserved. It is borne out by the consideration of many other empty-headed demagogues to whom the people have listened.

CHAPTER VI

YALE AGAIN

IF anybody had asked me, when I started from Cincinnati, whether I would accept a place on the faculty at Yale, I would have answered with an emphatic negative. That was not what I was aiming at. I wanted to start a school. But it was not the first time or the last that Fate prevented me from doing a foolish thing in my ignorance. There I was in Kansas City, and it was evident that I could not start a school in that place. I was stranded. A letter came from Tompkins McLaughlin asking whether I would accept a tutorship in Latin at Yale. This stumped me. I had been a fair Latin scholar in college, perhaps in the top fifth of the class; but that meant very little in the light of the classical standard of that day. Moreover, I had dropped Latin at the end of my sophomore year and had, therefore, not looked at it for six years. Finally I wrote to McLaughlin that if he would tell Dean Wright how much I knew about Latin, and the Dean still wanted me, I would come.

Fortunately for me, they had had a man in that tutorship who knew a great deal of Latin, but knew nothing else. His trouble with discipline had done much to demoralize the freshman class, and dear old "Baldy" Wright was greatly troubled by the situation. Therefore, when McLaughlin told him what I had said, the Dean sadly remarked, "I guess he can learn the Latin."

I have always claimed that I was the last of the old-fashioned tutors—that is, those appointed on general princi-

ples and not with reference to excellence in any particular subject. Tracy Peck, who was the head of the Latin department and a very distinguished Latin scholar, told me that he had specialized in Latin and Greek when in college (he was the valedictorian of his class) and had then gone abroad and pursued the classics in Germany with great energy. He came back to New Haven in the early eighteen-sixties and was appointed tutor at Yale. He applied to Professor Loomis to find out what he was to teach, and was told that he was the junior tutor. Mr. Peck said that he knew that, but would like to know what he was to teach, nevertheless. Professor Loomis said, "Why, you are the junior tutor—you teach what is left when the others have chosen their branches." Thus it came about that a week or two before college opened he learned that he was to teach freshman algebra, a subject he had not pursued since his own freshman year. He said that there was no freshman on the campus as homesick as he was. It is true that in my case they had named the subject I was to teach, but not at all because I knew anything about it.

I was pretty busy that summer, brushing up my Latin. I was tutor from 1887 to 1890 and had, in their freshman year, the three classes of '91, '92, and '93. In the course of these three years I learned something about Latin. Teaching a subject is a very good way to learn. I acquired, moreover, a good deal of courage in facing a class, although I was very nervous at the beginning. I was struck by two things in the average freshman's mind. One was his idea of the knowledge of his instructor. I came to find by inquiry how little some of my own teachers had known about their subjects when I was a freshman. This was a great surprise to me, and it suddenly came over me, "Don't be afraid. These freshmen think you know as much about Latin as you thought X knew when you were a freshman." The other thing that struck me was that, attributing to me so much knowledge of the Latin that I did

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not possess, they thought of me as a member of the faculty and, therefore, very ignorant of student ways, opinions, tricks, etc. They were occasionally surprised that a man who had graduated only four years before knew something about college life outside of the classroom.

My teaching was very wooden, as you might expect from a man who was not a specialist in the subject and had not chosen it, although I am not sure that it was much more wooden than most of the classical teaching I had received when a student.

I made, as a man was bound to do under such circumstances, a good many friends on the faculty. Some of them had been in Yale when I was, and many of them had been my instructors. My closest friends were members of an eating club and were my own contemporaries. It was an exceedingly pleasant association, and the memory of it has lasted all my life.

One great pleasure was the renewal of friendships which as a student I had made with New Haven families, outstanding among them being that with the family of Professor William D. Whitney, the foremost philologist of America. They represented American culture at its best. Indeed, the circle in which they were prominent, consisting largely of families connected with the University, admirably illustrated Wordsworth's "plain living and high thinking." I have already spoken of the Thachers.

One thing comes back to me which shows how immature and juvenile was the American attitude toward intellectual achievement. Willard Gibbs was probably the greatest scientist America ever produced. He was certainly the greatest scientist of Yale. His original work as a physicist was known all over Europe, and he was honored by learned societies in various countries. He was a professor at Yale when I was a student, and the members of our tutors' group used to laugh

and ask each newcomer what he knew about Willard Gibbs. I do not think that I had ever heard of him, but I was soon aware of his outstanding achievements and his European reputation. He was a very modest man. As I understood from Edward S. Dana, who was himself a distinguished scientist, the physicists are still quarrying in the work in the field opened up by Gibbs. It was recorded of a Yale graduate that he went to Heidelberg and registered himself for graduate work as having graduated at Yale. An old German professor, standing by, said, "My God, you come from the home of Gibbs!" and was thunderstruck to be asked by the Yale man who Gibbs was. This may be amusing, but it is dreadfully significant.

This brings up an incident related by Mark Twain. He was once in a great beer hall in Berlin. The hall was full of young students. Suddenly they all rose and stood to attention while an old man was conducted to a seat at one of the tables. Mark inquired what the trouble was and was told in hushed voice that that man was Mommsen, the great historian.

Many years later a large sum of money was collected to erect at Yale a memorial to a football captain. Not so very long after that an attempt was made to raise a modest sum for a memorial to Willard Gibbs, and the attempt failed. I have sometimes thought that I should like to attend a meeting of the Naugatuck Valley Yale Association and talk about the significance of this. I should like to say: "Of course I would not think of asking any Yale man to contribute for a memorial to a mere scientist, no matter how great and no matter how much honor he had brought to his country. But, hang it all, he helped you make brass and that ought to entitle him to some consideration!" I wonder whether a little sarcasm like that would get under their skins. It was not remarkable that the students of my day should have gone through Yale without *understanding* the actual accomplish-

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ments of Gibbs. They were as much beyond us as the Einstein theory would have been, but he certainly ought to have been held in reverence as great as that felt for him in Germany.

I was learning Latin and acquiring much valuable experience. I had counted upon devoting the third year of my tutorship to the study of theories of education, but Fate intervened. Soon after the opening of the term in the fall of 1889, I came down with typhoid fever. Dr. and Mrs. James K. Thacher, with a generous kindness I can never forget, took me into their home and for eight weeks gave me all possible care. When I was strong enough I went to San Diego, California, with my sister. My father and mother were already there on account of my father's health. He lived only a year longer.

On the 1st of February I left for the Ojai Valley to spend a month with Sherman Thacher. On the train I bought a newspaper and learned that William H. Taft had been appointed Solicitor General by President Harrison. My brother had been judge of the Superior Court in Cincinnati. He was very young for the place, but he made a distinguished record in various ways. I was greatly interested by the news of this new appointment, especially as I had not the slightest idea what a solicitor general might be and I had to wait till I could hear from my father, whose paternal pride in the appointment was a pleasure to see.

Sherman Thacher's health was very poor, and he had taken up a claim in the Ojai and was thinking things over. It was a delightful month. Fifteen years later, when he had a little school, he wrote me that he was celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of its founding. I wrote him that he was a fraud, that I had been there fifteen years before and there was no sign of a school. He replied that I was a narrow-minded pedagogue to think that a man could not celebrate his fifteenth

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anniversary whenever it was convenient. As a matter of fact, a New Haven boy, in very poor health, had been left with him for care and instruction and was there while I was, and Sherman considered the arrival of that boy as the beginning of the school.

CHAPTER VII

THE FOUNDING OF THE SCHOOL

AT the end of February I went back to San Diego for another short visit with my parents, but by the 20th of March I was in New Haven again and taking my classes. I had not given up the idea at any time of having a school of my own, but was puzzled as to how to go about it. I had sense enough to know that I ought to have some experience in the work I was proposing to take up. I had never been either a pupil or a master in a boarding school. I applied to Mr. William L. Cushing, who had started the Westminster School at Dobbs Ferry, New York, telling him that I should be very glad to teach in his school for a couple of years if he had a position in mathematics, but that I intended to start a school of my own at the end of that time. He and I had become good friends during the first year of my tutorship, when he was also a member of the Yale faculty. He replied that he had a long-legged friend to whom he would be glad to offer a place for *five* years, but he could not consider a shorter term than that. Of course that was very sensible on his part. I was proposing to learn my trade under him and then, when I had made a fair start at it and was worth my salt, to leave and start a school of my own.

Just at that time an opportunity came my way. Mrs. Robert Black of Pelham Manor, New York, was a great friend of my brother Henry, who also lived at Pelham Manor. Her brother had been a roommate of Harry in college, and through him I had come to know Mr. and Mrs. Black very well. Her fa-

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ther had recently died and she was thinking of erecting a school in his memory and proposed that I take the head-mastership. I have often wondered whether I should have done better to go farther in finding a subordinate place in some other school, and thus learn the ropes. Certainly I should have learned in a couple of months a great many things that it took me a long time to learn on my own. Yet there were experiences in the Pelham Manor School that were valuable. I accepted the position. The arrangement was tentative on both sides. The school was called "Mr. Taft's School" at the beginning but, as a matter of fact, it belonged to Mrs. Black and I was on a salary, though, of course, the complete management was mine. She owned a residence building which we called the Red House. The last time I visited Pelham Manor it was still standing, but it was no longer red. There was a tiny house next to it which we rented. Some time in the spring, while I was still a tutor at Yale, I had little leaflets printed in which I let the world know what an opportunity was open to it, and sent them around to Yale graduates. I would give a good deal to have one of those leaflets. I should like to see what I promised, but I have never been able to find one.

I was much tickled to get a letter by return mail from a Mr. Eells of Cleveland, written in haste, asking whether I had a room for his boy. It was the first hint I had had that anybody was interested. I replied, calmly, that I had room. I might have added that I could let him have the whole school. Well, replies came slowly during the summer, and in September the list consisted of ten boarding scholars and seven day scholars. At the end of that summer I was in Litchfield, visiting my friend McLaughlin, and I can well remember having more of the feeling of taking a jump in the dark than when I went to Yale as a freshman. I did not know what was coming. The night before I left, I went to call on

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President Timothy Dwight of Yale, who had a summer home at Litchfield. He was very cordial, sympathetic, and humorous and, at the end, said that I must "be sure to drop in on a sister institution once in a while." I have been dropping in on that sister institution for fifty years.

We had the two houses and we had the promise of the boys, but that was all. Mrs. Black had gone to Europe for the summer. She was to furnish the houses, but she returned from Europe very late and, the night before the school opened, trucks were coming up from New York, bringing the entire furniture for the school—not the kind of trucks we have today, but horse-drawn, and they were traveling all night. The furniture arrived at the same time that the boys and their parents did, and I put both boys and parents to work on the front porch opening boxes. Carpenters were at work upstairs, putting up the beds. It was a most comical beginning of a school. Mr. Black was there, and he was moving around, entertaining parents and boys. He was excellent company and a host in himself. When he had finished, he said to me: "Horace, you have got to have a bed thirty feet wide. Every mother here expects her boy to sleep with you." Indeed, the place was so small that my long arm could almost reach any of them.

Considering how few there were, there was an extraordinary variety among the boys. An undue proportion of them had been in other boarding schools and knew more about the inside of a boarding school than I did. You might have said of them as was said of some emigrants:

True patriots all; for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

You will understand from that how mixed the quality was; and it continued to be true the three years in Pelham Manor, some very good and some very bad. For teachers I had at

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the beginning a young man, Mr. William Tatlock, who taught all the Greek and some of the Latin, and a young woman, Miss Cowles, who took the small boys. Though there were only seventeen boys, all grades were represented, so that we had a large number of classes of one, three, or five boys. We taught steadily through the school day. I was teaching chiefly Latin and mathematics, though there was hardly anything outside of Greek and modern languages that I did not try my hand at. A headmaster of a small school is expected to do what nobody else will do.

Fourteen of us sat down at the table. That table we still have, and I think it is the only relic of Pelham Manor days.

We were in for a long hard fight. Johnson's line comes to mind:

Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd.

This looks a bit conceited, this assertion that worth was there. I had thought of something very different from this. It was not the lack of physical equipment that troubled me, for, of course, that I could have foreseen. On that side we lacked nearly everything except places to sleep and eat. We had no gymnasium, no ball field, no recitation rooms, or assembly room worthy of the name.

But the little school was more like a tutoring school than one of the regular kind. In the first place, it was impossible to maintain any standard of admission except that of mere good character, because I could not pay the rent and was obliged to take boys in all stages of preparation and do my best for them. All the vitality of the teachers and myself was given to teaching boys who were behind in their work and to the many details which, in a larger, well organized school, could be arranged more easily. It was humiliating to be held in scholarship to the task of preparing for college examinations.

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Outside the school, life was a little complicated by the fact that there was a girls' school but a short distance from ours. I was troubled by the fact that our arrival doubtless dismayed Mrs. Hazen and her assistants, for we must have been a great nuisance. The girls had had free range over the country, a freedom which the mere presence of a boys' school reduced considerably. My efforts to make ourselves as little objectionable as possible led to rules that were vexatious, and that would have been quite unnecessary but for the close proximity of the other school.

One thing cheered me mightily. I suppose that nothing pleased me so much in my plan for a boys' school as the idea that I might be a lay preacher, that association with boys would give me opportunity for influencing their ideas and ideals. I found close association not only agreeable, but often inspiring, for I began to think that I was achieving some results that had nothing to do with the marking book or college examinations.

Through all my Pelham Manor experience I had the hearty support and friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Black, for which I could not be grateful enough.

I had to get my first lesson in the different standards of schools. Very few people who have not made a wide study of schools and colleges in this country have any idea of the remarkably low standard attained in the great mass of our institutions. To the man on the street, a university is a university, and Kansas, Harvard, Oxford, and Heidelberg are all on the same plane. So it is in his mind with the schools. I was to learn that a diploma from one school could be taken at its face value and one from another school might mean nothing at all. At the very beginning I had a letter from the father of a boy who had graduated at an academy in the Middle West, bearing the name of a great European uni-

versity. He had a certificate which would admit him to the university in that town, and bearing the same name. The father wanted him to be prepared for Yale in one year. He had covered all of the ground for Yale except Homer. I was rather embarrassed at having a boy who might be considered a graduate student, especially as the father said that the year would be very easy for him and that he was counting upon me to keep him busy. I put up a bold front and said to the boy: "I think I can give you enough to do. I can take you in plane geometry and give you original work, and I can take you in Cicero and give you a very thorough review. Homer will be advanced work for you." It never occurred to me to give him an examination. That diploma from his other school was enough. Well, in a week we put him back to the beginning of algebra. From Homer he dropped to Xenophon, and then to the beginning of the Greek alphabet. In Latin we dropped him from Cicero to Caesar, and then put him into a class that was beginning the beginners' book. He reminded me of Renan's description of the French society under Napoleon, a society which had succeeded the old nobility. He said of them that their ignorance gave a rough idea of the infinite. It seemed impossible to me that any human being could be so ignorant. He was a cheery soul, and when someone asked him at Thanksgiving how he was getting along he said, "First rate—I haven't dropped a class for a week."

I wrote his father that, so far from getting him into Yale in one year, we were hoping that we might get him into college in two years with a great deal of summer tutoring. That is what we did and, with many conditions, he entered Yale, where he had a lurid career, but actually graduated. He was a kindly, good-natured, weak citizen who never ought to have gone to college at all.

I remember his first serious trouble in college. I received

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a letter from Professor Wright, who was Dean at the time, in which he said, "If you want to help our friend X, now is the time." I took the next train to New Haven, went to Professor Wright's office, and asked what was the matter.

"Well, he is going to be suspended for marks. He has been cutting chapel regularly. That he can't help now. But he is almost certainly going to be dropped on account of scholarship. If he takes a tutor during his term of suspension and works hard, he may possibly avoid that."

"Good! Anything else?"

"Yes, he is going with Smith, Jones, and Robinson. [I do not recall the real names.] They are a tough set. They play poker most of the time, and X evidently is no match for them. He has been seen coming out of a pawnshop. And he hasn't got his watch."

It was not the first time that a man was astonished at the knowledge of the good Dean. I thanked him, went back to Pelham Manor, and sent for the boy. I felt sure that I could take old Baldy's statements for gospel. I said:

"John, do you want to go on with your course at Yale?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Well, you are not going to do it as you are going now. You are going to be suspended for six weeks on account of marks."

"I am! How did you know?"

"Don't ask me how I know anything. But the suspension you can't avoid. You are also going to be dropped on account of scholarship, but this you *can* avoid."

And I explained how. He was quite astonished at my knowledge of the situation. Then I said:

"I want you to quit going with Smith, Jones, and Robinson."

"Why, I didn't suppose you knew them!"

"Never mind what I know and what I don't know. Stop

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going with them. They are a bad crowd. And I want you to quit playing poker altogether."

By that time he began to think that there must be a company of detectives on his trail. I added:

"Have you pawned anything besides your watch?"

At that he simply gasped. I then said:

"You can't follow the miserable disgraceful course you have been following and stay in college, and you can't follow it and conceal it from the sensible men who are on the faculty up there."

Well, the boy went back to Yale, was suspended, tutored, got back into the running, and, after many ups and downs, finally graduated. He was a fine representative of that fairly large group of boys who ought to be withdrawn early in the course at the request of the faculty. They do no good to themselves, and they do much harm to others. I will say, however, that a boy of the character and ability of this one could not get far today, either in school or in college.

He could not get into a good school now, and as for college, the deans exercise a supervision that is much wiser and more effective than that which obtained in my day. When I was a tutor at Yale I pursued a group of drunken students who were making the night hideous. I captured the one with the most unsteady gait, and he was duly punished. I remember that I was congratulated heartily by members of the faculty because I "had made so good a catch." It seemed that this young man had been known as worthless and dissipated from the beginning of his college course, but because he had not broken any rule—or, rather, had not been caught in any such matter—he was allowed to go on exercising the most mischievous influence for nearly four years.

The second year at Felham Manor, we had twenty boarding scholars, and a few more day scholars than we had had the first year. We rented two other residence buildings,

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quite as unfit for school purposes as the first two, and they were at some distance. We had nothing fit for a school, I think, except ambition. We certainly had a very low standard in scholarship; but we were aware of it, and we struggled hard. The teaching was poor. You cannot teach all day, and teach all kinds of subjects, and teach well. I think that I may claim that the boys profited a good deal by original work in geometry, in which I was pretty strong. Discipline was very primitive and direct. I had a room in the middle of the Red House on the second floor, and I could reach almost any boy. I waked the boys up in the morning, pulling the blankets off when necessary. There ought to have been a Mark Twain there to describe that school.

In my stay in Pelham Manor I learned a good deal about a headmaster's work, even if a large part of it consisted of learning how not to do it. Moreover, I am inclined to think that I had far more than my share of boys who needed peculiar handling; and, from the memories of those days reported by the old boys, I think that I was not as unsuccessful as might have been expected from the hit-or-miss methods which I have described. In any case, I enjoyed living in such intimate association with the boys, and the experience I had in the small school was of great value to me when the school became larger.

I must repeat a little story that I have told as a sermon to the boys at the school a number of times, the story of a negro, the recollection of whose life has always been an inspiration to me.

You must remember that things were very primitive in those days. The whole water system in each house depended on a tank in the attic, each tank being filled by a force pump situated in the cellar. As the tank was three stories above the pump and the needs of sixteen people must be met, plenty

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of good muscle was required. We wanted a man-of-all-work, and every man balked at that pump. In the Red House, which was the main one, the tank had to be filled several times a day; and, after a young fellow had arrived and had sized up the wages and the wear and tear of the pump, he was apt to think it was not worth while. Moreover, much more was required of the man than that. We had a cook who rejoiced in the name of Anastasia Grimes—Stasia for short. She worked hard and was an excellent cook, but she had the temper of a devil. The upstairs girl was worth any two girls for energy and work, but she was an up-and-coming girl and had a temper as bad as the cook's. "Peppery" is the word for it, and hard work made it more so. The house was not large and, with doors open, we could hear sounds of bedlam when, in the kitchen, the two differed in their opinions. Naturally this was not what we wanted in a boys' school.

On one of her trips to New York in search of another man for our difficult job, Mrs. Gookin, the housekeeper—we revelled in poetic names—came back with an elderly colored man. I suppose that he was no more than fifty years old, but at that time this put him into the class of Methuselah for me. I know that the wool on his head was getting gray. I said:

"Mrs. Gookin, what are you thinking of? These young men have found that pumping too much for them. How can you expect an old fellow like that to do it?"

"All that I can say," she replied, "is that he has worked in Dr. So-and-so's family for many years, that they are very fond of him, gave him an extraordinary character, and said that he would do anything he promised."

"Send him in," said I, "and I will let him know the worst."

He was a fine-looking old fellow, and I was greatly drawn toward him. However, I explained about the pumping and told him that every man we had had had balked on that, and

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they were all much younger than he. Then I added: "We have two girls here, doing all the indoor work. They are invaluable. Each does work enough for two, but each has a temper worse than the other, and I want somebody who will bring peace into the kitchen, and not war."

He said: "Well, as for pumping, I will do the best I can, and I think that I can do it. As for the girls, they will find it pretty hard to quarrel with *me*."

I watched him with interest and anxiety. He had to wait on the table, and I never saw a better waiter. But I especially watched him when he came up from the pumping. For two or three days I saw him rubbing his back and straightening it and giving evidence of unusual strain. At the end of a week he showed no sign of soreness or other trouble and remarked to me: "A young man ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't do that job. All you have to do is to get used to it." That was the end of that. The work was done promptly and efficiently, and I heard no more about it.

In the meantime I was wondering about life in the kitchen. Things were going better, but one day I heard a wild yell and drew near the kitchen door. It seems that Josie had used a skillet to cook something for herself and had not cleaned it. Stasia gave her a tongue-lashing, went to the back door, and with the yell I have mentioned threw the skillet down the hill. I waited. Presently, in came old William with the skillet, cleaned it and put it away, in the meantime talking quietly. All that I could hear was: "You girls ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You call yourselves Christians, and yet you fight like this over a skillet. If you want a skillet cleaned, call and tell me, and I will clean it for you. But don't behave like that."

The more I saw of him, the more interested I became, and the more closely I watched him. He seemed more like Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" than any man I had seen. He

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did not talk religion, but he seemed to me to practice it as well as any man I ever knew. His combination of respect for others with a self-respect that never suggested impudence or assurance was very remarkable.

Altogether, we were getting on swimmingly, but after many weeks Mrs. Gookin came to me and said:

"I have the worst possible news for you. William is going to leave us. Mrs. Blank, the doctor's wife, is going up to the country with the children, and she told her husband she wouldn't go unless she could have William."

"Give him any advance he wants in wages. We can't afford to lose him."

She came back a little later, and said:

"I feel ashamed. I offered him higher wages, and I know that he is getting more now than he ever had before; but he simply said: 'Why, Mrs. Gookin, I have been with Dr. and Mrs. Blank a great many years, and I told her when I left her that I would come back whenever they wanted me. I'd hate to have her think that I would leave her now—*jes' for a little money.*' The way he said it made me feel pretty small."

I did not say another word, except to ask her to send him in for me to say goodbye and tell him what I thought of him. I still like to think of old black William after nearly half a century. It gives me faith in human nature.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SCHOOL MOVES TO WATERTOWN

BEFORE the end of the first year at Pelham I came to two important decisions. One was that I would marry a certain lady in New Haven, if she consented. She did consent. She was Miss Winifred Thompson of Niagara Falls, New York, and at the time was teaching in the New Haven High School. I had become acquainted with her through my sister when the latter came on to see me through the attack of typhoid fever. We became engaged the spring of my first year in Pelham Manor, and were married at the end of the second year.

The other important decision was that Pelham Manor was no place for the kind of school I hoped to build. We had no building and no chance for a building. The reputation of the climate of the place at that time was not too good and we were altogether too near New York. The consequence was that during the third year at Pelham Manor my wife and I were busy making trips to various places in search of a situation for a school. I had no money and, therefore, it was necessary to find a ready-made building of some sort. We thought of three places in Litchfield, Connecticut, and made numerous trips there. Everybody was most cordial, and many times since then Litchfield people have told me how much they wished I had come to Litchfield, that I should have received a very warm welcome. I always replied that I thought so, but that I needed a great deal more than a warm welcome. As McLaughlin had been so dear a friend of mine, I had always

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felt a special interest in Litchfield and I was glad to be able to settle finally within eleven miles of the town.

Litchfield is one of the outstanding towns of the state, and its people are naturally proud of the town and its history. I remember with pleasure hearing something of that history from George M. Woodruff, one of the outstanding men of the town, who graduated in the middle eighteen-fifties at Yale. He told me about the Beechers. Old Lyman Beecher, the leader of orthodox religious thought in New England, lived many years at Litchfield, and his famous children were born there. Judge Woodruff told me that once when Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Beecher were in a buggy the horse ran away and they were thrown down a bank and bruised badly, but not dangerously. Mrs. Beecher, when she caught her breath, said that she thought they ought to kneel down and thank God for their preservation. The old man, leader of religious thought in New England though he was, said that she might if she wished, but he thought that he had got thumps enough. Nobody but a Beecher, occupying his position, could have said such a thing.

His son, Henry Ward, was a great preacher and a man in my judgment whose memory, in spite of all the debunking, we ought to cherish. As for theology, he had boxed the compass and indeed did not care much about it. At a great reunion in Litchfield all the conspicuous living Beechers were present and, as was to be expected, Henry Ward delivered the main address. He told how his father had chased a calf about the pasture and finally had caught it and tied it up for the night. Henry remarked:

"I thought I should like to see what would happen if I turned that calf loose. I did so and I promptly found out what would happen."

There was a general giggle, when a Yankee farmer's voice from the rear was heard: "Yes, Henry Ward, and ever since

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then you have been turning loose what your father thought he had made fast."

Judge Woodruff said that Beecher laughed louder than any of them.

We looked over a house in New Milford. We even went down to Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey, where a gentleman offered to put up a building for us that should serve as a school nine months in the year and as a summer hotel for the rest of the year. As I have intimated, this search, coupled with the business of running a school, made the year a very active and restless one.

Kingsbury Curtis, who was in the class after me in college, met my brother Henry in New York and said: "I hear Horace is looking for a place for a school. I am interested in just the right place for him."

When this was passed on to me I asked, "Where in the world is Watertown, Connecticut?" and was told that it was somewhere near Waterbury.

All of my old boys remember Mrs. Buckingham and her two sons. The Buckinghams and the Curtises owned the old hotel, the Warren House. I got into touch with Mrs. Buckingham's brother, Thomas McLean, and Mrs. Taft and I went up to Watertown in February of 1893 to look the hotel over.

I remember the visit well—both the pleasure of meeting the Buckingham family, who were very cordial and helpful and have been intimate friends ever since, and the chill of the visit to the hotel. It was a forsaken place. The building had been closed all winter and was cold and dirty. Nevertheless, it seemed to offer a better opportunity than anything we had seen. The total area was six acres. The building had been erected in 1866. The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company had started in Watertown and was so profitable that a number of the biggest investors were wondering how to invest their money. Fortunately for me, some of them under-

took the building of this hotel. It flourished for many years and had quite a reputation, though I had never heard of it. It had, however, come on evil days, the fine modern hotels on the shore and in the mountains proving to have much greater attraction.

I leased the house for five years, with the privilege of purchase, and gave my note to Mrs. Black for all that she had spent on the school in Pelham Manor. Thus I paid my debt to her financially, though there was a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid. I succeeded in borrowing ten thousand dollars and went to work making the house fit for our purpose. I wish I could remember all the changes we made in that old building in forty years. We put in new plumbing and heating and erected a wooden building for a gymnasium. In the summer of '93 my wife and I moved what furniture we had from Pelham Manor, took a room in the big building, and wrestled with carpenters and plumbers, meantime receiving the parents who were interested in enrolling their boys.

Getting ready for the opening date was a desperate struggle, and many were the prophecies that we could not do it. But we succeeded with the exception of one thing. The floors in all the corridors were extremely noisy, and the matting which had been ordered at Sloane's did not arrive. After many telegrams we found that Sloane had sent the matting to Watertown, New York—the first of many mistakes of that kind. We lived to think of that old building as a dreadful handicap, but I remember that, after Pelham Manor, it seemed like Paradise. In every respect it was a big step forward. Everything, however, had to be used for something it had never been meant for and, occasionally, comical things happened.

We tore down the partitions of rooms around the hotel office and made the whole space into a school and assembly room. The ceiling was low, but the floor space would answer.



THE OLD WARREN HOUSE.

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The master sat on the platform where the hotel clerk had been. We had disconnected the wires from the different rooms to the clerk's desk, so that a boy could not ring at his pleasure, but there was a speaking tube from each floor to the clerk's desk, intended for the use of the hotel servants. A young master was holding study hour and endeavoring, as usual, to keep it quiet, when a voice boomed down through that speaking tube: "Three beers and some pretzels to Room 32, and be quick about it." That study hour was ruined. However, a little plaster corrected the trouble.

Another of the group owning the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, having plenty of money, had built a race track in the field opposite the present golf house and had bought fast horses. A quicker way to get rid of money could not be devised. The race track had long since been given up, and I rented the space inside of it for a ball field. The draining system had broken down, so that in wet weather it was swampy. At the beginning of the first year the weather was very dry and there was nothing to indicate the true character of that field. The boys rushed up to the field and laid out a football gridiron in the part of the great space available which was nearest level. When the heavy fall rains came, we were playing football in a regular swamp. I remember the opening game. In the very first run which was made, the whole crowd went down with a splash, and from the bottom of the pile came a voice: "Help! Help! I'm drowning." We afterward moved to the highest part of the field. It was rougher and more sloping, but not so wet, though the time never came when it was a comfortable place to play in.

We piped water from a spring near the ball field to a big tank at the top of the school, and thus got along fairly well in that respect. Our drinking water came from a well that was just outside the old kitchen. It had been advertised by the hotel as clear, sparkling water. We bragged about it a good

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deal. We drank it. However, the modern scientific idea of sanitation was taking hold and after some years, just for form's sake, I had the water of that well analyzed. Except that of bubonic plague, I do not think there were any germs missing. We filled up the well with ashes and dirt, and that was the end of the clear, sparkling water.

One difficulty with the old hotel was the marked difference in the size and desirability of the rooms. That is what is wanted in a hotel. Higher charges are made for the more desirable rooms. Of course this cannot be done in a school. One room would be palatial in size and, perhaps, be a corner room, but we always refused to put more than two boys into a room. The next room would be half the size. The assignment of rooms sometimes left a little hard feeling because of the tremendous difference between them.

We had neither city gas nor electricity. There was a machine in a little house back of the main building which manufactured gas from gasoline. Except in the schoolroom we depended upon that gas entirely for light. At the beginning the flame was very rich and smoky, so that all the ceilings were "smoked up." The light then ran down and became very thin, until we moved something up a notch, when the richness and the smoke began again, and so on. We depended upon lamps in the big schoolroom. The gymnasium took fire the first year, but was saved by the fire department. When I inquired I found that two boys had been looking at a number of barrels of gasoline which had been brought up to fill the gas machine. The barrels stood just back of the wooden gymnasium, and had on them a kind of frosting. One of the boys bet the other that that frosting would burn. He won. Those barrels made a glorious flame and almost finished us.

Nobody could ever have given a warmer welcome to electric light than we did when our connection with the Waterbury powerhouse was established.

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To finish the tale of our physical handicaps, the old building was entirely of wood and, once on fire, would have burned like tinder. "Firetrap" was the word most commonly used, and many parents, coming to consider placing their boys there, took one look at the building and departed. Those who left their boys with us commented so often on the fire hazard that it got on my nerves. Of course we had a night watchman and every precaution was taken, but the fear would not down. I remember that when, twenty years later, we had the new building and used the second floor of the old building as an infirmary, my dear sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Taft, smiled and said: "That's the proper idea. If we burn anybody, it ought to be the unfit."

President Hopkins of Dartmouth told me of an amusing incident connected with what might have been a great tragedy at Dartmouth. There was a tremendous snowstorm, tremendous even according to the New Hampshire standard, with huge drifts surrounding all the buildings. A dormitory caught fire at night and burned to the ground. Naturally, there was dreadful anxiety as to the fate of the students. Fire apparatus could not be used, owing to the drifts. By shrieks and whistles the boys were aroused and all accounted for except one on the top floor. At last his head appeared amidst flames and smoke and every one shouted, "Jump! Jump!" He did jump and landed in an enormous snowdrift, as unhurt as though the drift had been a feather bed. They rushed over in great excitement and hauled him out to a safe place, exulting, and listened for his words. He looked down at his feet and said: "Isn't that the damndest luck? I've lost one of my slippers."

Each floor had one bathroom, serving all the boys and masters living there, and on one floor there was an extra one for a master's wife. This was hard on the masters, but a boy suffers no privation so philosophically as a restriction of his

bathing facilities.' Some primitive shower baths in the gymnasium served the athletes.

With all these handicaps, we still felt that we had made a long step upward. We began with five masters besides myself. There were thirty boarding scholars and a number of day scholars from Watertown and Waterbury. The Waterbury boys had to come by train, which fact cramped us a bit in making our schedule, as we had to make our hours fit the hours of the train service. The institution took on something of the aspect of a real school. The scholastic work was divided more or less definitely into departments. The boys were divided into five classes, from top to bottom. The younger classes were larger in proportion to the older ones than they had been. The standard of scholarship was slowly rising (it could hardly have fallen) and discipline was firmer, but not less human. On the whole, I had learned a good deal about the job. Moreover, the masters took hold with a will, school loyalty became strong, and good traditions began to supplant bad ones. I was striving hard, and with some success, to implant in the older boys' minds a feeling of responsibility to the school, and the monitorial system which I had begun took shape and acquired strength. For all that, it was only by contrast with Pelham Manor days that one could have called it a good school.

This matter of tradition, of course, is a vital one. I have indicated that the average quality of the boys at the beginning left much to be desired; and this, coupled with my own lack of experience, allowed traditions to grow which took time to root out. I ran across a delightful proof that some students in a western college understood the value of traditions, though perhaps not quite the nature of them. The college was just beginning, and those ambitious youngsters hurried to found a paper, without which, of course, no good

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college could exist. In the first issue of the paper an editorial described rules for the freshmen. They were to walk on only one side of a certain street, to wear caps, etc. The editorial ended with the remark. "These traditions start next Monday."

About this time I was conscious of a handicap which came from the fact that I was a Unitarian. I had not thought of this, but I heard occasionally of parents, especially mothers, who declined to risk the dangers of such association for their little ones.

Many things gave me confidence, however. The mere fact that we had improved so much was one. Another was my growing pleasure in contact with the boys in groups and separately and my feeling of confidence in the loyalty and friendship of both boys and masters.

Among the masters I must mention Olin Coit Joline, whom the great majority of the old boys remember with affection. He served the school faithfully for thirty-two years as a teacher of Greek, but his most important contribution was made in those early years. He was a born disciplinarian, kindly but firm, and had had boarding-school experience, which most of us lacked and which made him a tower of strength in the government of the little institution. He was the only one of the masters who began with the school in Watertown to serve beyond the first two or three years, the only one to see the growth and improvement of which we dreamed. The close bond between him and the boys of those early days remained strong to the day of his death.

One of the five masters was Frederick Winsor, who was afterward the Headmaster at the Middlesex School, at Concord, Massachusetts. I feel that there is a peculiar bond between the old boys who were with us in those early days, say the first ten years, and myself. Our association was very close.

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As I look back I can see that I was learning my trade at their expense, though they never seemed to hold that against me. A sad proportion of them have passed on.

We had settled in a friendly community. Apparently most of the neighbors were glad to have the old hotel building occupied by a school. Many of them placed their boys with us as day scholars, and the reception accorded to the school and to me personally was cordial in the extreme. The warmth of this friendship, which still continues, has been a source of immense pleasure and inspiration to me, and has added to the pleasures in life of the entire school, masters and boys. The Buckinghams, the Heminways, and the Merrimans were most prominent in the life of the town and helped in every way possible; but there were many others, both in Watertown and in Waterbury. Mrs. John Buckingham, whom hundreds of old boys well remember with affection and gratitude, was outstanding in her friendship and loyalty.

In Waterbury I was delighted to find Arthur Kimball and Charles F. Chapin, old friends of mine, whose friendship came to mean more and more to me as the years went by. I came to know well a goodly number of Waterbury people—the Kingsburys, the Chases, and others—and not only to enjoy their society but to profit by their steady support of the school. Waterbury has figured largely in the list of trustees of the school since the need of a Board of Trustees began to be felt.

A boys' school may be a dreadful nuisance to the neighbors. Most of our neighbors, however, cheerfully accepted the situation with the explanation that "boys will be boys," and the few pranks indulged in did not mar the general harmony. This harmony did not always extend to the farmers, who failed in appreciation when frisky football players chased their sheep around a lot. The Hotchkiss School people always enjoyed telling a tale which indicated that boys are pretty much alike everywhere. A carriage pulled up at a curb in Lakeville

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and some one asked a farmer whether this large building was the Hotchkiss School. He said: "No. The Hotchkiss School is up on the top of the hill. This, here, is a home for the feeble-minded. I don't see any difference between them except that they don't take incurables down here." That was duly reported at the school and caused much merriment.

Both masters and boys took part in village life to an extent that was later impossible. They were prominent in amateur theatricals, and their assistance was welcomed by the neighbors. In the first year a firebug caused intense excitement in town for a week, a blaze of some sort being started every night. We were especially alarmed because of the inflammable material of the school itself, and the proximity of the big stable which was part of the hotel property, and which, with its large quantity of hay, would have gone up in flames in a twinkling. If that had happened it would have been almost impossible to save the school. We had extra watchmen around at night, and the boys found a pleasurable excitement in the whole thing. It ended in a great conflagration which destroyed Citizens' Hall, a large building used for theatricals and public meetings. The boys proved themselves splendid firemen and earned the admiration of all who saw the fight by saving a building next to the hall when others had given it up. The arrest of a young fellow on suspicion put a stop to the danger and the excitement.

The boys took in the town meetings, which still had a flavor of old New England, and had some of the ancient characters whose individuality made such meetings interesting. Though the boys could not vote, they felt a live interest in the proceedings, and their sense of humor was frequently stirred.

We attended the Episcopal church in a body and sat in the seats assigned to us in a front corner of the church. I suspect that we did not add to the feeling of reverence which befits such services, though we swelled the size of the congrega-

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tion. Herbert N. Cunningham was the clergyman and the faithful chaplain of the school. Two of his boys have become popular and influential clergymen, Raymond in Hartford, and Gerald in Stamford. That compulsory church service was a trial, because the services could not be fitted to the needs and development of the boys. Some of the boys were strong dissenters, in the English sense of the word, and one boy asked me, "Mr. Taft, don't you think it would be better to have extemporaneous prayers instead of the cut-and-dried sort we have in church?"

"My boy," I said, "I always prefer an extemporaneous prayer until I hear one. Then I prefer the beautiful language of the prayer book."

In those early years I began having, at Sunday supper in my own apartment, as many boys as my table would hold—a custom which now, after fifty years, I am still carrying on, though retired. Of course, there were many informal gatherings, and I think nothing helped more in the promotion of the right spirit than the casual gathering in a boy's room of a group, the discussion covering any subject from European politics to the last unpopular rule adopted by the faculty. In the main, what a boy needs is to understand the point of view of the masters. He is generally willing to agree that the objective aimed at is right. When he is asked for another method of reaching it, and can suggest none, he begins to feel that his criticism is unfounded.

When we came to Watertown, Lehman W. Cutler was still living in the town. He had graduated at Yale in 1829, having been born before the War of 1812, and he remembered the disbanding of troops at the end of that war. He was an institution in Watertown, had been for forty years town clerk and most of that time judge of probate and town treasurer, and had the respect and admiration of the entire community. He had gone to the State Legislature whenever he pleased, his

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first term being in 1836 and his last term in the late seventies. He had been rather frail in health in college, he told me, and his folks thought that he might as well prolong his life as much as possible by living in the country, where he had been born. So he came back to Watertown and was fairly successful at this, dying at the age of ninety-three.

He was a most genial man and was especially cordial to me because my great-uncle, Asa Waters, had been in his class at Yale. His mind was clear, and I greatly enjoyed his tales of old Yale of more than a hundred years ago and of the country before railroads. Among other things he said: "I suppose that I heard the first lecture ever delivered at Yale on temperance. We youngsters thought that that was good doctrine, so we went back to our rooms, filled our glasses with rum, and drank to the success of the temperance movement." Those were the days when the college accounts showed an expenditure for rum at Commencement and every other official celebration. They were the days, too—or they shortly followed the days—when clergymen drank too much; when, on one occasion, at a gathering of Congregational clergymen, the chairman begged his fellow parsons not to get drunk until the business had been transacted. Few of us realize what a revolution has taken place in this matter in a little over a hundred years.

Another thing he told me interested the boys as an instance of the complete change brought by modern invention. He recalled taking a late supper with the rest of the family when he was a boy—the meal being late because his uncle had just come from New York. The uncle said: "Boys, I want you to remember this, for it is something exceptional. I had breakfast early this morning in New York City, and here I am taking supper tonight in Watertown." If you think of it, it was really something of a feat. He had gone aboard a sloop in New York, had had a very favorable wind to take him up Long Island Sound to Bridgeport, and had come from there behind fast horses.

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Nobody had yet dreamed of the railroad. It would have astonished him to know that the time would come when a man could take breakfast in New York, and lunch in the same place on the same day, after having transacted a reasonable morning's business in Watertown.

Another incident brought out the simplicity of the old life in Yale. Mr. Cutler roomed in North College. One evening he and his friends were carrying on, making merry, my great-uncle playing the flute. In the height of their merriment there was a rap at the door and Mr. Cutler cried, "Come in!" The door opened, and there was the reverend form of President Jeremiah Day, one of the great figures of old Yale and my father's Yale president. The boys all rose, and the president said: "Young gentlemen, the Corporation of Yale College is holding a meeting in the room in front of this. Either you will have to adjourn or the Corporation will have to adjourn."

Mr. Cutler said, "Mr. President, we will adjourn."

What came home to me was the simplicity of life indicated by the fact that the Corporation of Yale College could hold a meeting in one of the rooms in North College. I had roomed in that college and knew the size of those rooms.

We were growing in numbers, and I asked the Yale authorities to hold college examinations in the school. Up to that time nearly all our boys went to Yale and had to take their examinations in New Haven. Yale replied that we might have the examinations if I would supervise them. I remember that, the first time we had them at the school, I went down to a society affair in New Haven the night before. I gave Mrs. Taft the keys to the safe, together with the registration blanks and the papers for the first examination, and told her that I should be back to carry on after that. After the celebration I got to bed at about two o'clock in the morning, was given an alarm clock but, being a light sleeper and not wishing to wake everybody up, put the clock in the closet so that I could hear

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it, but nobody else could. I was awakened by the delighted giggling of several of my friends, and a voice which said: "If you are going to catch the seven o'clock train you will have to hustle. It has been gone about half an hour." When I reached the school a little before noon, I found Mrs. Taft carrying on, and no harm was done. I have sometimes wondered what would have happened if I had not given her the keys to the safe and the boys had missed the examinations that morning. From that time we went on with the examinations at the school, taking those for Yale until the colleges ceased to give separate examinations, and, from then on, the College Board examinations.

Most schools send home regular reports of the progress of the boys. I made a regular practice of this and put the report in the form of a letter covering not only the boy's scholastic standing, but his industry and general conduct. These reports I regarded as very important, not only because they kept me in touch with the parents and kept them in touch with the development of the boys, but because they made necessary for me interviews with the masters and a review of the progress and development of each boy. It is easy to say that I could have held this review without writing letters, but it is a desirable thing to have a time table which makes certain performances necessary. I tried hard to tell the exact truth, and I soon acquired the reputation of writing very pessimistic letters. I still think that the reports were fair and am not at all shaken in that opinion by the fact that they differed in many cases from the estimates of the boys and their parents. I was aware that a good many schoolmasters gave rose-colored views of the progress of boys in order to please the parents. It is possible that I leaned over backward in my determination to be honest.

A dear friend of mine from Savannah, a lady who had a boy in the school, reported to me an amusing conversation

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with another Savannah mother who had two boys with us. These boys had been in a Virginia school from which glowing reports went home at stated intervals. The mother at some gathering said humorously that she had thought from the Virginia reports that she had two budding geniuses, but that now she was coming to feel that her two boys were mentally lacking. She said that she was inclined to withdraw the boys, but that her husband had risen in his wrath and said, "Thank God, I have found an honest schoolmaster," and had vowed that the boys should not set foot in Georgia again till he had better reports. The lady added, "And now I never expect to see my boys again."

I was talking with three ladies, very good friends of mine, whose boys had been in the school and had had a hard time. The talk turned upon my letters and they simply tore me to pieces. One of them said, "You would not know how to write a good letter if you wanted to."

"Come over to the School," I protested, "and I will show you copies that will prove that I can write a good letter when there is occasion for it."

The following June, Williams College gave me a degree, and I hastened to write the dear ladies that as soon as Williams had found out the kind of reports I sent home, the trustees made me Doctor of *Humane Letters* (L.H.D.)

Much later, when the old hotel building was torn down to make way for the big extension, I had forgotten that copies of my old reports were stored in the attic. As the wreckers went to work with a vengeance, those copies were scattered far and wide. The boys picked them up and were interested to find that my style and severity were still what they had always been. One boy was immensely pleased to find a copy of a letter which I had written to his grandfather about his father when the latter was a pupil in the school. It was a pretty

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savage letter, and the father complained to me that it cramped his style a good deal in dealing with his boy.

There is not much to tell over a long period of years, except the slow but steady growth of the school and its gradual improvement. We had a Phi Beta Kappa student at Yale about the turn of the century, the first of a long line of them, and some boys who took the first places in their college classes, these honors marking a rising standard of scholarship in the school and an improvement of standards in literature, spirit, discipline, and life in general.

The new ideas in education had not affected boarding schools at that time, and we followed the old-fashioned curriculum. The great majority of our boys went to Yale, most of them taking the academic course. The examinations were practically the same for all the boys, the only choice, as I remember it, being between French and German.

Many activities flourished outside of college preparatory work, and we were gradually growing nearer to the attainment of our ambition to educate the whole boy. Athletics, of course, flourished immediately. A school paper promptly started, also a glee club and a band. As to the quality of the music, the less said the better. Many years after, an old boy presiding at a reunion congratulated the school on the splendid development of our glee club. He said, "In our day, when the glee club burst into song, the cry was, 'Women and children first.'"

CHAPTER IX

POLITICS. EXPANSION OF THE SCHOOL

I STILL kept up a keen interest in politics and was still a dissenter in the family. As I have said, I voted for Blaine in '84 and afterward came to regret it. Cleveland, with his policy in regard to tariff, reform of the Civil Service, and the pension grabs, made me enthusiastic and I voted for him twice—once in '88, when he was beaten by Harrison, and again in '92, when he won over the same opponent.

My brother Will was always more of a partisan than I and when he went to Washington as Solicitor General in 1890, and thus became a part of the Harrison administration, he was enthusiastically loyal to that administration. He wrote me that, as far as he could see, Harrison was as disagreeably anxious to do his duty as Cleveland had ever been. I remember a hot argument which we had on the so-called Force Bill, a bill designed to put the control of the elections of the South in the hands of the Federal Government, so that the negro might be allowed to vote. It was the last attempt for several decades to interfere in the affairs of the South. My own feeling was, and is, that the North made a horrible mistake in the reconstruction and in conferring the ballot indiscriminately on the enfranchised slaves, and that it must take the consequences and leave the South to work out its own problem, regardless of the fact that the present situation results in a great overrepresentation of the South in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College.

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The same thing has come up recently in the Anti-lynching Bill. There is a fine movement in the South on the part of intelligent and patriotic people to abolish lynching. Decided progress has been made, and we may look for complete success in the not distant future. Interference from the North can only exacerbate the bitterness between the races and hinder this progress. There is something amusing about the sudden interest in lynching in which nervous northern politicians have been indulging. The lynching problem has grown steadily better in the South so that there is not nearly so much reason for interference as there was a generation ago. The negro population in the North, however, has tremendously increased, and with it the negro influence in elections. It is comical to see the conscience of Tammany, for instance, suddenly becoming sensitive about the lynching problem in the South as the negro city in Harlem grows larger.

Another act of the Harrison administration was the Dependent Pension Law. It was the most disgraceful episode in pension-grabbing history until the passage of the Bonus Bill. My detestation of the unpatriotic pressure of the veterans upon the national treasury goes far back in my memory. The Dependent Pension Law nearly doubled the expenditure for the pensions of the Civil War twenty-five years after that war. It gave pensions to widows, no matter how the husband died or when. There was a story in Cincinnati of a Kentucky member of the Grand Army who may or may not have smelled powder. In any case he drew a pension and was a very loud shouter for an increase of pensions all around. He was cashier of a bank and, when he died, his accounts were found to be very crooked and the crookedness was all in his favor and to the damage of the bank. His affectionate comrades put up a tombstone with the inscription, "His books didn't balance, but his heart beat true to the old flag."

There was trouble inside of the Harrison administration.

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Blaine, the Secretary of State, was known to be very disgruntled. A man from Maine, presuming on the fact that Blaine and he were from the same state, said:

"Mr. Secretary, what do you really think of this administration?"

"Why, that is an extraordinary question to ask of me. I am the head of the administration, under the President. It is a most improper question. But I can tell you a story.

"A friend of mine was given a ticket for the first performance of a play, written by a friend of his. He attended. The play was dreadful and there were hisses and catcalls, but my friend sat silent. Finally a man next him turned and said, 'I suppose you like this kind of rot.'

" 'No, I don't like it any better than you do, but I am here on a free ticket and it doesn't seem to me that I ought to make trouble—but if the next act is as bad as the last, I am going to go out and buy a ticket and come in and raise hell!'

Blaine added, "I hope you won't ask me any more improper questions." He went out and bought his ticket soon after.

Free silver was sweeping over the Democratic party. One state convention after another declared for it. My brother Will poked fun at me, commented on the company I had got into. He said, "The Democrats are all sliding to free silver, and I see that your great and good friend is considering the question." I was rather nervous, myself. Shortly after, a meeting of sound-money men was held in New York. Cleveland was invited, but could not attend. However, he wrote a letter, stating that it was not necessary for him to be there, he hoped to express his opinion on the foolish and dangerous experiment of free coinage of silver. It was slapping his party in the face.

The next time I met Will I said, "I am waiting for an apology."

"What for?"

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"In regard to my great and good friend."

He laughed and said, "You shall have it. That was certainly a brave letter and written by a brave man." He, himself, had a great deal of admiration for Cleveland.

Well, 1896 came on, and Bryan and Bryanism drove all of us mugwumps back into the Republican party. The comical and unnecessary war with Spain followed. So small a war never had such vast consequences. It suddenly made the United States a world power. My brother had been for eight years judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, a court created under Harrison. Like a bolt from the blue, a proposition came to him that he give up his position on the bench, go ten thousand miles away, and organize under the authority of the United States the government of islands of which he possibly had heard before, but of which he had not the slightest knowledge. This ignorance he shared with the great mass of American people. I remember Mr. Dooley's debate with Hennessy about the islands. "Hould onto them!" says Hennessy. "Of course," says Mr. Dooley. "But how long is it since you knew whether they was islands or canned goods?"

An entrance examination in geography read, "What course would a ship take in sailing from the Canary Islands to the Philippines?" A boy answered: "Sail northeast to the Straits of Gibraltar. Sail east through the Mediterranean Sea. Sail southeast through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, out into the Indian Ocean, *and inquire.*" That was better than most Americans could have done before 1898.

My brother left for the Philippines in April, 1900, and I went out to Cincinnati to say goodbye to him, being personally at some of the enthusiastic meetings in his honor. He came back in 1902 for a surgical operation. His hard work in the heat of the Philippines had broken him down. He went back again after his operation and after appearing before a

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Congressional committee to give account of his stewardship. He came up to the school before he returned to the Islands, and we had a royal time. We invited all the neighbors from Watertown and Waterbury, and we were all charmed to hear at first hand and in so informal a way the story of the situation in the Philippines, and how our government had dealt with it. After the lecture the faculty and their wives gathered in my apartment, and we cross-questioned him to our hearts' content. He had largely recovered his health and was in fine feather.

I remember one story that made quite an impression on me. There was an intense feeling about our occupation of the Philippines and the anti-imperialists were attacking everything connected with the government. Consequently the administration was very anxious to have its side of the case presented to the American people. One morning there came into my brother's office in Manila a solemn-faced man, dressed like a clergyman, who said that he represented eighty churches (I think they were Baptist) and that he had come out to investigate the government of the Philippine Islands. My brother thought that it was a great opportunity. He proceeded to tell about the arrangement of the departments, the laws that they had passed, etc. At last he said:

"You don't seem to be interested in this, although it is the essence of our work."

"No, sir, I have been credibly informed that this government is corrupt from top to bottom."

"Well, leaving out the top just for convenience, I should like to know about it, for I am more interested in this corruption than you can possibly be. Who told you?"

"I don't think that I am at liberty to tell his name, but a more candid and intelligent man I have yet to meet. He told me that after we landed he would be glad to show me the corruption from the inside."

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"After you landed? Then he came over on the ship with you?"

"No, sir, he only came down from Hong Kong with me."

"Was he alone?"

"No, there was a friend with him."

"Did the friend agree with him?"

"That I cannot say. The friend did not take part in the conversation."

"Was he dressed in blue?"

"I rather think he was."

"You say that you cannot tell his name. Would you let me know if I guessed the name rightly?"

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Was it So-and-so?"

"That is the name, and I must repeat that a more candid and intelligent gentleman I have yet to meet."

"What would you say if you learned that the friend in blue was one of our secret service officers, bringing back your candid, intelligent friend to answer for a defalcation of some thousands of dollars?"

"Impossible!"

"Well, I just offer that as the first thing you ought to investigate. And I will tell you at the beginning that your friend is right. He can tell you about the corruption of this government from the inside."

The man departed and was never heard of again. Imagine the power of a gullible imbecile like that, who could spread misinformation over so wide an area.

In the various centers of American and English population in the Orient there gathered a goodly portion of the scum of the earth, and at the opening of a new era in the Philippines they naturally flocked to Manila. This man, for instance, was one of many who opened law offices and had to be disbarred. A number of treasurers of different provinces or towns

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Americans all—proved to be dishonest. The Filipinos were used to this—plenty of Spaniards had made money in this way. What astonished the natives was that every man detected was tried, convicted, and given a long penitentiary sentence. It did much to inspire confidence in the government.

Another story brings up the difficulty of educating overnight in self-government a people who never had any experience in it:

A group of enthusiastic Filipinos called on my brother to express their ardent wish for immediate independence. Will asked them, "What change would you make in the policy of the present government?"

"Well, the first thing we would do would be to abolish the tax on land."

"What next?"

The spokesman for the group then proceeded to abolish all the other taxes.

"Would you abolish the school system?" inquired Will.

"By no means. That means everything to us."

"Would you abolish the constabulary?"

"Certainly not. We never had such good order."

So it went on. Will then said: "Well, you are keeping up practically everything that we have begun, but you have abolished all the taxes. Where are you going to get the money to pay for these things?"

"That is a detail which we can settle later."

He was a born New Dealer.

Soon after this meeting in Watertown, my brother went back to the Philippines by way of Rome and spent two more years there, breaking down again under the stress of hard work in that climate. He came back to be Secretary of War from 1904 to 1908 and to run for the Presidency in the latter year, and to be elected. Of course all of us in the school were excited. I went to the convention in Chicago which nominated

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him and came back to attend my twenty-fifth anniversary in New Haven, which was his thirtieth; and a tremendous to-do was made over the first Yale graduate to be a presidential candidate.

The year 1909, which began so gloriously for us, with the Inauguration and jollification, ended very sadly. My wife fell ill in the fall and died in December. It is the kind of blow that divides a man's life in two. But in the memory of that winter I have also the memory of the way the masters and their wives and the boys rallied round.

There was nothing to do but to throw myself into the work of the school as completely as possible. Fortunately that was easy to do. Things were driving. The school was growing. We built an addition which we called the Annex; but we still needed room and, moreover, had a growing sense of the tremendous handicap we had in our physical equipment.

We planned to build a new school on the top of Nova Scotia Hill, which our old boys will remember as being northeast of the town and giving a splendid outlook over the valley stretching toward Waterbury. I bought three farms, which would have given us about three hundred acres. It became evident, however, that the expense involved in erecting new buildings and abandoning all of the old plant would be beyond our means. Some years later I succeeded in selling the farms with a slight loss.

CHAPTER X

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

I NEED hardly say that I watched with intense interest my brother's career as President; the tariff struggle, the widening split in the party, the Ballinger case with its numerous violent accusations, Roosevelt's return, his gradual drawing away from the regular party and adopting more radical views, final division of the Republicans into two parties, and at last the crash of 1912.

A gentleman at Murray Bay, charmed by the simple and natural kindliness of my brother, said, "I should think your brother's head would be completely turned by the admiration which is evident on every hand." I told him that if flattery or admiration could have spoiled him he would have been ruined before he emerged from childhood. Among my earliest recollections were tales of his beauty as a baby. There was no spoiling of him at home, but at school and among his mates he was a universal favorite. He was up at the top in scholarship. His physique and physical courage made him a leader among boys, while his personality made him a favorite everywhere. So it was on through the high school and into college.

I have always resented the picture which was often drawn of him, the picture of a smiling good natured man, more or less negative. The adjectives "fat" and "lazy" were sometimes added to the picture. Now there was no doubt as to his good nature and the charm of his personality; but positive force and courage were as prominent in his character as anything else. Mr. Pringle in his interesting biography quotes from Her-

bert Bowen, a classmate of Will's, but one who had no reason to favor him. In writing his reminiscences of college life, Bowen says that, while he was not brilliant, he was a great moral force and, therefore, was the most admired man not only in the class of '78 but in all Yale College. This indicates much more than smiling good nature. My brother was a hard worker, had a clear, strong mind, and, though certainly not brilliant, was outstanding in ability. He stood second in his class in scholarship and was Class Orator. But Bowen's statement comes back to us—these things do not make a man a great moral force. Will was not an athlete, but was a man of extraordinary physical strength, and there were few, if any, men in college who could hold their own against him in wrestling. He had enormous vitality and a healthy ambition.

There was no question as to his being a fat man. He weighed about two hundred and twenty-five pounds when he graduated and at his worst weighed one hundred pounds more than this. He was humorous about this himself and, of course, the cartoonists were delighted with the opportunity it gave them. Yet, until he went to the Philippines the thing that impressed a person who was intimate with him was not so much his weight as his physical power and his exuberant vitality.

My wife and I spent a month at Murray Bay in the summer of 1895. Will was almost thirty-eight years old and weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. He played eighteen holes on a very hilly golf course in the morning, came home, ate his lunch, read his mail, and then went down to a tennis court, where he played a rather elephantine game, keeping at it till he was summoned to go for a picnic on the river. He insisted on rowing both ways, while the rest of us were content to row only one way, and, when the ladies were preparing a supper, he stood on the bank batting stones into the river with a stick in pure physical exuberance. I submit that that is not the picture of a man who feels his weight as a great burden.

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I called at his house one night in Murray Bay and found Howard Hollister, a dear friend of his, who was making a visit. Hol was lying on the sofa, and when I asked him what he was going to do the next day he said: "The Lord knows. I doubt whether I shall live till tomorrow. I have been following Bill around today."

The Philippines made a tremendous difference, and it may fairly be said that he was "burdened with flesh" the next eight years, though he did an amount of work that would have crushed an ordinary man and that required a great deal of physical exertion. He gained fifty pounds in the Philippines. Not only that, but he broke down in health twice there. Even his remarkable vitality could not endure the tremendous work he did in that tropical climate. I do not remember when he began to diet, but when he did he brought his weight down from three hundred and thirty to two hundred and sixty and finally to two hundred and fifty pounds. The picture in Pringle's biography shows him as a very fat man in the time of his cabinet position and the Presidency. The picture of him walking to the Supreme Court when he was Chief Justice shows a figure in pretty good proportion. Certainly he was vigorous enough. Until, in his latter years, his heart gave warning, he played his eighteen holes of golf on that hilly course. One morning in a tournament he beat his opponent and found that he must play eighteen holes more in the afternoon. It alarmed me, but he made light of it and beat his opponent on the twentieth hole. Thirty-eight holes on such a course in one day for a man weighing two hundred and sixty pounds and nearly seventy years old would indicate that there was some vitality left.

He was always joking about it. I remember when my brother Harry secured seats for us three brothers at the theater. Will was then at his stoutest. He sat down in the very small theater seat and seemed to overflow. He looked up at

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me smilingly and said, "Horace, if this theater burns, it has got to burn around me."

I remember his tale of a lady who came to his office when he was Secretary of War. Hers was an army family which regarded admission at West Point for her boy as the first step toward heaven. The boy had been turned down on account of a chest measure which was slightly below requirement, though he had an excellent record as to character, intelligence, and scholarship. The mother was trembling with anxiety and could hardly control herself. She made an earnest appeal. Will took the record and read it. He said, "Madam, I can never consent—"

She broke in, "Mr. Secretary!"

He began again, "Madam, I can never consent to keep a boy like that out of West Point for a mere inch or two around his chest. Experience has shown me how easy it is to gain a trifle like that anywhere."

She was in no mood for joking and said tremulously, "You mean you are going to let him in?"

"I certainly do."

She burst into tears and evidently in the midst of her sobbing was searching for words in which to express her gratitude. At last, still weeping and sobbing, she said, "Mr. Secretary, you are not half as fat as they say you are."

The feminine nature of this reply took him off his feet. Laughing uproariously, Will assured her, "Madam, your boy will get into West Point all right."

I have been led into this discussion of my brother's weight because it fits in so well with the view sometimes given of his life in general. Mr. Pringle, for instance, says that he was lazy, a charge made with much greater emphasis by Oswald Villard in his interesting book, "Fighting Years." All that I can say is that a man who saw him intimately and still thought that he was lazy must have a dreadfully high standard of en-

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ergy and diligence. Mr. Pringle quotes my father's scolding letters. I am quite familiar with those letters, and I am not much affected by them.

He attended the Cincinnati Law School, of which I have already expressed my opinion. He took the position of law reporter for the *Times-Star* and afterward for the *Cincinnati Commercial* and did it so well that he was offered a position by Murat Halstead of the *Commercial*, who hoped to lure him into journalism. The law reporting meant more in his legal education than the law-school recitations, in which he was very irregular. He planned to go to Columbus and take examinations there for admission to the Bar. A professor of the law school was hurt because apparently he was going to give up the law school entirely and not graduate. My brother said, "Why, I did not suppose you would allow me to graduate; I have been absent so much."

Being reassured on this point, he went into the final examinations and divided the first place with another student, which would indicate that he had succeeded in learning a little law according to the standards of the school, in spite of his irregularity.

From the beginning he received one promotion after another. He always felt that his year in the prosecuting attorney's office was one of the most valuable parts of his education. He was on his legs day after day before judge and jury and, while he learned little of general law, he became so expert in regard to the laws of evidence as to surprise the older lawyers when he mounted the bench. Pitted against old and unscrupulous criminal lawyers, before judges of mediocre ability and juries of less than mediocre intelligence, he acquired that strong conviction that lasted him all his life, that the American system of justice requires thorough reform in the selection of judges and juries, and that in any criminal case in America the dice are heavily loaded in favor of the

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accused. I have no doubt that that was in his mind when the case of wire-tapping came up in prohibition days, when he was on the Supreme Court bench.

The only step which he took outside the line of his profession and his ambition was the acceptance of the position of Collector of Internal Revenue for the Cincinnati District, a position which he held for one year. President Arthur was much troubled because of the hot conflict between the "Half-Breeds" and the "Stalwarts," the two groups into which the Republicans had divided during the Hayes administration, and he was told by Ben Butterworth, the congressman from Cincinnati, "If you will appoint Will Taft to this important position, everybody will be satisfied." Ben then told Will that he thought he ought to accept it for the sake of harmony in the party. He took the office, performed his duties vigilantly and successfully, but balked at the political work he was supposed to do. When a subscription list for party purposes was passed around he wrote his name with the amount of his subscription at the head of it and announced that he would not look at the subscriptions made by any of the employees. One of the newspapers said that he was wrecking the party by the course he followed. This was before the real beginning of the reform of the Civil Service.

My brother did not claim to be a reformer, at least a reformer with a big *R*, and he often poked fun at me on the subject. He was more of a reformer when in office than when he was a private citizen, which is not usually the case. He was regarded in Cincinnati as a strong supporter of clean politics.

He resigned the customhouse position at the end of a year and began the practice of the law. His private practice lasted less than two years, and that short period covers the whole time in his life which he spent as a private citizen, except that of his professorship at Yale between the Presidency and the Chief Justiceship. A considerable part of this short period

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was given to the Campbell case, a case which greatly increased his reputation for ability and good citizenship. Tom Campbell, the leading criminal lawyer in Cincinnati, through a mixture of law and politics was a very dangerous citizen. After a failure of justice in a criminal case which roused the people of Cincinnati and produced a mob which burned the Courthouse and brought on a battle that cost about sixty lives, the Bar Association undertook to disbar Campbell. My brother's appointment by the association to be third and finally second in command in that case was an extraordinary honor, considering his youth, and was not to be accounted for by smiling good nature. Kittredge, the nominal chief in the prosecution, was the leader of the Bar. Will's work done in the trial and his speech at the end of it were the most conspicuous features of that extraordinary episode. He had the most to do in preparing the evidence, interviewing witnesses, etc. I roomed with him at the time, and the last adjective I would have applied to him was lazy. It is hard at this distance to appreciate the importance of the Campbell case. One reason why my brother's action in the case made such an impression was that it took a good deal of courage in that day in Cincinnati to attack Tom Campbell openly. He was a man of great political influence, absolutely without scruple, and with a kind of detective service under him which enabled him to frighten men on account of what he knew about them. A man with anything shady in his record would be careful, whether in politics or on the jury, before he acted against Campbell's wishes. Only one of the three judges voted for disbarment. He was the only judge of any standing at the Bar. However, the proceedings which failed to convince the judges drove Campbell out of town. The community were thoroughly convinced not only of his guilt but of the weakness of the judges.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Then followed Will's appointment to the Superior Court bench, an appointment that was considered an exceptionally good one in view of his youth and very limited amount of practice at the Bar. He was fond of saying that he learned his law at the expense of the people of Hamilton County, referring to his career on that bench. Perhaps. All that I remember is that in the opinion of the Bar he had an exceptionally fine record and that his decisions were reversed in the Supreme Court in remarkably few instances. I remember saying to him that he had made a fine reputation for independence on the bench. He laughed and said, "A man who says that his soul is his own *just once* on a Hamilton County bench is sure to make a reputation for independence." His opinion of the ability and backbone of the judges in Cincinnati was a very poor one.

His next office, Solicitor General of the United States, came to him as a complete surprise: his ambition was for judicial promotion. Fortunately, his conduct of the office of Solicitor General brought him to the notice of the President and naturally to that of the justices of the Supreme Court, and his appointment as judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals followed, a court from which he might hope to rise to the Supreme Court.

I am no lawyer and am not competent to discuss his career in the Superior Court and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. I only remember the reception accorded to many of his opinions by the leading lawyers. Mr. Pringle, speaking of my brother's ambition to be a justice of the Supreme Court, says: "And he had reason for optimism. No other jurist in the country was contributing so much to judicial thought as was William Howard Taft between 1894 and 1898." In the injunction and contempt of court cases in connection with the Pullman strike he faced the music and, amid threats of all

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kinds, sent some labor leaders to jail, an action which he was to justify with perfect frankness and fearlessness in his campaign for the Presidency.

In 1900 came his appointment as Chairman of the Philippine Commission—to be followed by that as Governor of the Philippine Islands, islands which he may possibly have heard of before the Spanish War. It was a remarkable adventure and called for tact, intelligence, and determination. I think perhaps I should dwell especially on the moral courage required to fight through the dark period of that history. I remember a man coming home from the Philippines and saying to me: "They call your brother out there an optimist. My God, how could he have lived through it if he had not been an optimist? The army almost unanimously prophesied a complete failure. All the Americans were loud in condemnation of an attempt at Civil Government. Only part of the natives were friendly. Cholera and the plague and a disease which carried away a majority of their cattle came upon the islands. The Archbishop at the head of the church was hostile. It seemed as though there was no hope left except in your brother's attitude." The establishment of the Philippine constabulary, the great reduction of the army, and a decided improvement in the law-and-order situation were a tremendous triumph. I do not think that there are many proconsular careers in history to match his for kindness, firmness, courage, and faith.

As Secretary of War he was chief "trouble shooter" of Roosevelt's second term. It was a time of tremendous activity and accomplishment for a man who had broken down twice in the tropics and had come back weighing nearly three hundred and thirty pounds and very much changed physically by his life there. I remember how disturbed the family were and how we urged diet. I remember also my delight when I received a letter from him saying, "You will be satisfied at last to know that I have begun to diet. My trouble at present is

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that they have scales only for boys in Washington. I can find none that will weigh more than two hundred and fifty pounds and must wait to get a set from New York."

It was while he was Secretary of War that a distinguished Englishman was given an honorary degree by Yale. Mrs. "Billy" Townsend of New Haven gave the English guest a dinner. One course consisted of Guilford clams and was very delicious. The Englishman made an outrageous remark which we all heard, but which I cannot remember. It was worse than that remark of Matthew Arnold's about the pancakes, when he said to his wife: "Try them, my dear. They're not as nasty as they look." The hostess looked a little discomfited and all of us stopped talking, when my brother laughed and said: "You remind me of a young Englishman who came into the War Office the other day. He was cursing everything American. You could see that he would bring out the worst side of everybody he met. 'How long have you been here?' I asked.

"Two weeks."

"Well, isn't that a short time in which to judge a great country like this?"

"But your people are so impudent."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, I went into your big oyster house down here. I thought I'd like to see what your oysters were like. The waiter brought me a plate of big ones. I took one and said, 'They haven't got any taste to them.' What do you think the rascal said?"

"I give it up."

"*Wait till you strike a bad one.*"

It was rather hard on the guest of the evening, but we all thought he had brought it on himself.

It will be seen from my remarks that I am not an impartial witness in regard to this man. Indeed it was very hard for anybody to be near him without loving him, and, in my case,

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though I offered enough advice and scolding, I could not pretend to be uninfluenced by my affection and admiration. Naturally the Presidency and the bitterness of the conflict of parties and factions roused pretty bitter partisanship. There is no question that my brother was a very poor politician. He loathed the arts of that trade and when, of necessity, he had to practice them he was very clumsy. Mr. Villard is mainly right, though perhaps he exaggerates a little when he says: "On the other side of the ledger was Mr. Taft's total lack of the higher political imagination, of quick sympathy and popular quality which would have enabled him to take arms against his sea of troubles. . . . Political disaster after political disaster he failed to recognize in its beginnings."

On the other hand, there are two things to be said in extenuation. One is that his situation was an almost impossible one. The progressives and the conservatives were drawing apart at the very beginning of the administration and even Roosevelt would have found it hard to hold them together much longer. It was impossible for my brother to avoid choosing one or the other, though he agreed with neither. As Mr. Pringle says, he had no use for the methods of big business, as was often shown in his court decisions, conversations, prosecutions, and laws proposed.

Many things in the insurgent program he heartily opposed, as indeed did Roosevelt up to that time; and his opinion of many of the supporters of that program as to unselfishness and straightforwardness was very low. He could not have won their support without going far beyond what he considered sane. He faced, therefore, revolt from the start. He had increasingly bitter opposition on the part of men whom Pringle truly calls "emotional not reasonable." Almost everything which the administration accomplished, and most of the things it tried for, deserved the support of liberal-minded men. That made no difference with the Progressives. We must

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remember, too, that he had a big program to carry through and that a large part of it he did carry through, and he felt that he would sacrifice it entirely if he did not have the backing of the majority of the party.

He was tagged not only as a conservative, but as a friend of corporations and big business, in spite of his court decisions and prosecutions. The accusations in the Ballinger case, the utter emptiness of which has been proved, confirmed this charge in the minds of the Progressives. They were in that mood in which "trifles light as air" are "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." The dismissal of Pinchot turned loose an enthusiast who appeared as a martyr and devoted himself to bringing into the fray the forceful and unscrupulous activity of Theodore Roosevelt. Consider the bewildering situation of a man very conscious of an old friendship and of what he owed that old friend, when he watched him in cordial and confidential interviews, duly advertised, with all who bitterly opposed the administration. It was the more bewildering because every measure which the administration supported was in line with the policy of Roosevelt which my brother was pledged to carry out. The only criticism I should make was that my brother carried his loyalty much too far and was only convinced of Roosevelt's vicious hostility when it was perfectly evident to everybody else. In any case, he was determined to avoid a conflict with his old chief, if possible.

Then, there was more to bewilder. The insurgents turned from a man who had fought hard on the tariff and, as Pringle says, "compromised to put through a surprisingly large part of his program" to a man who, on the advice of Cannon, had dodged the dangerous subject of the tariff altogether in his own administration and who before he got into the fight said that the tariff law, as passed, was about all that could be expected. They turned from my brother because he took no part in the fight to unhorse Cannon and accepted Cannon's

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aid in his legislative campaign to Roosevelt, who had "played ball" with Cannon constantly in his seven years in the White House and who, between my brother's election and inauguration, kept reiterating that he must "see Cannon." My brother refused till he had looked over the ground and found that Cannon's power in Congress made co-operation with him necessary if anything was to be accomplished. Cannon was as much disgusted by the result of the tariff fight as the insurgents. They turned from a man whose administration was prosecuting the trusts much more vigorously than Roosevelt's had, and found in the ranks of Roosevelt's supporters some of the most conspicuous of the sinners whom the government had prosecuted, and *who were getting even*.

Then, there was the bewilderment that came from uncertainty as to what Roosevelt stood for, as he made one wild declaration after another. As the Taft administration occupied all the ground that he had occupied when President, he was compelled to be much more radical and to utter sentiments which, if they meant anything, struck at the foundations of the government. Taft had not changed. Roosevelt had done so completely. It was this violent attack on all the principles of government which my brother held sacred that convinced him at long last that a head-on conflict was inevitable, though he hoped that there would be no personalities in the struggle—a queer thing for a man to hope for who was fighting with Theodore Roosevelt. So on into the open fight with a man who did not know what fair play meant.

Granted all the political ineptitude you please, nothing but a complete surrender to the insurgents and the adoption of theories which he peculiarly loathed was his alternative, and I doubt very much whether even such a choice could have avoided a conflict with Roosevelt.

Then, some things are put down as blunders which my brother did with his eyes open. When he proposed that the

newspapers and the magazines should pay their full share of the expenses of the Post Office he knew perfectly well what he was doing. It was poor politics, but it was high moral courage. When Aldrich was starting on his campaign for the reform of the banking system, a reform which my brother believed would be a great step forward, he delivered a public eulogy of the Rhode Island senator in order to forward his cause. He knew perfectly well how unpopular Aldrich was. Murray Crane remarked that in that speech my brother showed more moral courage than Theodore Roosevelt had shown in his entire administration.

But, making all the allowances we please, we must admit that he did not recognize the great fact that successful and constant publicity is a vital part of politics. He appears more clumsy in this because he was in contrast with a genius for publicity. He praised unpopular friends. He stood by Balinger in the persecution of that honest public servant till the end, but made no speech or proclamation except the official letter in which he dismissed Pinchot. He ordered an investigation of the steel trust, but he expressly forbade any grandstand play.

I remember that I was very much upset by an article by William Allen White, published in the heat of the 1912 controversy. In it Mr. White recited five or six causes for Roosevelt's opposition to Taft. They were all either trivial or untrue. I was exceedingly anxious that my brother should answer the article. I felt sure that the charges came straight from Roosevelt and that it would have been possible in some dignified interview to regret the trend of the discussion in the campaign and say that Mr. White ought to have consulted Colonel Roosevelt before making such statements. This would have brought Theodore in as the authority for the statements, and then the President could properly have taken notice of them. Will heatedly refused to take part in personal controversy. I

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said, "Well, then, the public will believe that you are an ingrate."

"Damn 'em! Let 'em believe it."

This was before his friends dragged him from that impossible position of nonparticipation and made him produce the proofs of mendacity on Roosevelt's part that would have sunk any man in the opinion of any public except Theodore Roosevelt and his emotional followers.

My brother was obstinacy itself in his determination to cover the ground in his speeches and especially Presidential messages, though their mere length would prevent people from reading them. When he explained a situation which he thought ought to be clear enough without explanation, he was, as Pringle says, always too late. The most conspicuous case of this was his very thorough and convincing argument in regard to the convention of 1912. It was impossible for an unprejudiced man to read that and to believe that the Taft forces had not honestly won the nomination. His argument might just as well never have been written. Roosevelt had begun to shriek "Fraud," even before the convention got going, and thus his shriek went into headlines over the country and carried conviction to the multitude weeks before my brother's much too lengthy statement was issued.

I was never much impressed with the stupidity, as it was called, of his praise of the tariff. In a speech in which Pringle says that "Taft outlined his consistent advocacy since August, 1906, of tariff reductions and told in clear and simple language the story of the progress of the Payne-Aldrich Act through the house and senate at a special session," and in which he agreed that the rates were too high in some things, and especially in the wool schedule, he went on to say, "On the whole, however, I am bound to say that I think that the Payne Bill is the best bill that the Republican party ever passed." This was possibly true, but as a free trader, I should

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have said that it was dreadfully faint praise. Perhaps he ought to have foreseen the results of that quotation picked out of a well reasoned and moderate speech.

He used patronage less than most Presidents and, when he did, it was used too late.

But the achievements at the time and in history were obscured by the violence and bitterness of the insurgents, by the noise of the Ballinger fight, and by the terrific struggle within the party that resulted in the crash of 1912.

What were some of these achievements? He blocked the adjournment of Congress by Cannon and the standpatters and drove through the tariff, and brought a compromise which shut out a bill that Cannon favored on the glove industry; reduced the tariff on lumber, and put hides on the free list. He found the Progressives acting like the worst tariff barons when the interests of their own constituents were at stake, and many newspapers that were criticizing the administration from a very lofty standpoint acted like other people when it came to the tariff on newsprint. The worst part of the tariff was the wool schedule, and the western insurgents fought desperately against reduction which my brother was anxious to achieve. The actions of the insurgents and the magazine and newspaper men in this fight remind me of David Harum's remark: "There's as much human natur' in some folks as there is in others, if not more."

One feature of the tariff bill which loomed large in my brother's mind was the appointment of a tariff commission which should investigate thoroughly the whole subject and report to Congress. It was an admirable plan, but showed a naïve faith in congressmen. The Progressives denounced the plan and the admirable commission which my brother appointed, with their accustomed violence. The commission brought in an excellent report on two schedules before their office was abolished by the Democrats under Wilson. La

Follette and his friends, who had denounced the commission and ridiculed their work, carried on a bitter fight against the new tariff bill of the Democrats, and in this fight used freely the report of the commission which they had so despised.

The tariff bill which he signed proposed a tax on the incomes of all corporations, a tax which he truly stated would bring in the needed revenue and would give the government an intimate knowledge of the business of all corporations, a very useful thing for the future. This was his own proposition. It was not in the party platform, which throws a little more light on his supposed subservience to the corporations. In any case, he was vigorously damned on both sides. I remember that a friend of mine and of Will's in Waterbury, who was at the head of a great factory, said: "Roosevelt talked a lot but, damn it, Will is hurting us. Of course he promised to prosecute big business which is in restraint of trade, but he never promised this corporation income tax." His vigorous prosecution of the trusts was in accordance with his political opinions and his campaign promises.

His conservation policy has been entirely vindicated, his chief difference with Pinchot being that he was determined that the acts of the government should be legal. Senator Newlands, who was beyond suspicion as a champion of conservation, stated that in the protection and conservation of the public domain the Interior Department "has only those powers expressly authorized by law. As I remarked before, all difference of opinion has practically disappeared as to what should be done with reference to the conservation of our natural resources, and the recommendations made by Mr. Ballinger practically out-Pinchot the recommendations made by Mr. Pinchot." This was in a debate on a bill which gave the executive all the power it needed. The bill became a law.

The Postal Savings Bill, Pringle calls a first-class piece of constructive legislation. It was almost ruined by the insur-

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gents, but the administration won. The opposition to the bill came from the bankers, but this friend of the money powers put it through. The Commerce Court helped the Interstate Commerce Commission in the performance of its functions.

In the Civil Service he compromised, of course, as all Presidents must do in dealing with Congress. With the exception of Cleveland, he made a better record in this matter than any President up to the present time.

The new tariff and economies introduced brought a surplus to the federal treasury after a series of deficits under Roosevelt, a series which troubled that flamboyant President very little.

My brother's judicial appointments were the result of earnest search and a high sense of responsibility. His attitude toward the law and the importance of the bench made this inevitable. He rose above party in many instances, most conspicuously in the appointment of White, who was a Democrat, a Confederate veteran, and a Roman Catholic. Except from Cannon and a few others, this appointment did not bring him the condemnation which he expected from his party.

He kept the country out of war with Mexico and earned from Roosevelt the opinion, expressed after their quarrel, that his policy was hopelessly weak.

One weakness of my brother has attracted little notice, that of very indiscreet talking about prominent politicians with very little consideration as to who his listeners were. A severe criticism of a congressman or a senator at the White House might easily have very unfortunate results in a closely fought fight in Congress. I have heard a number of friends of my brother tell how surprised they were at the freedom with which he spoke.

So much for what the administration accomplished. Taken by itself, it is a fine job. What did the administration try to

do, failing largely owing to insurgent opposition? I have told how my brother stood for lowering the rates in the wool schedule, the worst part of the new tariff, and met strong opposition from the western insurgents. Mr. Pringle brings out that he was too honest to claim that the Republicans were at liberty to change the tariff either upward or downward. He knew, and Lodge and others must have known, that the people understood that it was a *reduction* that was promised.

This man, held up as an enemy of labor, tried to put a limitation on injunctions in labor cases, but Congress would have none of it.

I believe that the arbitration treaties proposed would have been a fine step in the right direction. My brother's speeches on the whole method and spirit of arbitration deserve applause from all men who believe in peace and fair play. Mr. Roosevelt attacked them furiously on grounds that would make impossible all international agreements to end war. Canadian reciprocity was dictated by common sense, and it enabled my brother to show his strong desire to lower the tariff in this case, in which the protectionist principle was absurd. Again, the insurgents fought against it, tooth and nail. The protected interests in Canada, however, proved that they could take the highly patriotic stand of our own protectionists, and my brother's triumph went for nothing.

He did all that a President could properly do toward the exclusion of Lorimer.

Mr. Pringle says that he might fairly claim the title of "father of the federal budget." It seems amazing that a great nation like this, with its tremendous revenues and expenses, should have lived almost a century and a half without a budget. My brother was the first to attack the question, and he appointed a fine commission on efficiency and economy. Of course efficiency and economy were impossible without radically reducing the patronage, so dear to the heart of Congress,

and that body proceeded to block the whole movement as soon as it found what it would lead to. If, for the sake of argument, we except the tariff, every one of these measures was thoroughly liberal and deserving of support of any man who pretended to hold liberal or progressive sentiments. Yet, in practically every one he had the vicious opposition of the insurgents, whose publicity efficiency as compared with his was as ten to one, even before Theodore Roosevelt took command.

I believe that history will record that the total achievement of the administration was remarkable, considering the character of the opposition, the emotional storm, and the stand taken by Roosevelt. I believe, further, that it will record that the achievement was impossible except through the regular majority of the party and that, given the spirit of the insurgents and the selfish ambition of Roosevelt, the split in the party was inevitable.

There followed the period of his professorship at Yale, toward the end of which came the fight for the League of Nations. It was inevitable that a man of his temperament should enthusiastically welcome a method of deciding international disputes by legal methods, as it was inevitable that Roosevelt should scorn such methods and seek for justice, that is, our view of it, with the sword. My brother had no love for Wilson, but he felt that this question, big with the fate of the world, was too vast for personal or party considerations. Since the Philippine days there had been no such exhausting experience as the speech-making trip of the group of which he was the leader.

The constitutional requirement of two-thirds in the Senate was too much of a handicap, and we followed our isolationist path to its natural ending. I gloried in his single-minded devotion to the noblest of causes when bitter partisanship and rancorous personal hatred fatally warped the minds of so many.

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He was invited to speak on the same platform with President Wilson when the latter was leaving on his second trip to Paris. My brother accepted with alacrity and gave his heartiest support to the President. Some years later, when some very prominent Republicans who had stood aloof made eloquent speeches in favor of international co-operation and deplored our rejection of the League, my brother simply said: "This is not the time."



THE SCHOOL'S MAIN BUILDING.

CHAPTER XI

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the most remarkable man in American public life since the Civil War. Was he a great man? That depends on how you use the word "great." Napoleon was the greatest man in modern times—perhaps in all history. Of course when we say that, we absolutely ignore all questions of ethics. He lied as easily as he breathed, whenever it was to his advantage. He was absolutely selfish. He would regard himself as a fool if he kept faith to his own hurt. No cruelty or perfidy was beyond him. His ideals for himself and France were those of glory and power which came from military conquest. But he had an incomparable genius in war and, though less noticed by the world, he had as great a genius in civil administration and in making and enforcing laws. He had a lightninglike mind and a dramatic genius to make people worship him and a ruthless force of character which made the greatest fear him. If we turn to Frederick the Great, or Bismarck, or Richelieu, or indeed most of the men whose names loom large in the history of nations, we find much the same story to tell.

America has been peculiarly fortunate in her great men. Two stand on a height far above the others—Washington and Lincoln, famous more for greatness of character than for brilliance of talents. For a century and a half in the case of Washington, and for three-quarters of a century in the case of Lincoln, men have studied their lives and characters from all angles, and from this constant scrutiny they have appeared

greater and greater in the eyes of men. Truth, sincerity, magnanimity, sacrifice of self to public interests—these, coupled with clear heads, common sense, and high ideals, have made them the glory of America, and have carried their fame around the globe. If every civilized nation had a Westminster Abbey and in it reserved two places for foreigners, it is safe to say that in every case these two places would be filled by the statues of Washington and Lincoln. At least this was true before the days of Hitler and Mussolini.

Coming back to Theodore Roosevelt, I am quite willing to call him a great man in the ordinary sense of the term. It is only when admirers insist on comparing him with Lincoln that I draw back, almost with a feeling that the comparison is a sacrilege.

Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt are not simply different. They are in all the most important qualities exact opposites. Let us begin with the bright side. John Jay Chapman is quoted in Villard's "Fighting Years" as saying that Roosevelt "became the most vital, most interesting, and most important figure of his generation." He was all of that. He had a magnificent physique and an enormous vitality which enabled him to carry on at high pressure, both physically and mentally, throughout his life. This vitality drove him to constant, reckless activity. He had a mind like chain lightning for speed, which enabled him to take in the salient points of a question at a glance. It was not mental lack which made him take a superficial view of things. It was his desire simply to see what points could be used in a controversy—always a fight. It was the temperament and the judicial attitude of the investigator, not the mind, that was lacking. He had a trenchant style, wonderfully suited to the kind of political warfare which he waged, and a genius for phrases—phrases which served for headlines and slogans and, with the unthinking, were better than arguments. His dramatic gifts were remarkable, and he

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had a flair for saying what would capture the imagination of the crowd.

He must have had an extraordinary personal charm, as shown by the number, variety, and quality of the persons who succumbed to it. I remember saying to my brother, when Roosevelt was at the height of his career, that, while I admired him for what he had done, I could not like him, because he was so conceited and self-centered. My brother simply answered, "That is because you don't know him." His quick decisions, his dramatic talent, and his forceful personality made him a born leader of men when he had overcome his first drawbacks of mannerisms and speech. These very mannerisms became dear to the people.

To all this must be added the many-sidedness of his mind and interests. He had a keen interest in nature which enabled him to talk sympathetically and intelligently with all kinds of nature lovers. His physique and love of frontier life endeared him to all sportsmen. He read with the speed of Macaulay and could, on short notice, appear to be at home on any subject which was up for discussion. Finally, till the flattery of his worshipers turned his head, he had an amazing gift for sensing the trend of popular thought and sentiments. Except a political wisdom which went far deeper than Roosevelt's, Lincoln had none of these gifts.

Roosevelt's accomplishments were in proportion to his gifts. In very early manhood he made his mark as a legislator. He was an admirable Civil Service Commissioner. At the head of the New York City Police Board, he did all that a man could do to enforce the law. He was a most efficient Assistant Secretary of the Navy, even though insubordinate. His career in the Spanish War, while from the standpoint of military efficiency it may not have been important, showed his magnificent physical courage and began the national idolatry which was the basis of his political career.

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He attacked the problem of big business, the railroads, the misdeeds of the corporations, and the coal strike, in the only way in which they could have been successfully attacked, and that is in the crusading spirit. It was the beginning of the restraint put upon these great financial and industrial powers and opened the way to future progress. He took Panama and began the Canal; and, whatever we think of that stroke from an ethical standpoint, it was a Napoleonic move which further endeared him to the multitude. His temperament fitted him splendidly for the imperial policy which he followed in foreign affairs. He brought about the treaty between Russia and Japan, he threatened the Kaiser and achieved victory in the Alaskan-Canadian dispute; and, finally, he named his successor. It would be hard to name an American career as successful as his up to that point.

It is when we turn to more fundamental qualities that the difficulties appear. No man today would question Lincoln's veracity or his sincerity. There were few, if any, who questioned them in his lifetime. No man in our history has had so many conflicts on mere veracity as Theodore Roosevelt. He was constantly giving the lie. He found it the simplest way out of many of his arguments. It is a wonderful tribute to his power over his followers that no proof of his own mendacity seemed to affect the ardor of their worship. These proofs were numerous. Oswald Villard, in "Fighting Years," tells of three, one of them perhaps not important. The unimportant one brought him into direct conflict with Horace White of the *Evening Post*, to whom he announced that he would oppose the election of Blaine, an announcement which later he flatly denied.

Villard also tells the story of his promise to a distinguished group of reformers that he would run for the governorship of New York on their ticket and would not withdraw his name from their ticket, even though the regular Republicans nom-
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inated him. On Platt's order he broke his promise and, afterward, completely falsified the whole story. This brought him into flat contradiction with men like John Jay Chapman, R. Fulton Cutting, and Richard Welling. No one ever questioned the veracity of John Jay Chapman, or indeed of any other of these men.

Much more flagrant were Roosevelt's secret appeal to big business on the 1904 campaign—his promises to the moneyed men—his complete ignoring after the election of those promises, and, worst of all, his sweeping denial, with all the gentle adjectives he loved to use, of the truthful charges made by Judge Parker. The story is told with convincing detail on pages 178 to 182 of "Fighting Years." No answer to these stories has appeared up to date. Yet they involve the very foundations of character. In the Bellamy and Maria contest his word was against that of Bellamy and Maria Story and of Archbishop Ireland. He gave out for publication a round robin at the end of the Cuban campaign. General Shafter told his superiors that he had not known of the round robin and that the publication of it was most improper. Roosevelt, long after, said that Shafter knew all about it. By that time Shafter was dead.

"The Martial Spirit," by Walter Millis, gives a vivid picture of the Spanish War. The title ought to be "A Newspaper War, or Democracy at Its Worst." It shows Roosevelt as eager for glory, selfish and insubordinate.

About his explanation of his handling of the German case after Venezuela, all that can be said is said by Pringle, in his life of Roosevelt: "It is difficult to separate the truth from the obvious impossibilities of this narrative."

My brother wrote him two letters, saying that he had done all that he properly could, as President, to keep Lorimer out of the United States Senate. He hoped that Roosevelt would use his influence to the same end. When the 1912 primary con-

test was on, Roosevelt went about proclaiming that my brother was a friend and supporter of Lorimer.

Several Rooseveltians have admitted that a large number of the contests made by the Roosevelt men in the Republican convention of 1912 were fake contests. These enabled the Rooseveltians to claim a somewhat larger number of seats than the Taft delegates had and to leave many of them in the contested list. The Rooseveltians finally claimed seventy-two seats which were awarded to the Taft men. Nicholas Murray Butler, some time after the fight was over, asked Governor Hadley, the leader of the Roosevelt forces, how they happened to claim that number of seats. Hadley laughed and said that on looking over the records they concluded that they had good reason to claim twenty-eight seats. They reported this to Roosevelt, who said: "What in the world is the good of twenty-eight seats? If we get them all, we still lose. We must claim one hundred." They compromised on seventy-two, a number large enough to give the Rooseveltians a victory. An Illinois man, after the convention, said that during the fight Roosevelt had told him that they had a fair claim only to about twenty seats. Roosevelt promptly dubbed him a liar.

The list of proven falsehoods could be made very much larger. This list, however, is large enough to justify a man in believing that, whenever Theodore Roosevelt's word came against the word of a reasonably respectable man, the other man was telling the truth.

Mr. Pringle, in his life of Roosevelt, charitably attributes Roosevelt's swervings from the truth to "self-hypnotism." There are so many of them which cannot possibly be attributed to this that it seems to be stretching charity too far to have "self-hypnotism" cover any of them.

This brings into question his sincerity in many matters.

If Mr. Roosevelt's word was worth so little, how much

faith can we place in the sincerity with which he espoused different causes? When he was in a fight there was no limit to the measures he would take to win. We have seen how he attacked my brother in the Lorimer matter. When the letters my brother had written to him were published, showing how completely he had falsified, he made no defense whatever as to the falsehood, but furiously attacked the publication of private correspondence. No revelation of this kind seemed to embarrass him in the least or to trouble his followers. He cared nothing and knew nothing about the tariff. On his return from his African trip he said that the tariff law was about as good a law as could be expected. After he entered the fight, he denounced it with all his vituperative power. The same was true in regard to Canadian reciprocity. In each case he explained that he had not understood the question but, after studying, had arrived at the conclusion, etc. He swallowed the program of the Progressives, including the recall of judicial decisions, initiative and referendum, women's suffrage, and direct primaries, though he had not been in favor of most of them.

As to the tariff, the *New York Sun* published an editorial "America's Misfortune" which follows:

Whenever Colonel Roosevelt discusses the tariff, as he did yesterday in Louisiana, he illuminates a subject which less wise and daring statesmen not infrequently obscure by their outgivings. With respect to it, the Republicans are hopelessly wrong; only the Colonel knows. This much he confesses with that reluctant self-depreciation which so well becomes him.

There have been three distinct periods in the Colonel's progress toward his present sureness as to the tariff problem. The first of them covers the days when free trade was proud to enroll him under its banner. The third is the final period in which a commission engages his ardent devotion.

The second period? Alas! The second period was one of tran-

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sition, doubt and perplexity, if doubt and perplexity have ever assailed the Colonel, and it is the lasting misfortune of his countrymen that this interval included the seven years, five months, and eighteen days of his administration as president, during which he did nothing to settle the controversy. How happy the nation might be if the days of the Colonel's ascendancy had only coincided with one of his eras of confidence on this vexatious question.

It is impossible not to conclude that he was willing to adopt any platform to win. He was in a fight, and no holds were barred. The 1912 convention was like those of 1904 and 1908. Imagine Roosevelt's rage at a proposition to change the rules during the game, if such a change were to his disadvantage. His attack on my brother because he was supported by bosses and his charge in regard to big business and contributions therefrom would have been comical, considering the bosses on his side and the tremendous sums of money that flowed into the Progressive treasury, while the treasury of the Regulars was empty, if these charges had not been taken seriously by people who believed in this miracle worker.

Pringle quotes from a letter of my brother. "Knox said he came into the office of Roosevelt one day in October, 1904, and heard him dictating a letter, directing the return of \$100,000 to the Standard Oil Company. He said to him, 'Why, Mr. President, the money has been spent. They cannot pay it back. They haven't got it.' 'Well,' said the President, 'the letter will look well on the record, anyhow,' and so he let it go. He is referring to this letter now as an evidence that he never approved the receipt of the money."

There was a significant example of the difference between the two men in regard to fair play when the question of the invasion of Belgium and our government's attitude toward it came up. I was sitting on the porch with Will at Murray Bay when a New York publication arrived, containing a furi-

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ous attack by Roosevelt on Wilson because the latter had not vehemently protested against the invasion of Belgium. This was some time after the beginning of the war. My brother said:

"I agree that Wilson made a mistake in not making a protest when that invasion was made. I do not feel, however, that I could fairly attack the administration for it, because I did not think so at the time." He chuckled, "However, if I cared to, and thought it was fair, I might do it safely enough because I never took a stand on the subject in public. My impression is that Theodore commended the administration in print for the stand it took."

Sure enough, the next day brought a paper containing the deadly parallel columns, showing that Roosevelt had said at the time that the Belgian matter was none of our business, and that the government was perfectly correct in its course. According to Pringle, when Roosevelt's first book on the war appeared in 1915, the early passages from the *Outlook* which showed a complete reversal in the stand he took were either omitted or changed. There is something amazing in the courage of the man who could tamper with the truth in this way when the whole thing was in print. Would not this rather strain the theory of self-hypnotism?

One of the phrases which he made popular by repetition was "square deal." His idea of what that meant was shown in the 1912 fight against my brother and in his fight against Wilson on the Belgian question. As Theodore Woolsey said, he had a perfectly lawless mind. It was difficult for him to submit to a judicial decision or arbitration. When the boundary dispute with Great Britain came up, Roosevelt proposed to settle the matter by force. Finally, however, a treaty was made which provided for arbitration by six "impartial jurists of repute," three from each side. The United States' claim was a sound one, and before an impartial tribunal we were sure

to win. For impartial jurists, however, Roosevelt appointed Lodge, Root, and George Turner, who had been a senator from Washington. These were extraordinary appointments, for Lodge not only was bitterly anti-English, but had been violently opposed to arbitrating the question at all. He certainly was not a jurist of repute. Root was a very eminent lawyer and a man of high character, but he was a member of Roosevelt's cabinet. The third man came from that part of the Union which was most concerned in regard to that boundary. Great Britain appointed the Lord Chief Justice of England as one of her arbitrators. The other two were Canadians. It was the vote of the Lord Chief Justice of England that decided the question in favor of the United States. The only creditable thing about the whole arbitration was the stand of the Lord Chief Justice. Being criticized for his action, he said at a dinner in London, "If, when any kind of arbitration is set up, they don't want a decision based on the law and the evidence, they must not put a British judge on the commission." A very noble defense! All of this I take from Mr. Pringle's biography of Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt was always talking about a peace of righteousness, but he was never willing to have anybody else define what righteousness was. This would not have been so conspicuous if he had not been so much of a preacher. It was Tom Reed who said to him, "Theodore, if there is one thing more than another for which I admire you, it is your original discovery of the ten commandments."

Are not these qualities the exact opposite of the qualities that made Lincoln's sincerity and truthfulness unique? He was as much above the average statesman in this regard as Roosevelt was below.

When you compare Roosevelt's ideals with Lincoln's, you get the same result. Of course he praised *all* the virtues in his innumerable preachments; but always the main stress is

on physical courage, on rugged fighting qualities. Bishop said of him that he had a boy's mind. It would not be unfair to say that he had the mind of a sixteen-year-old boy who had been brought up on western movies. He was eager for war whenever an opportunity came, and he indulged in ridiculous mourning over the decline of the nation in fighting qualities, seeming actually to believe that we had lost what Henry Adams calls the "commonest and most brutal of human qualities." There was a time when he was in favor of *any* war in order to make up for this deficiency. Pringle says, "As always, he was a shade condescending toward peace."

Pringle quotes the following: "No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumphs of war." That seems to me the supreme heresy. You can find many examples of heroism equal to that of our struggle in the Revolutionary War. You can find nothing to match the great triumph of the formation of the United States Constitution. No nation has failed in courage on the battlefield unless previously there had been total corruption and decay in the civic virtues. Compare Roosevelt's clamor for war with Spain with Lincoln's protests against war with Mexico. Lincoln was assured that opposition to that war, or to any war, would cost him his seat in Congress. He never wavered, and he did lose the seat. The kind of courage needed in a free country is not physical courage, but moral—the kind that made Cleveland stand like a rock for his principles, made him, for instance, bring forward the tariff question when all his advisers warned him that he could easily be elected if he let that question alone, but would probably lose the election if he brought it to the front. That was the kind of courage of which Roosevelt had very little.

He had a genius for publicity, and he lived for it. He was eager to distinguish himself in the Spanish War, and in any well regulated army he would have been disciplined for in-

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subordination. The newspaper correspondents were constantly companions of the "rough rider," and their report of the campaign made him governor and President. He was a master of compromise in politics, but he always appeared as victor in the newspapers.

Finally, in this comparison, consider Lincoln's magnanimity. He was fairness itself and stated the case of his opponent so clearly and so sympathetically that he sometimes left the other man little to say. He said, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," but he expressed sympathy with the slave owners in their predicament. Think of his going through the Civil War with hardly a harsh word for the southerners. Take the Gettysburg oration and the Second Inaugural. Take the letter to the Union meeting in Illinois, a letter which, it seems to me, ought to be as well known as an example of fairness and logic as anything Lincoln ever wrote. In all the violence of that dreadful struggle he never forgot that the southerners were fellow countrymen, and always looked forward to the most magnanimous treatment of them after the war was over. To Roosevelt, twenty years after the end of the war, when passions had cooled, Jefferson Davis was still an unchanged traitor. The magnanimity of Lincoln which reached its height in the close of the Second Inaugural would have been to Theodore simply incomprehensible.

On all counts then, veracity, sincerity, justice, ideals personal and national, unselfishness, magnanimity, these two men are opposites. History has made Lincoln loom greater and greater in the annals of the nation and the world. History will still give Theodore Roosevelt a great space for what he was and what he did, but it will not put him by the side of Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XII

THE SCHOOL AGAIN AND HARLEY ROBERTS

ONE might think from what I have said about the school that it was built by my own efforts. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Of the masters, their loyalty and efficiency, and their share in the work I hope to speak later; but at this point I must write about Harley F. Roberts. Nobody can know as well as myself how much the school owes him. He had graduated at the Western Reserve University, had taken a graduate course at Yale in Latin, and had been a tutor in Yale for two or three years. In 1897 I invited him to be the head of the Latin department of the school, and he accepted. He was a man of amazing energy, and his single-minded devotion to whatever cause enlisted his sympathy was extraordinary. He was a tremendous driver, and never could understand the failure of boys or men to come up to his own standard. He was up at six in the morning, prepared to help any boys who needed it, working with his classes and with individuals till late at night, taking time only for exercise, and in this exercise using up enough energy for two men. His whole soul was wrapped up in the school. He had a certain lack of tact and a strange inability to know what other people were thinking about him, and was at times tremendously surprised to find the very hostile attitude of certain classes or individuals toward him when his strenuous pressure was entirely unappreciated. This came partly from a lack of a sense of humor. But many, even of those who disliked him, afterward came to appreciate how much they owed him for

his training in the elements of a difficult language, training that bore fruit in college. Many were broad-minded enough, even when under the harrow, to see how wholeheartedly he gave himself to others and to the school

Many were the tales of his memory, his concentration, and his ability to carry on two or three activities at the same time. I remember going into his room early one morning and finding a boy sitting at his desk and apparently translating Caesar to a blank wall. I heard a splashing of water through the curtain and a voice saying, "Give that sentence again—that's not a genitive!"

He knew the texts by heart and consequently his whole attention and vitality were given to the class. It was impossible to sleep in his recitation.

The year before he came to the school, he spent in Europe traveling on his bicycle. He often rode one hundred miles in a day, doing a good part of it before breakfast; and after arriving at a given place he put in enough time and effort in sight-seeing to constitute a day's work for an ordinary person. Thirty years after this trip he remembered places and incidents with an accuracy and vividness that astonished ordinary people, who had forgotten a good part of what they had seen a year or two before.

He was very fond of music, and when the expansion of the school gave him a living room large enough, he bought a player piano and a victrola. He had an immense number of records of classical music and some of the other kind also. Boys were invited constantly to his room with the understanding that they might select certain pieces, but that then they were to have pieces of his selection. They began with Harry Lauder or records of that kind. Each group, however, progressed, and soon there was a call only for the best music. Naturally this plan appealed only to a certain group, but it was a real education.

His educational efforts were not always so successful with the faculty. He had numerous entertainments to which he invited all the neighbors, the faculty, and their wives, and only the best music was heard, singers or pianists of exceptional talent often being asked to contribute. A number of the masters were Philistines in the matter of music. It was not the first time that unappreciative men were taken to such entertainments by their wives. On occasions I was tickled to hear a door slam in the corridor and then to see half a dozen masters charge out into the hall to put down the imaginary disorder. They never succeeded in restoring order until the music had stopped and it was time for refreshments.

Entertainments of all kinds in his room were a feature of the school; and the hilarity there made the boys wonder what they were missing, though they knew enough to be sure that when the party was over there would be ice cream and cake that must be disposed of.

He grew in influence and power in the school, and in 1909 was made second in command. A goodly part of the improvement of the school, especially the improvement in the standard of scholarship, was due to him.

In 1912 we incorporated the school. It had been my private property up to that time. I took five-sixths of the stock, and Mr. Roberts one-sixth. I put in all the school property, all the debts having been paid; and he put in money enough, according to our calculation, for the remaining sixth. We issued bonds and raised \$300,000 and planned to build the same building we had planned for the Hill. We bought land enough to give us many times the elbowroom we had had before. William E. Curtis, who was our neighbor on the east and north and had always been a loyal friend of the school, sold us thirteen acres on the most generous terms. Thanks to many good friends, and especially to my brother Charlie and his wife, we sold the bonds and raised the \$300,000. The new

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building and the land, however, cost a good deal more than that. We had room for a ball field, additional tennis courts, and a large space for sewage disposal, an expensive proposition.

We moved in, in sections. I was the last to come over from the old building, and I was established in my new quarters in February of 1914. I was no businessman or bookkeeper, but I could tell by rule of thumb how much money we could make with a certain number of boys, and I counted on our paying the debt fairly promptly. I reckoned without the Kaiser. As I have said, we were established in the new building at the beginning of 1914. That summer the war began. Prices went sky-high, and it took a good deal longer to pay that debt than we expected.

Old boys who graduated about 1915 or 1916 will remember "Faculty High-Jinks." We wished to raise a little money for scenery, etc., for our dramatics, and some one suggested that the faculty give an entertainment. I led off by reading a humorous Princeton story which was well received. The fun from then on was fast and furious, reaching a climax in a recitation conducted by Mr. McIntosh while all the rest of us constituted the class. I afterwards regretted that we had had no idea how excruciatingly funny it would seem to the boys, for we could have gone on all night. It was an eye-opener to the boys that even the oldest members of the faculty were quite aware of tricks that had been played by schoolboys since the days of Julius Caesar, and the school actually went to bed tired from laughing. We never tried it again. I wonder whether it would be so successful now.

I should not have dreamed of going into farming if I had not had the three hundred acres on top of the Hill. It seemed, however, a pity to waste that land, and I engaged a manager and undertook to supply the school with milk, eggs, and

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chickens. When I was through with the experiment I judged that it had cost me about fifteen thousand dollars to learn my lesson. When we got into the war the school still owned the farms. We were anxious to do our bit, and boys and masters used to go up on the Hill and go to work. We raised corn and potatoes with some success. I doubt whether we saved the government anything, but at any rate we had the satisfaction that comes from a sense of duty done.

Mr. Roberts, I remember, rushed in with his usual enthusiasm, worked tremendously at an age at which a man of sedentary occupation ought not to do physical work at all, and, the first thing we knew, got housemaid's knee and was obliged to take to knitting for the soldiers. The boys were tickled to have a master vigorously conducting a Virgil recitation, while both hands were engaged in knitting. It was an odd picture.

However, farming and knitting were a small matter. He went to work selling Liberty bonds, and Watertown suddenly woke up to the fact that it had a real worker. From that time till the day he broke down, he belonged as much to the town as he did to the school. He put us over the top in every drive, and, whether it was bonds or Red Cross, or any other public subscription, he was *it*. He himself gave away everything, and was a very poor man the rest of his life. Whenever he approached people they knew that he was pushing a good thing and, further, that he had given up to his last cent.

The Litchfield Junior Republic was on its last legs when Mr. Roberts became interested in it, and was promptly made president. The work he did for the Republic was astonishing. He selected the manager, backed him up in every way, traveled over the state, and interested people in the good work. He was never satisfied with getting a contribution. The man who contributed must come to the Republic and see for himself, and no man could do that without being convinced

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of the extraordinary efficiency and usefulness of the institution in making into good citizens boys who would inevitably have been bad citizens if left to themselves. Sunday after Sunday Mr. Roberts took speakers or entertainers to Litchfield to give variety and inspiration to the life of the boys in the Republic.

He was one of the promoters of the Civic Union in Watertown and, as usual, gave to it more work and attention than any other person.

It is hard to see how the Watertown Golf Club could have been started if he had not taken hold of it. In this connection, as in a number of others, his enthusiasm ran away with his judgment, often to the entertainment of the school or community. Not many of the older people of Watertown will forget the time when Harley conceived the idea that sheep would be a splendid investment for the golf course. They would save mowing the grass and at the same time be increasing in value. His enthusiasm carried everything before it and I always thought it hard that one or two farmers who were interested made no objection. Anyhow, Mr. Roberts drafted Mr. Joline, and we had the spectacle of these two elderly schoolteachers driving up Academy Hill and through the center an unruly and scraggly flock of sheep amid the hilarity of the neighbors. Not until they were housed in an old barn that stood on the golf links did the farmers suggest that the sheep could hardly live in such confined quarters. Harley had in his calculations just about left standing room for the poor creatures. However, his enthusiasm did not wane—yet. Then came up the question, however, of a shepherd. The sheep wandered at will all over the whole golf links, left the grass in clumps, and proved to be most inefficient mowing machines. They seemed to think that the greens were especially intended as comfort stations, to the intense indignation of the players. Then they began to sicken—through pure

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cussedness, I think; and as their ranks thinned out the conviction stole upon us that the experiment was not a great success. I forget what the selling price was, except that it differed very much from the purchase price and not in our favor. However, those of us who had contributed felt that we had had our money's worth in entertainment.

For a long time Harley had been troubled in regard to the beautiful region between Watertown and Thomaston, feeling that the whole section ought to belong to the public. I remember lying on the sofa in his room one evening while he walked up and down, emphasizing his views on this matter. He had been through the woods that day. I said, "I quite agree with you. Why don't you do it, yourself?"

"I will. How much will you give?"

I laughed, thought a bit and said, "A thousand dollars."

"Good! I'll match that!" And then he started. He raised forty-seven thousand dollars, with which he bought great tracts of land and received besides much woodland gratis belonging to the factories of Waterbury. The result of his efforts was that a very extensive and beautiful tract of land has been turned over to the state, the larger part of it under the jurisdiction of the State Forest Commission, a small part of it in the center being put under the jurisdiction of the State Park Commission. This was a tremendous public benefaction. No other man could have done it, and he could not have done it five years later. Too many purchases were being made by private parties. It is a great monument to a very public-spirited citizen.

I am greatly pleased that the school reception room has been named "The Roberts Room," and that the inscription and his picture recall the man. Perhaps some day a more substantial memorial may be contrived for one who was a very true and self-sacrificing worker for the school.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WAR'S EFFECT ON THE SCHOOL

FROM the beginning of the war in 1914 I was an intense partisan; and I have remained so. I remember my anxiety, when Germany had declared war on France, lest England might not go in. Then, I felt that our place was by the side of England and France. I felt that what Germany stood for must not triumph. When, within a year from the beginning of the war, the idea of the organization of the world for peace became prominent, I was an ardent advocate. I still think that our participation in the war was justified, though we achieved only the prevention of Germany's triumph, and though the much greater result which many anticipated was frustrated through the action of the United States Senate.

I never could understand the pacifists and the working of their minds. I never could understand such statements as that a war never settled anything and that no good ever resulted from war. However, some of us worried too much about the pacifists. Tales of Belgian atrocities were coming across the water, and But Woodward, of Wilkes-Barre, told me that the pacifists were getting into the frame of mind of a young Quaker farmer near his home. He had put on his Sunday clothes and started for church when he remembered that he had forgotten to feed the calf. He hurriedly returned and put down a pail of milk in front of the animal. The calf coughed and blew the milk all over his best clothes. He grabbed the "critter" by the ears and with a violent shaking said, "If I were not a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I would break your damn neck."

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On the other hand, I felt no sympathy with the childish hostility to everything German and the contempt for the German people. Think of belittling the German achievements in music, science, art, and scholarship. There were those who were willing to sacrifice the music of Beethoven, and many of our own Yale graduates proposed to give up "Bright College Years" because the tune of it was that of "Die Wacht am Rhein." We were showing a bit of that fanaticism which the Nazis are showing in Germany today in regard to all achievements by those of other than pure German blood.

Of course the excitement caused by our own entry into the war, and the interest in it, were intense. The boys could not be held. We must have drill and a West Point graduate. I laughed and told them that West Point graduates were not to be had. Then they must have a Regular Army officer. Said I, "Boys, the United States Government is not going to be greatly excited when it hears that the Taft School is going to drill." A master in the school had been at Plattsburg, and he undertook the drilling. This was a great disappointment to the boys, for it seemed like an extension of classwork. However, they were eager and went at it, and kept up in fine spirit till the Armistice. Unfortunately, we did not get our uniforms till just before the Armistice, and we kept up the drills till the spring vacation. We had to justify those uniforms. The drill became a dreadful bore when there was no prospect of Army service, and the change back to regular athletics was a tremendous relief.

The boys had an idea that the standard of the school was decidedly too high and the work too severe, in which I did not agree with them. When the Germans were attacking Verdun and Marshal Pétain issued his thrilling slogan "Ils ne passeront pas" the boys remarked that the French had nothing on the Taft School, for the motto of the masters had always been "They shall not pass."

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We had some runaways in the war. I woke up one morning and found that four boys had been so overcome by patriotism that they had run away to join the Navy. There was great excitement. I felt that I must meet the case, and so I made a speech to the boys. I said:

"Take it easy. If you will think it over, you will find that no boy who has run away was not having a mischief of a time at school, either in discipline or in studies. The tale of Booker Washington comes to my mind, when he was talking about the large number of unfit negro preachers who were occupying pulpits. He described a darky who was at work, but had stopped to wipe his brow and remarked: 'Dis field am mighty big, and de sun am mighty hot. I feels a powerful call to preach de Gospel.' I think you boys will find the mental attitude of the runaways to be something like this."

Three of the boys were brought back and completed the work.

Of course we were intensely interested, especially the members of the faculty who remembered them well, in the experiences of our boys in the Army. There was a rush to volunteer and a struggle to get to the front. We had reason to be proud of their spirit and, with other schools, to mourn for some of our best, who never came back. I have often thought how thankful we ought to be that we had the draft in this country and did not depend on volunteering. The latter system would have resulted in the death of thousands of the very pick of the country's manhood. This was brought home to me a little later by a visit from the headmaster of the great Winchester College in England. He showed me some photographs of classes that had graduated from Winchester before or during the war. He said quietly of one photograph: "All the boys in the front row there are dead. In the second row they are all gone except that one and that one, and they were wounded." So he went through the rows of young men who

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in English life would be expected to take the lead in all lines of activity.

I will not stop to say much about the Armistice. Of course it was the biggest event of the kind in our national history, except the ending of the Civil War. My incredulity and caution prevented us from celebrating the fake Armistice a few days before the real one, but when the time came and the bells rang and the whistles blew, about four o'clock in the morning, I said to Harley, "There is nothing to do but celebrate the boys right off their legs." And that we did. We had a big bonfire, returned to the school by six o'clock in the morning for breakfast, marched and paraded till there was nothing left of us. Harley, not knowing, of course, what was coming, had provided for a patriotic speech by some orator in the old auditorium under the dining room. Those patriotic boys came down, but they were so tired and sleepy they could hardly hold their heads up. Whether the orator felt repaid, I do not know. However, the next morning at my table a boy said, "I don't suppose I shall ever have as much fun again in one day as I did yesterday." I think that represented fairly the feelings of the school.

I "reminsced" before the student body a few years ago and told about the Armistice. I was taken to task by one of the ladies, who said that I did not tell all of the story. She said that in the great excitement of that early morning, when the neighbors came in at half past five, I kissed all the ladies and girls. The voice of slander is never silent. In any case, the occasion deserved it. I would do it again—that is, provided I did do it. At six o'clock all the neighbors went in with me to the school breakfast, and all was hilarity. When the breakfast had started I rapped for silence and said that in the midst of our pleasure we ought not to shirk our duty, that there would be a special study period from eight to ten. The boys looked blank till I added, "Tomorrow morning." There was

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enthusiastic applause, which was increased when I added that all demerits would be canceled. It happened that the list of demerits was an especially long one at that time, so that a number of boys felt that the war had not been fought in vain.

That winter occurred the dreadful epidemic of influenza, and we went through the same struggle that came to all of the schools and colleges. The infirmary quickly overflowed, and two corridors in the main building were set aside for the sick. The school looked like a battlefield. Of course we got all the nurses we could, competing in this with other schools, colleges, and private families, and then took "trained assistants" until Miss Lowry, our head nurse and guardian angel, said: "For heaven's sake, don't get me any more trained assistants. They don't even know how to take a temperature." One mother, who had been a trained nurse, came up from New York, donned her old nurse's uniform, and took charge of a corridor. Others helped as they could. I shall never forget the courage of Mrs. E. Hershey Sneath from New Haven. Her boy was the only one who died. She saw that everything possible was being done for her boy and then reported to Miss Lowry, saying, "I am not a nurse, but I am a good strong woman and I can carry trays, clean the rooms, or do anything else that will help." Bravely she faced the inevitable.

Patrick Cawley, a courageous, cheery member of the faculty of whom we were all fond, was another victim, both of these contracting the "black pneumonia," a fatal result of the influenza from which there was no escape.

Richard Sneath was the only boarding-school pupil in the fifty years of the school's life who died of disease. Two others died from accident. My impression is that that is an extraordinary record, perhaps unequaled.

CHAPTER XIV

WORLD ORGANIZATION

As I write this chapter we are at war again. The little Japs have done it. Somebody complained a couple of years ago that the world was governed by lunatics and paralytics. Well, the paralytics have rallied and have resumed control of their nerves and muscles. There never was a war in which wrong and right appeared more clearly. Our opponents are all of a piece in objectives and manner of reaching them. Each can find a precedent and encouragement in the example of the others. Each can correct itself by the others.

A Yankee was visiting in a Texas town on the outskirts of which was an army camp. Every evening at six o'clock a gun was fired. This Yankee had curiosity and he inquired of the sergeant how he knew the exact time. He said: "That's easy. The X jewelry store downtown has a chronometer which is exactly right, and I check my watch by it every day." To trace his information to the source, the Yankee went into the jewelry store next day and inquired how they got the time for the chronometer. The jeweler said: "That's a cinch. They fire a gun at exactly six o'clock every evening at the camp, and we check our chronometer by that."

We have two great objectives. We must win the war, and win it by absolute victory, for on that the second objective and all other things depend. There is no debate about this.

But it is not too early for thoughtful men and women to be considering how to prevent a repetition of this horrible catastrophe.

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We must get into our minds first—and never lose sight of it—the fact that nothing but the loss of liberty can compare with the cost to all peoples of the settlement of international disputes by war. It is easy to see the dreadful loss of *a* war to the nations engaged in it. But the mere possibility of war, involving preparedness for it, with its incalculable expense, is an enormous burden, and it comes to all nations whether they are in the particular war or not. In 1932 the nations were spending four billions of dollars a year on armament. A few years later, but before this war began, they were spending seventeen billions. The American farmer wondered where his market had gone. The world cannot pour seventeen billions of dollars a year down the sink, so to speak, without ruining all markets except those for implements of war. And this does not begin to tell the tale. The economists all tell us of the uncertainties of business, tariff struggles, varying currencies, etc. And all of this comes without our being involved in hostilities at all. The most ardent isolationist calls for a defense that must cost billions every year. Add to that the almost certainty that any war between great powers will today become a world war and drag us in and thus bring upon us a burden which is fifty times heavier than that of a war of two generations ago. Moreover, we cannot prepare for war *moderately* as we used to do. The world is now so small, the instruments of death are so terrible, and they demand such expert handling, that a nation's preparation at the beginning of the war will probably decide it. Consequently the race in armament which we have seen is a small matter compared with the competition of the future. We cannot approach this problem with any hope of solution unless we get into our heads this first point that modern war, the possibility of it, the fear of it, the preparation for the next war, the paying for the last war, the forming of national systems of economy with reference to war, the hatred, cruelty, and suspicion at all times, out-

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weigh all other evils except the loss of liberty alone, and that these evils are inherent in the war system, regardless of whether a war actually comes to a certain nation or not. Any sacrifice of tariff or other matters is negligible if that sacrifice helps to abolish the war system.

I hear down on this point with such tiresome repetition because some of our ablest men are devoting themselves to pointing out the enormous difficulties in the way of world organization. Mr. Hoover throws his great influence on that side with such charges against European governments and statesmen that he seems to imply that we should abandon the rest of the world to its own follies and fate. C. Hartley Grattan, in *Harper's Magazine* of January, 1942, gives "A Warning to the Peace Planners." If these are intended to show Americans that a successful plan for world organization requires extraordinary wisdom, magnanimity, and knowledge, we ought to be grateful. No one but a fool would underestimate the magnitude of the task. But I wish that we could have republished such articles as one by Professor Eugene Staley on "War Losses to a Neutral" or one by Professor Condliffe which, setting forth the loss *between wars* from the complete dislocation of trade, the battle of tariffs, currencies, etc., says, "The conduct of trade with fluctuating currencies resembles the nightmare imagined by Gilbert for billiard sharpers who are condemned to play

"On a cloth untrue,
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls."

Vast as are the difficulties arising from conflicting interests, hatreds, traditions, etc., still more vast are the evils that beset the whole world, ourselves as much as any others, from the lack of a world organization which should banish war and fear of war. One thing is certain: if we do not try, we shall not

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succeed. Even failure will help us in the next attempt—for attempts there must be, and a successful one at last, if civilization is to survive.

If we crush Hitler and Hitlerism and then go about our business as before, we must suffer all the evils between wars and finally have another world war when the nations have caught their breath, so to speak. We need no gift of prophecy for that.

Well, there are two ways of bringing about permanent world peace. One is Hitler's plan of world domination by a superior race. That we rule out. The other is some kind of world organization. The variety of plans proposed is bewildering. When I read the speeches and articles on the subject I think of an incident that happened to a lady in Ohio whom I know very well. She was rolling along in her automobile at about forty miles an hour when a gentleman from New England, sitting next her, asked, "What are your signals here for right, left, and stop?" The window on her left was open and, putting her elbow on the sill, she said, "This is for the left, this is for the right, and this is for stop." She illustrated them carefully and repeated them so that he might understand. There was a sharp honk of a horn, and a machine drew up alongside and a man's angry voice shouted, "For God's sake, madam, what *are* you going to do?"

In considering the different plans we must have in mind two or three things:

In the first place, no plan will work unless the United States takes part. Therefore, to be practical, we must adopt a plan of which the American people will approve.

In the second place, any plan must contain provisions for the enforcement of decisions. Mussolini says that force must rule in this world. He is quite right. We have our choice between the force of the gangster and the hold-up man, and the force of the sheriff's posse, the policeman's club, or what-

ever you wish to call the power which represents the conscience and will of the county or the state or the nation or some day, let us hope, the world. The Senate voted in 1919 or 1920 for the force of the bandits.

In the third place, any organization involves a surrender, by any nation which participates, of part of its sovereignty. The question then is, How much sovereignty is the United States willing to surrender, and how much *must* be surrendered to make the plan work?

The plan urged now most prominently is that of "Union Now." I sympathize with the purpose of those who urge this plan. But I am from Missouri. I want to be shown. The thing that comes to mind immediately is the possibility of converting the American people. How much power shall we give to the union government, and how much sovereignty must we surrender? The union must, of course, control armament and all things specially aimed at war. But the union government, according to this plan, is also to have complete control of the tariff, which means free trade among all the members. World citizenship, or rather union citizenship, means free immigration. We thus invite the strenuous opposition not only of the dyed-in-the-wool isolationists but of all those who favor a tariff and of all the labor unions in the country.

At a meeting which was called to discuss this subject I heard a speaker say that we must take care of the rights of minorities in every nation, and that, therefore, we must expect to have the union government take up the treatment of negroes in this country. This would mean the opposition of the entire South. It seems as though the friends of this movement were planning to array against it almost all sections of the people. In order to have the plan adopted by our people the power given to the union government must be so reduced that we might as well call it a League.

The union at the beginning is to include the self-governing

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peoples, like the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States. This means that at the beginning we divide the world into two parts, trusting that our power will be superior to the power of Germany, Japan, and the rest of them. Eventually, however, the plan is to be extended to all mankind. But the government is to be a representative one in which each nation is represented according to its population. Suppose that India is given self-government and China is rescued from Japan and becomes a republic. On what basis are these countries to be represented? They know nothing of self-government, but their millions would outnumber all the rest. What representation should be given to the sham republics of South America? These considerations bring to mind prodigious objections to the plan and seem to me to make its adoption by the United States improbable in the highest degree.

There is another serious objection. It may be quite true that those nations which join "Union Now" will be more powerful than the rest of the world. One of the great objects of world organization is to enable us to disarm, in order to avoid not only war but the fear of war. Under the "Union Now" plan the nations joined together cannot afford to disarm. Either they must be armed to the teeth in order to feel safe, or they must make some kind of league with the nations who are left out. This makes the situation more complicated than ever.

If we do not adopt some kind of federated government like "Union Now," we must turn to the League of Nations or some improvement of it.

In the first place, we had a majority of the American people in favor of this League; we had a fair majority in the United States Senate, but not the two thirds required. There is no

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question that the isolationist sentiment is very much weaker in this country than it was. The isolationists have had complete control ever since the end of the First World War. All we need to do is to ask them how they like it as far as we have gone. The steady propaganda against the League and the fraud of Harding's election and of his attitude in this matter kept us from even joining the World Court. We led in the battle of the tariffs. Our whole course from the end of the World War was exactly wrong. I cannot think of any possible mistake which we failed to make.

The League of Nations did not fail. It was never tried. I am not discussing the little debating society at Geneva. I am discussing the League as it might have been and the League as it must be, if it is ever to be useful in the prevention of war. I was an ardent believer in collective action before Woodrow Wilson proposed it. I never dreamed, however, that it could work without the United States. I never dreamed that it could succeed in its main purpose without some kind of compulsion. You might as well disband your police force and think you can obtain law and order by proclamation as form a League and think that you can prevent war by good resolutions. Fortunately there is a tremendous weapon in an international boycott, a weapon which no country in the world could withstand if it were used by all nations and were made to apply to communications and commerce of all kinds. I am thinking of it as applied at the time when Japan first attacked Manchuria and before the rise of the great aggressor powers. But of what avail is a boycott with the United States left out? No one would dare interfere with our ships. The natural question, for instance, which France would ask would be, Why should we turn our trade with Japan over to the United States? Why go to all this trouble and expense when Japan can get everything she needs from Uncle Sam? America's abstention

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deprived the League of its only effective weapon and left it a protesting and often humiliated observer of one breach of international law and morality after another.

The situation was ideal for making the experiment. Germany was powerless, Italy and Japan had not yet begun their imperialistic program. The place of the United States, in my judgment, was not merely *in* the League, but *at the head* of it. We must remember the overwhelming strength of this country, a strength consisting of its man power, its vast wealth, and, above all, the independence and comparative disinterestedness of our position. All the world was eager for American participation because all the world knew that without us sanctions would fail. This very enthusiasm gave us tremendous power because withdrawal from the League was made easy by the terms of the Covenant, and a threat of our withdrawal would have brought co-operation from all the rest. We ought to have given fair warning in diplomatic language that if the Council did not promptly take steps to stop a war and punish the aggressor the United States would at once withdraw. Suppose that England and France had refused to follow our lead in forcing Japan to arbitrate and that we had withdrawn. How could we or the world have possibly been worse off than we have been during the last twenty years?

Borah said that such an international boycott of Japan would mean war. Whom would Japan have fought? The whole world?

Senator Johnson wept over the Japanese women and children who would have been starved by such a boycott. That would have been up to Japan. As a matter of fact, there would not have been a single case of starvation, for the mere threat would have been enough. If, however, we must weep over the fate which the Senator imagines for women and children, let us keep our tears for the fate of ten times that number of

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Chinese women and children whose death has followed the other policy.

Italy would have come next and, after that, the Germans in the Rhineland. With these proofs of the power of the League would have come for all a sense of security. *Then* nations could have talked of disarmament with some hope of success. *Then*, when the passions generated by the World War had cooled a bit, we could have led in a revision of the Treaty of Versailles with a view to giving fair treatment to the so-called "have-not" nations in the matter of colonies. Then we could have considered the innumerable barriers to world trade that have been set up, ourselves being by no means the least of the sinners. There is no limit to the blessings, material, moral, and spiritual, that would follow universal freedom from the fear of war.

There are those who justify our wrecking the League by dwelling on the injustice of the Treaty. That injustice has been tremendously exaggerated. In any case, however, if we are to wait till every nation thinks that it has had justice, we must wait forever. I have suggested a way of correcting the evils of the Treaty. The only other way is the one now being followed by Hitler and Mussolini. We may have our choice.

Remember the ease of withdrawal from the League and the smallness of the risk we ran compared with the vast possibilities for good. Did ever the vote of a few men bring such disaster to the world? Every successful exertion of the power of the League to prevent war would have made the next step easier. As it was, every defiance of the League, accompanied by a futile protest on the part of that body, made the next violation of the Covenant easier. Isolationists have the amazing impudence to point to the failure of the League. A man might as well take a wheel from a wagon and then make fun

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of the wagon because it will not go. They are the ones who removed the wheel.

Finally, if we win this war and adopt again the isolationist policy, every dollar which we can save by cutting the people down to the barest necessities and by borrowing to the utmost must be put into armament. This depends not only on our own volition, but on the increase of armaments of the rest of the world. Further, if no organization with power is created, another World War will come when the nations have partially recovered from the exhaustion of this one. The old motto of Franklin, proposed for the thirteen colonies, holds for the nations today—"Unite or Die."

When we have won this war the task before us will be one of appalling difficulty. In the first place, the English and we must try to save the lives of the Germans. The bitter hatred which the Germans have earned over most of Europe will make this very difficult; but we cannot consent to the enslavement of a whole people. We must aim at a peace that shall be as just and magnanimous as we can make it. But we must remember that no peace will enforce itself.

CHAPTER XV

SOME AMERICAN PREJUDICES

THE idealists in these days have a hard time. Whenever, in international politics, a man takes the long view, the magnanimous view, argues for justice and suggests faith in the honor and good will of other nations, the practical men say that he is a crank and a theorist. He may be all right at heart, but he ought to be in a Sunday-school class and not bothering the realists, who deal with human nature as it is.

Nothing amuses me more than the way in which professors like Charles A. Beard and Edwin M. Borchard, speaking from their vast practical experience, look down on a host of amateurs like Elihu Root and Henry L. Stimson, who have been engaged in statesmanship and diplomacy and believe in the organization of the nations for peace as the only way out. Professor Beard, I suppose, would put Elihu Root among those "giddy minds" to whom he refers in his little book, "Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels."

It may be interesting to think how the practical policy has worked in some of the great crises of history, as against the long view and the magnanimous course.

England was heavily in debt at the end of the French and Indian War. There was a good deal to be said for the feeling that that war had been waged partly for the benefit of the American colonies. The King and Parliament had the legal right to tax those colonies. No nation had ever dreamed that colonies existed except for the benefit of the mother country. Edmund Burke, in some speeches in Parliament which have

been regarded as a mine of political wisdom ever since, did not deny the legal power of the King and Parliament. He set forth, however, that those colonists were Englishmen and must be attached to England by loyalty and affection, that they must be trusted, that their contributions to the Empire must be voluntary, and that the British Empire would grow great through such invisible bonds. An absurd idealistic trust in human nature. It had never been tried before. It was quite enough to rule him out as a theorist and a dreamer. The practical, hard-boiled men, who had no trust in the intangibles that make up the noblest part of life, went ahead and lost the most valuable colonies that a nation ever had. England learned her lesson, and the American Revolution meant freedom and self-government for Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

A hundred years later the Irish question was becoming so acute that the government of England was made difficult through the bitterness of the struggle and the interference with government on the part of Irish members of Parliament. It was the culmination of a long history of injustice and oppression. Gladstone proposed to put an end to the ancient quarrel by a generous measure of home rule—a measure which, amended as it might have been, to exclude Ulster, would not only have put an end to the Irish question but have left the Irish with some feeling of gratitude, that something had been given to them from England's mere sense of justice. But the practical men would have none of it. They would not trust the Irish people. What they had, they were going to keep. I wish we could call the leading opponents of Gladstone's plan back and ask how they like the results. Ireland is now completely independent, as she would not have been before, and, instead of feeling gratitude, she feels that every good thing she has, has been forced from an unwilling oppressor.

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We older people remember the desperate struggle which England had in South Africa. We need not discuss the justice of the war itself. At the end of it there were those who thought that after so long, desperate, and expensive a war, the Boers should be held down and taught their place. This time the practical men did not have their way. England contributed millions of pounds to restore the ravages of war and set up a government in which Boers and British settlers had equal rights; and, almost immediately after the British triumph, the world saw the astonishing spectacle of an independent South African Republic electing a Boer president. When the World War came on, the Germans, who misread everything in the psychology of the world outside of Germany, had a right to think that so soon after the Boer War they could count on the hearty support of the Boers. Even in so short a time the magnanimous policy brought its reward. The Boers put down a small rebellion of their own people and carried on against the Germans as loyally as any member of the Empire.

Here are three crises, in two of which the practical men had their way and disaster followed, and in the third of which the more magnanimous people, with the long look ahead, had their way and the result was a rich reward.

What about the United States? We have recently celebrated the 150th anniversary of the beginning of our government under the Constitution. It is well to consider what an amazing event that was and how near the men of vision and courage, the men who trusted to human nature, who dared to try an unheard-of experiment, came to losing the fight. There were thirteen wrangling, quarrelsome, shortsighted American states, each accusing the others of various misdeeds and suspecting them of all kinds of bad motives. Led by such men as Washington, Madison, Hamilton, and Roger Sherman, representatives of the states met in secret conclave and drew up an entirely new and original plan, constructing a central

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government to which power enough was given for efficiency, and all the other power was left to the individual states. It was the greatest contribution in history to the science and practice of government. There is no question that, if that wonderful plan had been submitted to the popular vote of the thirteen states, it would have been defeated. All kinds of imaginary dangers were described in lurid language. Patrick Henry was a more eloquent man than Borah. George Clinton in New York was a more powerful boss than Johnson of California. The arguments against this crazy plan had much more substance than the arguments against the League of Nations. Indeed, the arguments in the two cases were very much alike and, in reading the debates about the adoption of the Constitution, one is constantly reminded of the arguments used against joining the League of Nations. Rhode Island was afraid that her boys would be drafted to fight in Georgia or North Carolina. It almost makes the isolationists of 1919-20 seem like plagiarists. There was the same distrust of others. There was the same fear of imaginary evils. There was the same attempt to ignore the vast evils from which the new plan might save us. Indeed, the leap that our fathers took when they trusted a brand-new plan like the Constitution was much more reckless than the leap proposed by the nations in 1919. For one thing, there was no provision made for withdrawal from the Union if a state did not like it. For another thing, this Constitution was very complicated, involving a double allegiance on the part of every citizen, while the League is very simple.

It is worth while to think by how close a margin a great ideal was adopted in one case and lost in the other. The Constitution provided that if nine states adopted it they were to carry on. Suppose that New York and Virginia had rejected the Constitution; Rhode Island and North Carolina did reject it for a while. Think what a wretched attempt the coun-

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try would have made at carrying on the new government, divided as it would have been into three parts geographically. Think how Patrick Henry and George Clinton would have pointed at their struggles and counted themselves wise in having kept Virginia and New York out of the mess, just as our isolationists now point at the futile struggles of the League which they killed. Well, after long and bitter discussion, the Constitution was ratified by the Virginia convention by a vote of 89 to 79, and by the New York convention by a vote of 30 to 27. The change of six votes in Virginia would have wrecked the Constitution, and the change of two in New York would have done the same. The Massachusetts vote was almost as close. It makes one shudder. In the United States Senate there was a goodly majority in favor of the League, but not enough to meet the requirement of two-thirds. In the case of the adoption of the Constitution, it is certain that the result would have been different but for the great name and influence of Washington. In the rejection of the League it seems all but certain that the result would have been different but for the party and personal hatred felt for Woodrow Wilson.

It is worth while remarking that Washington showed exactly the qualities which would have made for support of the League of Nations. It required much more breadth of mind, more trust in human nature to believe that the thirteen states could make a government like that work than to believe that the world today could get along under the League. The use of his warning today against entangling alliances is an absurd libel on his character and mind. There is no similarity between our world today and the world of Washington's time. There are a great many points of similarity between our world today and the situation of the American states after the Revolutionary War.

The next great crisis in our history came at the end of the

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Civil War. The South was prostrate, the North completely triumphant. We had our idealists who believed in trusting the other party, believed in conciliation. They were led by a man named Abraham Lincoln. He did not call the southerners "damned rebels." His policy was one of magnanimity. How far he could have gone in securing the adoption of this policy, no one can tell, though we are quite sure as to what he would have tried to do. The assassin's bullet put an end to all that.

Against this policy there was a combination of practical men and fanatics. They all united, however, in feeling that the South must be punished, that magnanimity showed weakness in the upper story, that men like Robert E. Lee should not be trusted and called on to help.

In the first place, they would tie down the South. They would exclude its leaders from political power and influence, and they would confer the vote on the negro, though he was as fit for it as an eight-year-old child. For one thing, that would insure Republican majorities in the South forever. We did hold them down with the bayonet till the dreadful system was working. Nearly all of the respectable people in the North were in favor of that policy. Again I wish we could call back to life some of the leaders and ask them how they like it. There has been no Republican party in the South to speak of for sixty years. The negro has had the ballot, and much good it has done him. The bitterness in the South, which broad-minded dreamers would have effaced in short order, has died out but slowly in three-quarters of a century; and when the South will recover from the unhealthy political situation which we forced upon her, nobody can tell.

The next great crisis came at the end of the World War. In all the discussion and controversy there was one magnanimous, idealistic plan proposed. In all the selfishness, in all the struggle for boundaries, there was an idea of a League of Na-

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tions which we might hope would prevent war and which we might hope, after passions had cooled, could largely undo the injustices perpetrated by the treaty. Again, I should like to ask the practical men who imposed that treaty on the world, and the practical men who rejected it because of the only noble thing in it: "How do you like it as far as you've gone?" The practical men have had their way and here we are.

I have gone into this seemingly irrelevant discussion because history has some lessons to teach. One is that ideals after all may be worth working for.

It is worth while, perhaps, to quote here Bishop Oldham's inspiring leaflet, "America First":

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit
Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but
also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness
over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous co-operation.

Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples,
but in sympathy, love and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends
inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along
which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new
Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to
lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet
for my beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my
heart and soul, "America First."

Advocates of "Union Now" say that no League can work.
Their comparison of the League of Nations with the United

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States under the Articles of Confederation is very inaccurate. There was no compulsion considered under the Articles. In fact, compulsion of any kind would have been impossible.

The British Commonwealth of Nations has been for a long time a League. No orders go from London to Canada or Australia, and any one of the members of the Commonwealth can withdraw at any time. To be sure, their history gives them a bond.

Our question is simply whether to try to make a world state of incongruous materials or a League. The Covenant of the League of Nations provided a pretty fair representation of states according to power and size, perhaps as good an approximation to the idea as we can get. The plan of "Union Now" brings in complications vastly harder.

The main thing is to rouse the American public to a realization that there is no way out of the dreadful burdens of the war system except by some kind of union with other nations, and that in any union we must sacrifice a part of our sovereignty.

A great opportunity was lost after the last war. That opportunity may come to us again at the end of this one. If it does, may our leaders show the profound wisdom of Burke, the lofty courage and broad outlook of Washington, the love of humanity, the "malice toward none," the "charity for all" of Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XVI

MORE PREJUDICES

THERE is another strange idea which we take for granted in this country. It is that, while everybody else is very wicked, we are the innocent peace lovers. We've always loved peace, we've never waged war to grab territory. Where is our sense of humor? I was taught in school that we went to war in 1812 for free trade and sailors' rights. The funny thing about it is, or was, that the only part of the country that was greatly interested in free trade and sailors' rights was New England; and New England was bitterly opposed to the declaration of war and, to a large extent, refused to support the war while it went on. No, the men who drove poor Madison into that war against his will were the "war hawks of the west," led by Henry Clay, and they openly announced that they were going to annex Canada. They were going to march through Canada and dictate a peace from Halifax. Well, we did march into Canada; but we found the going wasn't good, the roads were very bad or something, and we came back again. We were glad at the end of the war to make a treaty in which we did not mention anything for which we had fought. All the subjects of the controversy were passed over in silence. Our next war was with Mexico. It was very like Japan's war in Manchuria. Our citizens settled in large numbers in Texas. Then Texas defied the mother country, Mexico, with our sympathetic backing and declared her independence. Then we admitted Texas and trumped up an excuse for war. When we had got Mexico down, we gave her a few mil-

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lion dollars for a large section of the continent, which is as though a robber should knock me down and, with a pistol at my head, offer me ten cents for my watch.

We went to war with Spain when the newspapers had lashed us into a war frenzy, and we took everything she had. One thing we can say for ourselves, we have never grabbed any territory we didn't want. We can also say that we never wanted any territory that we didn't grab or try to grab. I have not mentioned the way in which we acquired Florida, the mixture of threats and doubtful claims by which we finally forced Spain to sell.

Let us pass over in silence what the Indians would say if they heard that we never were land grabbers and never broke a treaty.

Now I ask what other nations must think of us and our protestations that we are above selfishness and would not dream of a war of conquest; because you may be sure that they judge us as we judge them. We attribute the worst motives to every other nation. How can they look at our history and give us credit for being the only good nation in the world?

There is another idea which Americans cherish, which is often referred to in editorials and which men like Mencken emphasize when they talk about American "boobs." It is the idea that we ought not to have anything to do with Europe because we are such innocent country folk that the diplomats of Europe can easily hoodwink us and cheat us out of our eyeteeth. Naturally this greatly strengthens the feeling that we ought not to join the League or have anything to do with these wicked Europeans. Where do Americans get that idea? Certainly not from history. At the end of the Revolutionary War we were represented by Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, who had no equals among the British negotiators, and the greediest American could not complain of what we obtained in that treaty. Incidentally, we had prom-

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ised France not to make any treaty with England, except in co-operation with France. We completed our treaty with England secretly, and Benjamin Franklin presented it to the French government in his blindest fashion and left the French to make their treaty as they could. I cannot think that the French government regarded us as innocents who could not take care of our own interests.

The last months of the War of 1812 found us with our tongues hanging out of our mouths, with a pitifully small army, with a government unable to enlist a recruit or raise a dollar, and with New England in almost open rebellion. The English newspapers said that their negotiators with America should use only one word, and that was "submission." They were going to cut us off from all use of the Great Lakes, taking from us a large part of the territory of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. They were going to run a line through Maine. I think it fair to say that the development of the war and the situation of our government largely justified such expectations on the part of the English people. Certainly, our own people were expecting very hard terms. We were represented by John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and, better even than these, Albert Gallatin. They were incomparably superior to the British negotiators and, after a long tussle, a treaty was made which did not surrender a square foot of American territory or give up a single American right. Both Englishmen and Americans were amazed at this treaty, the former indignant and the latter delighted. It is not without significance that the game of poker is an American invention.

In later years, in the arguments over our boundaries we were represented by men like Daniel Webster, and the ability and dignity with which our cause was presented were an object of admiration by the British.

Our Civil War came on, and no American can read without pride the courage and single-mindedness with which our

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great minister Charles Francis Adams maintained the American cause in that lonely post in London. It was said of him: "Officially the British were quite correct, but socially they tried to freeze Mr. Adams out. However, when it came to freezing, Mr. Adams had certain natural advantages." After the war we presented our claim for damages, a claim which was scouted by the British, but pressed by us in a steady and dignified way. At last the question was settled in our favor by arbitration. Where do we get the idea that we are unable to look out for ourselves when it comes to a discussion of principles and interests?

It is true that in the war psychology prevailing at Versailles, in the conflict of interests and emotions, America, coming in at the end and being an outsider, could not rule the conference as we might have wished. But she proposed and urged and secured the adoption of the only great idea and ideal contained in that treaty, an idea and an ideal that might have made a new world for us and which, in any case, could not have produced a worse condition than that which confronts us today.

In this topsy-turvy world we often see men who sin in one way or another and do not seem to pay for it—at least as far as this world is concerned. It is not so with nations. The darkest part of England's history has been her treatment of Ireland. Now she has not only a hostile and independent Ireland at her back, but in every country where the Irish have settled are men and women who will never forget their ancestral hostility to Great Britain. No section of the American people cheered the tirades of Borah and Johnson so furiously as did the Irish, and well the orators knew how to play on the passions of their listeners.

Spain's long history of intolerance and persecution has brought its terrible revenge.

Our dreadful handling of the issues at the end of the Civil

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War has produced a crop of evils, the end of which no man can foresee. The same is true of our tragic mistake at the end of the World War. Common sense and idealism, self-interest and the golden rule, unite to urge America to do her share in the world organization to banish war.

CHAPTER XVII

A DISASTROUS EXPERIMENT AND A MISTAKEN CRUSADE

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

This country can with reason quote the words of Hamlet's mother. Nobody can complain of the lack of excitement or controversy in the last third of a century. The war in Europe, which led to such violent discussion, our own participation, the crash that followed, the great epidemic, the League of Nations defeat, and then prohibition—and this was only the beginning.

To the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment I was strongly opposed; and I was appalled at the corruption and lawlessness which followed, as most thinking men were sure they would. I mistakenly believed, however, that the amendment could never be repealed. In each Congress the dry majority was larger than in the one before. I believed that the only way to reduce the corruption was through obedience and enforcement. I argued that at least half of the price of a quart of whisky had gone to corrupt policemen, revenue officers, and others. I made many speeches along this line and wrote a pamphlet called "It Takes Two to Make a Bootlegger," which was rather widely circulated among the drys. In that pamphlet, as in most of my speeches, I began by saying that I was not a prohibitionist, and that in my opinion prohibition was not a wise solution of the liquor question. I generally added that, except for the law, I was not a total abstainer.

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These explanations made no impression whatever. When the dry majority ceased to roll up and repeal seemed to be in the air, a Waterbury reporter called me by telephone to ask how I liked it. I replied, cheerily, that I was deeply gratified at the turn things were taking. He said, "Aren't you a prohibitionist any longer?" I replied, "I never was one." I was greatly amused by the violence of his exclamation of surprise, and I had to write a letter to his newspaper, explaining for the hundredth time what my position had been and how I had been mistaken.

By the way, that change in Congress which came so suddenly was a wonderful example of the power of organization and of the helplessness of a group, no matter how large, without it. As we look back we must conclude that the country was strongly turning toward the wets at the very time that the dry majorities in Congress were growing greater each session. It was not till the wets became organized and thus brought their power to bear on Congressmen that their opinion carried weight.

The evils of prohibition were very real and very great. I doubt whether it increased the total amount of drinking much, if at all. Possibly it reduced it. In any case, that, in my judgment, was a small matter. The corruption was widespread—a corruption which could not possibly be confined to liquor, and which developed rackets of all kinds. Moreover, it divided the ranks of all the law-abiding people and brought expressions of opinion as to obeying the laws we liked that would be destructive of any civilized government. Judges and prosecutors who were enforcing the law were patronizing the bootleggers who were breaking it, and this reached from the President of the United States to the humblest policeman.

It brought to the colleges serious trouble, and the same was true to some extent of the schools. They were harmed more,

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however, through the condition of things when the boys went home than through the breaking of rules while they were at school. The Taft School was affected more by the violent differences of opinion than by any change in regard to actual lawbreaking. I was struck by the hot arguments that some of the boys had with me. Their fathers were almost fanatical on the subject. So much of the evil of drinking in college was charged to prohibition that some of the boys got the idea that there had never been any drinking in college before that Amendment was passed. It made me smile to hear a boy take this stand, which I knew came from arguments at home, when to my knowledge his father had swum through Yale in alcohol, so to speak. I admitted the evils of prohibition and regretted them, but I assured them that drinking had not begun at college with the prohibition era.

In this connection I was glad to see in the newspaper a squib which I delighted to repeat to the boys. It told of a Harvard student who was trying to impress his father with the toughness of his own generation, and inquired whether in his father's day there had been any of the traditions which obtained today.

The father said, "What kind of traditions?"

"Well, for one thing, when we finish a class dinner we march over to the Yard and cheer the buildings as we dance around them."

The old man, smiling indulgently, remarked, "In our day, when we had finished a class dinner, we went over to the Yard, lay down on the grass, and cheered the buildings *as they danced around us.*"

Once each year I told the boys that if they would name a day I would go out to the Senior House, explain my position on prohibition, answer questions and arguments as well as I could. I was very explicit, but I was classed as a prohibitionist and a teetotaler in spite of it all.

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Prohibition, fortunately, has gone, but it has left some ugly reminders in the rackets and lawlessness with which our various government agencies are contending, and we are still uncertain just where to draw the line in the liquor traffic. Nobody believes in complete freedom in the matter and very few are left who believe in prohibition. At any rate, all respectable people are now in favor of enforcing what laws we have and stand by any honest enforcement agencies. That is a great gain.

The automobile danger has brought up the rather amusing question, when is a man drunk? People differ very much in their answers. I remember hearing a story which Dr. Lewis Perry of Exeter told about a group standing around a man who had fallen into the gutter. A gentleman joined the group and a darky, looking up, said: "He ain't drunk. I seen him move." The darky had what you might call a very high standard of drunkenness.

The violence of opinion in regard to prohibition was shown in some amazing arguments which were set forth in regard to the Eighteenth Amendment itself, involving the interpretation of one of the simplest and clearest statements in the whole Constitution. A still more amazing pronouncement came in the decision of the United States judge in New Jersey who tried one of the cases. He first rejected the arguments of those who claimed that the Amendment had not been properly ratified, and then went off on an excursion of his own through opinions of writers on constitutional law, those opinions proving quite successfully the superiority of the convention method of ratification over that by legislatures, but in no case causing the slightest doubt as to the power of Congress to choose between the two methods. He then blandly wiped out the Eighteenth Amendment all by himself. Of course his decision was unanimously reversed by the Supreme Court. Aside from the interminable and confused opinion of

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the Court, this case shows two striking features: one was, as already stated, that the judge rejected the arguments of the opponents of the Amendment and then decided against the validity of the Amendment on reasoning of his own; the other was that when the case went to the Supreme Court the lawyers who were trying to have the judge's decision sustained ignored his arguments entirely and based their contention on the reasons which he had rejected.

The reasoning in the judge's opinion was a marvel of twisted logic and irrelevant authorities. This judge has been promoted to a higher court by President Roosevelt.

In my judgment, one of the evil results of prohibition has been the legislation in regard to wire tapping. A couple of scoundrels in the far Northwest had grown rich by bootlegging and the corruption of officials, but had got into the penitentiary at last, the evidence against them having been procured by wire tapping. This kind of evidence had been used before prohibition and had caused no comment. The bitterness of opinion, however, was such that the wets attacked the action of the government violently and the Supreme Court sustained the officers of the law by only one vote, and kept the scoundrels in the penitentiary, where they belonged. It was in this case that Justice Holmes wrote a famous dissenting opinion and called wire tapping a "dirty business." All the wets applauded. Since then Congress has passed a law forbidding the use of this kind of evidence, and the states are following suit. To my mind, there are a sentimentality and a lack of common sense in this movement which are characteristic of our whole attitude toward crime.

There is more crime of all kinds in the United States than in all the rest of the civilized world. When a crime is committed there is often grave doubt as to whether the criminal will be apprehended. If he is caught, the trial is considered a kind of game; and, no matter how clear the evidence, there is

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grave doubt as to whether he can be convicted, especially if he is a rich or prominent citizen. If he is convicted, he is allowed to appeal on most frivolous grounds and can postpone his punishment for a long time, if he does not escape it entirely. In all of this the hands of the prosecution are tied by every kind of antiquated tradition and law. Our best lawyers have proposed many reforms which would simplify the procedure and promote justice; but our best lawyers are not in the legislatures, national and state, and the cheaper kind of lawyer is always anxious to prevent such simplification, which would close the loopholes through which criminals can escape. Now we take away one weapon which, used under proper authority, need frighten no honest man, but which could be a great help to government in some cases.

In my judgment the "dirty business" pronouncement was most unfortunate. Detective work is often a dirty business. In the Molly Maguire case, James McParlan appeared among the miners of the anthracite district in Pennsylvania as a criminal fleeing from justice, and thus won his way into the ranks of the Mollies, became their secretary, and carried on with them for two years. He broke up a gang of cutthroats and saved the lives of a large number of honest men. Surely this was dirty business, deceiving those men, a dirty business for which McParlan ought to have a monument erected to him. Pretty soon we shall have a law which will require every detective to wear a large button on the lapel of his coat with the word "Detective" printed on it.

Some day we will tackle the crime question without gloves.

H. L. Mencken, in an article in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, sets forth vividly the absurdity of our genial, flabby tolerance of crime. He says:

A few weeks ago I offered the somewhat obvious suggestion that statutes be passed making it a capital offence to practice robbery, kidnaping and armed assault as a trade, and that all of

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its known practitioners (the cops, of course, know who they are) be rounded up, put on trial before juries of their peers, and if convicted, handed over to the hangman forthwith.

Some objections to this program have been offered by friends who have favored me with letters on the subject. The chief of these objections is typical of the rest: it is to the effect that it would be impossible, under the existing rules of evidence, to prove that any given man was a professional criminal. But to that I can only reply that one of the principal purposes of any scheme of legal reform, whether mine or another's, must be to change the rules of evidence so that they will begin to have some sort of resemblance, however remote, to the canons of common honesty and common sense.

Does anyone maintain seriously that there was any doubt in any rational man's mind about the profession of, say, the late Dillinger or the late Legs Diamond? Both were open, avowed and notorious criminals, with no other profession. Both went armed habitually, and were known to be quite willing to murder anyone who stood in their way. Both associated constantly with other criminals, both had been jailed frequently without being dissuaded from their courses, and both carried on their operations in bold and cynical defiance of the police.

Surely there must be some golden mean between the totalitarian method by which on the mere suspicion of an officer, a man can be arrested and punished without a trial, and our own absurd and antiquated system by which hundreds of professional criminals, known to be such by everybody, go on managing crime as a big business with no interference unless a set case can be made to meet the exact and complicated requirements of our criminal law.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SCHOOL EXPANDS AGAIN

TIME went on and the school still grew in numbers. A few years after the Armistice, the generosity of Mrs. William Rockefeller provided us with our new athletic field. Meantime, we had been paying off the debt. That task was finished about 1926. What next? The old hotel was still an important part of our equipment. It was still an unfit place for the infirmary, the servants' quarters, and the laboratories; it was as much of a firetrap as ever. We did not wish to increase the number of pupils and, consequently, we could not look for increased revenue. Moreover, Roberts and I owned all the stock of the school and, in case of the death of one of us, the ownership and management would be a complicated affair. These troubles we could avoid by turning the school over to a board of trustees and making it a non-profit institution. In that case, if I died, the trustees would choose the new headmaster and carry on. Besides, in that case we could go out and ask for funds for the school as properly as the president of Yale, whereas we could ask for no contributions for a privately owned school. So that is what we did.

In 1927 we turned the school over to fifteen trustees, all named in the original charter. One class consisted of ten trustees who were to choose their own successors. The other class consisted of five old boys who were to be replaced by election by the alumni. The first class of trustees, however, has elected several old boys, so that the majority of the number consists of boys who have been through the school.

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One improvement urged upon me at this time involved the appointment of a dietitian. I insisted that our meals were quite good enough, but the masters, and especially their wives, felt that we could have a better balanced ration if we had an expert. I appealed to Dr. Buehler of Hotchkiss, who said:

"Well, we get along the way you do. If we are dissatisfied in any way we make our complaints and have the trouble rectified. I have been prodded, too, and I asked Booker Washington of Tuskegee whether they had a dietitian at his great institution. He replied: 'Oh, yes. We have dietitians, and dietetics, and all that sort of thing. I don't know that it does any harm if it *doesn't get mixed with the cooking.*'"

Later, however, I yielded to the spirit of progress, and we secured a dietitian, much to the profit and pleasure of the school.

The drive for two million dollars which we decided upon was interesting but strenuous. We profited by the experience of Hotchkiss and other schools and put the drive into the hands of experts. Before these experts got through, it seemed to me that they knew a good deal more about the school than I did. A good part of their work, however, consisted in organizing committees of old boys in different parts of the country, which involved much labor on my part as I was the only one who knew all the graduates. It involved, also, strenuous speaking trips, which meant, of course, reunions with old boys and their parents, that were very enjoyable but quite exhausting.

By far the largest gift of the campaign came from Edward Harkness: five hundred thousand dollars as an endowment fund. I have already spoken of my brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, who always helped in every way and contributed three hundred thousand dollars in this drive. Henry P. Bingham contributed one hundred thousand and his sister, Mrs. Dudley Blossom of Cleveland, seventy-

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five thousand. We raised the two millions, at least on paper. The trouble was that the campaign was run in the usual way and subscriptions were asked on a five-year basis. If we had pushed for immediate payment or for payment in three installments, we probably could have collected almost all of it. Payments were prompt and were willingly made till the depression struck us, when two hundred thousand remained unpaid. We had counted on spending more than the two millions and had gone ahead with our building program on the basis of the subscriptions. The expense beyond the two millions, added to the two hundred thousand not paid, made a much more substantial debt than we expected, and the depression did not help us in paying it.

I found considerable trouble in adequately thanking Ed Harkness for his generous gift. Of course I wrote him at once. I tried to see him personally, but each time that I was in New York he was out of town. At last I found him in his office and said, "Mr. Harkness, you are a hard man to catch, but I have made it a rule in my life whenever a man gives me half a million dollars to thank him in person."

As soon as we felt sure of the success of the drive, we went at the task of building. James Gamble Rogers was our architect, and association with him was a very agreeable part of the proceeding. We began with the new infirmary and the servants' house, as it was necessary to tear down the old white building. When these were completed we built the second part of the new school.

I have not meant to give the impression that the growth of the school consisted only in increasing in numbers. It is fair to say that the school made a steady improvement from the beginning except, perhaps, during the war years. The older boys' feeling of responsibility for the school varied from year to year but, on the whole, grew stronger. The standard of scholarship rose. We could see it in the school itself, and could see it

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reflected in the records in the College Board examinations and in the college careers of the boys. We had a gratifying number of leaders of college classes and of Phi Beta Kappa men. The Gordon Brown Memorial Scholarship Prize was established in 1913 and is awarded to a member of the junior class of Yale who most closely approaches the standard of good scholarship and high manhood set by Francis Gordon Brown. It is perhaps as high an honor as can be won by an undergraduate at Yale. Five times it has been awarded to old Taft boys.

The curriculum, which in the beginning consisted of preparation for college examinations, broadened steadily and took on much more variety and flexibility. Chemistry and physics, with laboratory work, came in for very vigorous attention. Music and art were not part of the curriculum, but boys were at least exposed to them. I feel ashamed to think of two or three boys who went through the school without anybody's suspecting that they had artistic talent, but who proved later that they had real gifts. That could not happen now, nor could it have happened within the last ten years.

I have always valued highly the development that comes from debate, and it has been a matter of extreme gratification to me that so large a part of the School has voluntarily participated in this activity with zeal and ambition. Not only does it train a boy to think on his feet, to face an audience without nervousness, and to arrange his thoughts in logical sequence but, pursued through two or three years, it gives him an exceptional knowledge of the main questions before the world of today.

The introduction of honors courses in certain studies enabled us to overcome to a considerable extent one great defect in American education; that is, the neglect of the bright boy. Eventually a division of pupils into two or three different classes according to ability will, I believe, immensely increase

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the efficiency of our schools. I shall speak later of the system of scholarship boys.

In short, we have made great progress toward the attainment of the object of education, the development and training of the whole boy.

I have mentioned the World War and its effect on the school life. It brought some demoralization among the students and their leaders. For one thing, our seniors and many of our upper middlers were admitted without examination to the colleges, where their work consisted largely of military drill. This deprived us of a goodly number of the boys on whom we most depended for influence and leadership. I have already spoken of the difference in standards of schools; this difference now came out in a peculiar and interesting way. When the colleges were taking our older boys simply on my recommendation, I asked a member of the Yale faculty responsible for admitting the boys what kind of recommendation the college required. I said:

"Nearly all of our older boys are wild to get into college and to get the military drill. Every boy seems to think he is going to the front."

"We want you to certify that the boy has had an education equivalent to that of the average high school."

"That is embarrassing," I said. "A boy who has finished our middle class, and has still two years to go with us, has as much education as that, but you college people cannot admit it."

One boy came to me eagerly asking whether I could not get him into Yale. He had finished our middle class and was just beginning the upper middle.

"I do not see how I can recommend you," I told him. "The college requires me to certify that you have had the equivalent of a high-school education. I feel sure that you have had more than that, but you still have two years to go with us, and they

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could not admit that that was the equivalent required." I then asked, "Don't you think that you have had the equivalent of an ordinary high-school training?"

"I ought to have had; I graduated at the ——— High School a year ago and I have done more work here in this last year than I ever did in my four years at high school "

"Then you don't need to mention the Taft School at all. Your graduation from that high school qualifies you for admission."

And so it proved.

CHAPTER XIX

A SCRAPBOOK OF ANECDOTES

HARLEY ROBERTS and I took a trip each year during one of the short vacations, going to Bermuda or Nassau or Summerville, South Carolina, or Miami, Florida.

One of our most interesting experiences was a short visit with the family of Mr. David Woodward of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward had both grown up in Watertown, but they and their daughter Marian were residents of Atlanta. Mr. Roberts went direct to Atlanta. I went to Cincinnati and, after a short stay there, started south. Very cold weather and a heavy snowstorm ensued, and I found myself at Chattanooga when I ought to have been at Atlanta. I left the train, went to a hotel, and telephoned Mr. Woodward: "If this is the sunny South, I want my money back." I told him that I should arrive the next morning.

Our visit was very jolly and was made exceptional by our meeting Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Roberts and I were both fond of history and Mr. Howell was full of it. His home, which had belonged to his father before him, was in the middle of the battlefield of Peachtree Creek, north of Atlanta. His father had been captain of a battery in that battle, and the details which he was able to give us of all the battles around Atlanta were exceedingly interesting. He was too young to remember the Civil War but, after it was finished, he had the intense interest in it of young southerners and was much excited to learn that a northern colonel was coming to visit his parents, a colonel who had received a con-

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gressional medal for gallantry. The colonel was jolly and the visit was most agreeable; but the boy was itching to know what that gallantry was and was astonished to know that nobody spoke of it. At last he blurted out: "Colonel, what did you get that congressional medal for?" His parents "shushed" him, but the colonel laughed and said, "Well, my boy, I don't like to brag about it and you mustn't give it away, but I was the first man in Washington after the Battle of Bull Run." Everybody laughed, and that was all that the youngster ever found out about his guest's bravery.

During this period I was asked to deliver the address at the laying of the cornerstone of the great Harkness Memorial at Yale. Charlie Harkness had been a classmate and good friend of mine in college. Arthur Hadley presided at the meeting. He had known my nephew Charlie Taft well through his boys. He pronounced some very flattering sentences about the Taft School, and then said: "It is a great pleasure to introduce Mr. Charles Phelps Taft." A giggle went around, and Arthur, with one of his extraordinary gestures, corrected himself. After the meeting was over I said: "Arthur, through the first part of my life I was identified only as the son of my father. Since then I have been known as the brother of my brother. Hanged if I am going to go through the rest of my life known as the uncle of my nephews." However, a man cannot escape his fate, and I have become resigned.

Like all schoolmasters, I have had to do considerable public speaking. I have very little talent in this direction, but I can claim a great deal of improvement negatively—by which I mean that I could not be guilty now of some of the speeches which I remember and shudder at. When I was much younger I was invited to speak at the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Yale Alumni Association. The invitation asked me to take as my topic "Secondary Education in the United States." I was quite old enough to know what kind of meeting that would

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be, and yet I prepared a solemn speech on secondary education, and went to the dinner armed with it. From the platform I looked over a tremendous and most hilarious gathering. On my left sat Arthur Hadley, an admirable speaker, whose report from Yale was eagerly awaited. Beyond him sat Charles C. Beaman, perhaps the best after-dinner speaker in New York City. He represented Harvard. Champagne flowed like water. The Yale Glee Club performed before this enthusiastic audience between the speeches. I said to myself, "You poor fool! 'Secondary Education in the United States'!" Those men did not know the difference between secondary and primary education—nor did they care. Hadley made the kind of speech he was famous for, and was greatly applauded. Mr. Beaman began with most delightful humor and ended with appropriate and impressive sentiment. Nothing but pretended illness could have saved me. My turn came. I went ahead stolidly, and the good Yale men were polite. At the end of it there was that gentle little hand clapping which says, "Thank the Lord, that is over." Harold Vernon, a classmate and dear friend of mine, came up at the end of the meeting, grasped me by the hand, and said, "Horace, it was good to *see* you anyhow." The humor of that compliment was the only bright thing about my speech.

Today I flatter myself that I should know too much to try such a speech on such an occasion, moreover, if I found myself in such a predicament, I should try to alter the speech or cut it down. But at that time I was like the dynamite cruiser which was tried during the Spanish War. To point the gun you had to point the whole vessel and there was "no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning." So I let them have it.

I used to delight in the addresses of Dr. Charles A. Richmond, the president of Union College, a dear friend of mine. He was an admirable speaker, and he had stories about public speaking. He told me of an old clergyman whom he asked

whether he had ever lost the thread of his discourse. The old man said, "Yes, twice." He said that he was once in the middle of a sermon, getting on well with very scanty notes, when he was disturbed to notice his head deacon in the back pew, sound asleep, with his head bent over the back of the pew and his mouth wide open. This was a little disconcerting, but directly above him, on the edge of the gallery, was a small boy diligently making paper wads out of the flyleaf of the hymn book and trying to drop them into that open mouth. The preacher said that he began to wander a little when the boy made a bull's-eye. The jaws came together with a snap, the paper wad was indignantly ejected; and the astonished and wrathful face of the deacon, combined with the ecstatic joy of the boy, completely unhorsed the clergyman. He said that he coughed, took out his handkerchief and blew his nose, and pawed over his notes till at last he was back on the track again.

"What was the other occasion?" Dr. Richmond asked.

"I was late for evening service. I was hurrying up the side steps of the church when I saw, lying on the steps, a man—dead drunk. The weather was bitterly cold and I felt sure that he would freeze to death. I had no time to spare; so I boosted him up in a front corner seat, out of sight of the congregation. He was perfectly placid and made no objection. I went on with the reading, the prayer and the hymn, but in the middle of my sermon I was horrified to see the man, who in the warmth of the church seemed to recover, stumble out in front of the congregation and zigzag down the center aisle. Every eye was on him when he turned around, faced the pulpit and, leaning against the end of one pew, remarked in a loud voice: 'Preaching like that always did make me sick.'"

My grandnephew Billy Taft, son of Robert A. Taft, was a serious-minded youngster and, when a small boy, was taken to church. The clergyman asked with great emphasis a rhetorical question, "Is there no difference between right and

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wrong?" To which little Billy, at the top of his childish voice, shouted, "*Of course there is!*" to the discomfiture of the clergyman and the great amusement of the congregation.

I remember telling my brother Will that a headmaster had to be careful in talking with his boys not to indulge too much in anecdote and pleasantry. The cordial response deceives him.

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jests, for many a jest had he.

"My boy," said Will, "you are not in it with a judge. Imagine two groups of lawyers, eager for victory, wishing for the good will of the court and greeting the feeblest pleasantry with enthusiasm." Then he told me of some embarrassment that came to him from his distinguished colleague Oliver Wendell Holmes. "When you are listening respectfully to a lawyer, with all the consideration possible, it upsets you to hear the witty and profane remarks of Holmes, especially as Holmes is deaf and does not know how far his voice carries."

I remember being a little startled at finding what a model of propriety I was to some of the boys. We were talking at the table about Lincoln's stories, and I told them the old one of the poor boy in the witness stand. His clothes were in rags, and especially the seat of his trousers was gone. They took up a collection for him and Lincoln said, "I'll give a dollar, *considering the end in view.*" The boys who heard laughed merrily, and I noticed one of them repeating it to a boy who had not heard. The latter laughed, but shook his head. I said,

"What's the matter, Bartow?"

"He won't believe that you told that."

I felt like saying, "Oh, my boy, I can tell worse stories than that."

While I am about it, I might tell of my friend McLaughlin's story of a prayer made in Litchfield. There seemed to be an

ambition to offer a prayer which would be biblical, very short and to the point. One old maid rose and startled the worshipers by simply quoting the words of Jesus in the parable about the fig tree, "O Lord, wilt thou dig about us and dung us."

A startling and strong application of the parable.

A young man who was a candidate for the ministry rose and, not to be outdone in brevity, prayed, "O Lord, may we all be like the ten virgins"—a prayer that left one in painful doubt.

Being still on the subject of prayer, I think of the story told on William Allen White. He was in southwestern Missouri on business and, though a good Republican, thought that he would attend a Democratic meeting at which a great friend of his, a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, was going to be the speaker. It was a region of the hill billies, where old-fashioned piety was still strong. A deacon presided and, turning to the orator, said, "Senator, in this part of the state we always open a meeting with prayer. Will you lead us?"

Senator X looked scared and stammered, "I am not used to praying in public"—giving the inaccurate idea that he was quite used to praying in private—"but there is my friend White in the front row, who, I am sure, would be glad to lead us."

To this Mr. White replied: "That won't do, X. That won't do at all. I don't even want the Lord to know that I am here."

I remember an amusing case in which the laugh was on me. Commencement and the Commencement dance were coming on. I had room for four or five of the chaperons in my own apartment. I sent for the head monitor and said to him: "Ken, you are the head monitor, and I want your mother to have that room at the head of the stairs, but I must know immediately, because if she cannot take it I must offer it to some other chaperon. By the way, you must be sure to tell her that

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I cannot take your father or any other member of the family in. I have so few rooms and they are reserved for chaperons." I emphasized again the necessity of promptness and the fact that the rest of the family must secure quarters elsewhere.

The next day his mother, sitting at a luncheon with her Vassar classmates, received a telegram: "Mr. Taft wants you to spend Thursday night in his apartment alone." There was a general laugh, and my reputation was ruined.

CHAPTER XX

MASTERS

EXCEPT for what I have said of Harley Roberts and Joline, I have written as though the creation of the school had been all my own work. From the beginning a loyal little group of masters were working to one end. Of course they differed in ability and in contribution to school life, but the conspicuous quality which they had in common was loyalty. One of the great pleasures of my own connection with school work has been the cordial and affectionate feeling between the masters and myself—and in this statement the wives should be included.

There were differences of opinion in plenty, but the main object, the good of the school, was the same. There is a great variety in the activities and the requirements of school life, and that is matched by the variety of talents and dispositions of the masters. Inspiration in a subject, especially in English, history, and the classics, rigid and exacting standards of scholarship; help for the backward boy or guidance for the brilliant one; a moral influence; a peculiar talent for discipline, with firmness tempered by common sense and human qualities; a talent for organization; a tact and judgment in faculty meeting; leadership in important extracurriculum activities—all these and others give scope for all that is in a man and enable him to be useful along the line or lines for which nature has fitted him.

It may seem invidious, perhaps, to speak only of the veterans, who are carrying on as wholeheartedly and successfully

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fully as ever. Yet I cannot refrain from naming Andrew McIntosh, Jack Reardon, Charlie Weld, George Wilson, Arthur Thomas, and Harry Wells. To mention them is not to disparage in the least those who have joined the staff more recently and are carrying on in the same spirit.

"Mac" began here thirty-eight years ago as a teacher of history—a very successful one—but his character, common sense, humor, and general efficiency marked him as the man for the position of Dean when that important post was established. Well has he justified the choice. He has been a steady influence in school management, and his sympathetic understanding of boys has made discipline firm but human. There have been times when his humor was a little beyond the boys and led to embarrassment.

"Mac" likes to tell a story on himself. He and Mrs. McIntosh were headed for Philadelphia in their car on a boiling-hot summer day. Some one had told "Mac" of a short cut through northern New Jersey. He remarked to me afterward, "If any one tells you of a short cut through northern New Jersey, shoot him on the spot." Either through wrong directions or through misunderstanding, they went hither and yon, covering a great deal of mileage and getting hotter all the time. At last "Mac" refused to ask any more people for directions. He said: "I am going to head for Newark. If I can find Newark, I can find the rest of the way." Then he could not find Newark. After traveling for miles through thickly populated country he said to his wife: "I am going to take one more shot. I am going to try that big policeman on the corner." By that time his patience was wearing pretty thin. He put his head out of the window and said, "Is there anybody around here who can tell me the way to Newark?" The big Irishman smiled and said, "Well, sor, if you will get out of your car I think I can show you." He took Mac by the arm and led him about fifteen feet to a little marker in the middle of a crossing and said,

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"That, sor, is the exact cinter of Newark." Mac thanked him and, as he started off, from the corner of his eye he saw the big policeman still shaking with laughter.

Charlie Weld not only gave the thorough work and high standard of his classroom, but was chiefly responsible for what I call our "compulsory-optional," which led to the fine development of debate in the school.

Jack Reardon's contributions have been varied and exceptional. His unusual ability to interest and inspire has made his European History course unique, and he has communicated to his optional Current Events Clubs an enthusiasm which makes for good citizenship. But good citizenship is a part of the man, and his influence has been helpful in every way.

R. L. De Wilton is no longer on the staff, but there are many graduates who still remember him with sincere affection and with gratitude for the inspiration of his teaching, both in the classroom and in the informal gatherings in his living room—a man of rare culture who appealed to the best that was in them.

Besides Harley Roberts, the old boys will cherish the memory of Joline, Ward, Syd Morton, Paul Welton, and Garfield Weld.

Nor would I forget John Dallas or Arthur Howe, both dear to me, who, as leaders of the religious life of the school, played an important part in its history. The former as Bishop of New Hampshire, and the latter as head of the great Hampton Institute, have served their country well, and we have taken pride in them as our former colleagues.

Dr James S. Martin I would name as a dear friend and as the skillful and devoted guardian of the health of the school. To him in great part I ascribe the extraordinary record I have already mentioned, the record of only a single death by disease in fifty-one years.

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And no graduate of the last twenty-five years of my head-mastership can remember without gratitude and affection Margaret and Frances Lowry, the ministering angels of the school infirmary.

Then there were Mrs. Gardiner, for twenty-five years the faithful and efficient secretary; Miss Welton, for many years the accountant; Miss Cowap and Mrs. Cunningham, matrons; Mr. Wheeler, who was for many years business manager, supervising the building of the annex and the main buildings.

I have thought I should like to say something about the work of a master in a good boarding school, and the opportunity open to the right man who chooses such a career. There is no question that this is regarded as a very humble one for an ambitious man. The drawbacks are evident and serious. For one thing, even though decidedly successful, he can expect only a very modest income. A successful lawyer or merchant will have an income many times larger than his. He cannot expect to make a great reputation, at least outside the school. Perhaps the feature of the career that repels the average man more than anything else is the fact that it puts him out of the struggle in the world. He is dealing with immature minds and characters and is not taking part in the fight with men of his own age. Thus the sporting instinct is not appealed to so strongly. These are heavy handicaps.

On the other hand, there have always been a good many men with the missionary spirit, with a strong desire to help the world along toward higher ideals. Such men have generally been drawn toward the pulpit or missionary work. Except in the case of great leaders, like Phillips Brooks, who can exercise great influence over multitudes, I believe that the opportunity in a boarding school is, for the man with the right equipment, greater than that offered in the pulpit, though his personal advancement will not be so great. Of course he must have high ideals and an earnest devotion to those ideals. Fur-

ther, he must have a real liking for the young human animal and a personality that will attract him. It is amazing how difficult it is to tell beforehand whether a given personality will meet the demand. I think that one would have been inclined to say of Phillips Brooks that in any company of boys or young men he would have commanded immediate obedience and devotion. Yet he had to be relieved in the middle of his only year of teaching because he could not keep order in his classes in the Boston Latin School. How that human dynamo could have failed, even in the simplest tasks of discipline and influence, is a standing puzzle.

But, granted the right ideals, the earnest devotion, and the required personality, a master in a boarding school, coming into such close contact with boys at the formative period of their lives, can have an influence which, in my judgment, goes beyond that exercised by any but the greatest clergyman. Of course a man may choose this career, as perhaps a majority do, simply as a means of making a living. In such case he may do a good job, teach his subject well, maintain discipline, do his share in the running of the machine. It is an honest work and well worth while. Indeed, a man who requires a high standard in elementary or secondary education is doing an exceptionally fine piece of work in this age of superficiality. But the task is more or less mechanical, involves much monotonous repetition for the master and makes small appeal to a man, compared with the work I have described above. But the opportunities for that great work are always there, and it is the richest opportunity in education. Of course I am dealing with intangibles. So is a clergyman. Whenever you speak of influence on the ideals of people, and especially of the young, you are dealing with something that cannot be measured mathematically; but the intangibles in this life are more precious than the tangibles; otherwise religion, character, and ideals are meaningless.



AT THE HEADMASTER'S DOOR

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One important part of a real education is a proper sense of values. Here, again, we must be modest in any estimate of our possible accomplishments. However, nothing can affect a boy's sense of values more than close association with men whom he likes and respects, and the discovery of a sense of values quite different from those he has hitherto had.

Proof of the lasting good accomplished by masters who have come close to the lives of boys in their school days is given in innumerable letters from graduates who, in mature life, testify to the influence upon their minds and characters exercised by such men.

I write in this way because it seems to me of vital importance to the nation that the opportunities offered in a teacher's work should be understood. This work is valued less highly in our country than in any other of the more civilized countries of the world, and that is a national misfortune. It has come about naturally enough in the tremendous struggle for wealth and position that has been carried on in American life since the country was settled, but it is none the less a great loss.

CHAPTER XXI

PARENTS

A SCHOOLMASTER can hardly indulge in reminiscences without giving a chapter to parents. Whenever masters of schools, still more headmasters, get together for a chat, you may be sure that they will be very unfair to parents. Naturally, being like other people, they like to talk of the unusual. They like to talk of the mother who thinks that all the members of the faculty ought to devote their time to her boy, or the father who begins his letter by saying that no one is more in favor of school discipline than himself, and then goes on to ask a favor that would upset the entire system. Moreover, a very few parents can sometimes make a headmaster's life miserable and give him a distorted view of the whole matter. Thring, the great English Headmaster of Uppingham, begins his diary one day with the remark, "I am sick of parental jaw." Another English headmaster is credited with the statement, "Parents are the last people on earth who ought to have children."

Yet, taking them all together, any headmaster must acknowledge the help, the common sense, and the loyalty of the great majority of parents. Of course every parent has a tremendous prejudice in favor of his or her offspring, and the world would be a dreadfully cold place to live in if this were not true; but most parents realize this fact, use self-restraint, and endeavor to help the school in every way possible. For myself, I cherish the friendships, some of them intimate and precious, which have grown up in an experience of half a

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century with the parents of my boys, these sometimes including parents whose boys have been subjected to extreme discipline. I have seen heroism of parents displayed in the great influenza epidemic. I have seen big sacrifices made at home for the boys without complaint, these sacrifices sometimes appreciated at their full value by the boys, and sometimes not.

I have seen, as has every headmaster, the comical and the selfish. I remember the extraordinary idea of a school shown by a mother who had taken up no end of my time on a busy morning, asking a million questions about the school. She was thinking of leaving her boy with us, and I was trying to bring the conversation to a close, an effort in which different headmasters have various methods and various degrees of success. At last she asked, "Does this school give the boy all the care he gets at home?"

"Certainly not. Neither does any school."

This shocked her a bit, and then she said, "Well, don't they sometimes get their feet wet?"

"Eight or ten years ago there was a boy here who got his feet wet. He got by me."

It made her so angry that I could not treat soberly so serious a matter that she promptly left. I had achieved my object.

I remember another very wealthy lady who wrote to ask about putting her two boys with us and, when I sent the usual questions and the usual request for references, replied that she could not dream of sending her boys to a school in which there was the slightest question as to their being an addition to the social life of the school. I found out that they had been in another boarding school, the headmaster of which was very much amused at her reply. He said that the boys were a pair of degenerates and he did not wonder that the mother resented an inquiry. There was an English headmaster to whom a snobbish mother wrote that before she sent her boy to his school she must ask whether he was very particular

about the social background of his pupils. He answered: "Dear Madam: As long as your son behaves himself and his fees are paid, no questions will be asked about his social background."

It was a college president who was pestered by maternal questions as to the college course and the treatment of the students, and who finally telegraphed: "Satisfaction guaranteed or we return the boy."

A mother appeared in my office one morning with a boy whose head was a little larger than a baseball, told of his troubles with his schooling, and ended with the remark: "The great trouble with Johnny is that he does not know how to concentrate. It is a great pity, too, because he has great ability in some directions. He is just a horn clog dancer." I said solemnly, "It is a very unusual accomplishment." My brother Will wrote me of this interview that I was a narrow-minded pedagogue not to have courses fitted for all the talents.

Makepeace's biography of Sherman Thacher describes a rather exceptional situation in which Sherman found himself, owing to the fact that many mothers came to live in the Ojai Valley so that they might be near their dear ones. Makepeace quotes from Sherman: "I have no fundamental objection to mothers. Indeed I love them. I do not agree with the prophet who said that 'a wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is just like his mother.' It is only when Mother, like Mary's lamb, follows him to school that Teacher is annoyed."

Schoolmasters are made aware of differences of opinion in families in regard to the education of the children, and sometimes this is embarrassing. Some twenty-five years ago I had the unpleasant duty of dismissing a boy for very substantial reasons. A few days afterward his father came in to ask whether I could not take the boy back. I told him that it would be quite impossible, that the boys themselves would be

shocked to hear of his return. He said, "Well, what am I going to do with him?"

"The only thing to do is to find him a good hard job and put him to work. He will waste his time in school and go to the devil in college. Hard work out in the world will probably sober him up."

"I believe you are dead right. That is what I will do." When he reached the door, however, he turned around and said, "But you remember that *I have made a hell of a fight to get him back into the school!*"

One dear friend of mine, who had been most reasonable about her boy and was emphatically in the list of good parents, kept bothering me morning after morning. Her boy had been kicked on the end of the spine and retired to the infirmary. Dr. Martin assured me that with a little rest and refraining from exercise he would be all right and there was nothing to worry about; but she kept calling me up in the busiest time of the morning, until I said: "Mary, you make me tired. You are wasting valuable time every morning for me. I tell you the boy is all right. I will only add that it is the other end of his spine that I am worried about." She laughed and reported that to her family, and that was the end of it.

Sometimes it is amazing to see the way in which a parent will shift responsibility to the school. A father of a boy who was attending a private day school was very indignant because the boy was expelled for gambling. He wrote to the head of the school that he did not object to the rule against gambling or think the punishment excessive. He only felt that the school was at fault for not instructing him about the evils of gambling, adding, "If a boy is not going to learn at school the evils of dishonesty, immorality, and gambling, *where will he learn them?*"

A man is amazed to find how very little thought a parent has put upon a given problem. A college graduate, a man of

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ability, was visiting the school to see his boy and walked in on me. He said, "I do not think much of the way you teach English these days."

"Neither do I."

"When I was a boy I used to browse in my father's library."

"So did I."

"I read Cooper and Scott and Dickens and Thackeray with no prodding or compulsion."

"So did I."

Then we two foolish men proceeded to match the books we had read, whereupon he said, "I would rather have done that reading on my own than have the compulsory reading which is involved in your English course."

"So would I."

He then looked at me as though he thought it was my move.

"You realize, of course," I said, "that browsing is a voluntary thing and depends on the boy, himself, on his whole environment, but especially on his home influence. You have had that boy of yours fifteen years all to yourself, with the influence of the entire family brought to bear on the single boy. I have it from his own lips that he never read a single book except what he was compelled to read by school authorities. Fifteen years! And yet you send him to me, one of two hundred and fifty boys, and expect me to teach him to browse! Could anything be more absurd?" I added, "We have a goodly number of boys here who have read more than you and I together, and they go on browsing whenever they have time for it."

I am only pointing out how amazing it is that an intelligent man could miss a point as plain as this.

One of our best old boys, a senior at Yale, was talking with another brilliant student:

"Gans, I did a dreadful thing yesterday."

"What was that?"

"I cut that infernal football game and took a long walk in

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the woods. It was a beautiful day, and it was good to get away and enjoy it."

"I did worse than that."

"What could you do that was worse?"

"I stayed at home and read a good book. You know, Billy, there is a great deal of *clandestine good reading* going on on this campus."

The expression tickled me.

Of course a whole volume could be written on spoiled boys. Too much money will spoil them. On the whole, however, the general home atmosphere is what determines whether a boy is spoiled or not. He may come from a rich family in which life is simple and in which his responsibilities are emphasized, or he may come from a comparatively poor family in which his opinions and comforts are regarded as of the utmost importance.

We have all seen boys who are spoiled through the weakness of their parents. The head of a big business who is made of iron when dealing with his subordinates announces that his boy is going to lead the simple life and not be ruined by indulgence. He weakens at the first attack, especially if the mother's influence is thrown on the wrong side. But I remember an amazing instance in which the father's attitude was quite different:

He walked into the office of the Dean of an eastern college and announced, "Mr. X, I have been looking around your college and have concluded that this is the place for my boy."

"That is very gratifying. We will do the best we can for him."

"Yes, I went out to Texas twenty-five years ago with hardly a dollar in my pocket, and I have made good. I have made millions. That boy is not going to have any of the trouble I had. He is going to have all the money he wants."

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"All the money he wants? An automobile?"

"Two of them, if he wants them."

"And may he go to New York?"

"Well, of course, I want him to keep your rules but, as far as I am concerned, he may go to New York when he pleases and spend what he wishes to."

"I rather think you had better send him somewhere else."

"What in the world do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the boy is going to the devil as fast as he can, and that in all probability he will take a number of other boys with him."

The father was hotly indignant. "You don't know what you are talking about. He is a good boy."

"I will take your word for that, but, unless he is a miracle, you are going to make him into a bad boy. Have you as much money as the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers?"

"Why, no, I don't suppose that I am in their class."

"Well, we have had a number of their boys here and, as far as I can see, they are just as good and clean as the sons of poor families. Their fathers don't talk the way you do. They know the dangers of money. They give their boys allowances, and they watch those allowances as carefully as any part of their business accounts. We have some boys here whose fathers have taken the view of life that you have. They are going to the devil with drink and women, and that is where your boy is going unless he is very exceptional."

The man walked up and down for a time and finally said, "I don't know what I am going to do, but I want to thank you, sir, for giving me something to think over."

The question naturally comes up, how could a man who had brains enough to make a fortune in any line have as little sense as this? He could not read the Bible, he could not read a novel, he could not read a newspaper, he could not talk with men of the world, without hearing of young men whose lives were

ruined by indulgence, and yet he deliberately planned such a life.

As I have said, most parents are sensible and helpful and anxious for the development of their boys in every good way. Occasionally you find a father—or more often a mother—whose ambition for the boy is simply that he may be trained to be a member of Society with a big S. She thinks of life entirely from that angle and, though of different social standing, she would sympathize with the mother of the Kentucky mountaineer who said of her son: "He don't gamble, he don't drink; he don't chew; he don't smoke—he ain't got no resources within himself."

The school influence that tends to correct a boy spoiled in the home is largely that of the other boys. They are democratic, punish undue selfishness with a directness that no master could use, and from the penalty they inflict there is no appeal. Boys in the main are not snobbish, and money will not bring popularity. When I say they are not snobbish perhaps I ought to add, except in regard to automobiles. I have seen comical cases in which a boy who was absolutely without a trace of snobbery in any other way would feel ashamed if his parents came to visit the school in a Ford machine. They know altogether too much about the different makes of automobiles, and sometimes acquire a silly ambition to own the best. I am told, however, that this is changing and that Fords and station wagons are now considered the "smart" thing.

However, the war has come, and many of these youngsters have got to learn to use their legs or bicycles. The value of automobiles is going up at such a rate as to make probable the story of a man at a club who said to his friend:

"Heavens and earth, Jim! What is the matter with you? You look as though you had lost your last friend."

"You would, too, if you had been through what I have been through."

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"What has happened?"

"I got home last night and found that my wife had taken my car and run away with another man.

"My God, man! Not your *new* car."

In the matter of money, parents may make a mistake in either way. It is easy to blame them, but before the school-master judges he ought to consider the actual situation. It is easy to say that a boy ought to have only just so much pocket money, or that he must not attend dances or movies more than so often during vacation; but there is, especially for boys living in cities—and most of them do live in cities—a real problem as to how far it is well to make a boy different from his mates in regard to money and privileges. I have sometimes been tickled to see the change of attitude in teachers who have been very critical, the change coming when they, themselves, joined the ranks of parents. They find the problem is more complicated than they had dreamed. I have known a head-master, even, to change his opinion as to the value of scholarship when his boys turned out to be wretched scholars but great athletes. I have known masters who were quite contemptuous of parents who were not willing to leave to the school authorities the question whether a boy should be promoted with his class, but who showed as much partiality in the case of their own boys and as much objection to the enforcing of the school rules as any parent they had laughed at.

Nearly all of these questions are solved by a normal healthy companionship between boys and parents, a companionship that does not prevent discipline, but makes discipline almost unnecessary.

Parents, like the rest of us, are in the current of modern thinking and customs, and their position is often a hard one. A Parents' Association in one city resolved that during the vacations their children ought not to go out to parties or the theater more than so many times a week. The other evenings

they ought to spend at home. It occurred to the thoughtful ones, however, that this was absurd unless the parents also stayed at home those nights. So the conscientious ones declined invitations for certain nights in order to be with their children. The amusing thing was that they did not know what to do with themselves or with the children, because that kind of companionship was new to them. The atmosphere of the old home circle, as we knew it in my childhood, was not there. There was nothing but a sense of duty on one side and of repression on the other.

I am often asked whether the boy of today is better or worse than the boy of my own days. It seems to me that the boys of today are made of the same stuff, good, bad, and indifferent, as the boys of earlier days. The only trouble is that they need to be a great deal better. The movies, the radio, the automobile, make it more difficult for boys in any grade of society to lead the simple life and to avoid undue dissipation of their thoughts and energies.

A father said to a good friend of his who was an important member of a college faculty, "You are not doing much of a job in education these days."

"What is the matter with you now? You have got a splendid boy, and he is doing well."

"Yes, he is a fine boy and I love him. Perhaps I am a little proud of him. But when I was a boy I lived fifty miles from Blank College. At the beginning or end of a term I walked that distance, taking two days to it and sending my baggage the cheapest way. I never dreamed of complaining and I never missed an hour in the college exercises. That boy of mine missed the whole first day of the last term, and do you know why?"

His friend shook his head.

"*Because he couldn't get a lower berth on the sleeping car.* Damn an education that makes a boy as soft as that!"

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Perhaps it was not the college that was in fault in such a case.

I hope later to say something on the general character of American education. Here I am concerned only with what parents can do who are convinced of the shortcomings of our schools, who feel responsible for the education of their children beyond the mere choice of a school, and who would gladly make up for the deficiencies of the school education if they knew how. They cannot change the school—they must choose among those offered them, especially in the case of the primary school; and it is in the primary that the first and greatest loss occurs.

The poor quality of the teachers is something that is beyond their power to change. But few parents have any idea what hearty co-operation with the school means. We can never have in this country, even if we should wish it, a system such as obtained in Germany before the World War and in France, where the school authorities had power, not only over the boy, but over the entire family.

Two or three things, however, are of vital importance. The first is that the home, and therefore, the boy, shall take school seriously, shall consider it the business of the boy's life for the present. Lecturing and preaching will do little good. The boy will know quickly enough whether his parents regard his work and conduct at school as a serious matter. Another condition that is absolutely requisite is that the home, and therefore the boy, shall consider the school authorities supreme in their own sphere. I do not mean merely that a boy shall go to recitations, be regular in attendance, and obey the rules, but that his frame of mind shall be sympathetic and respectful and serious toward his work and toward the school authorities.

The free-for-all discussion at home of the discipline of the

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school or of the value to the boy of what he is studying, a discussion which the American boy hears and often takes part in, is a singular thing known only to America to any extent. I have wrestled with many boys in the study of Latin and have been well aware that they have listened to comments at home on the utter futility of that particular study. This is a splendid preparation for the beginning of the work that is necessary for the mastery of a difficult study. It is as though the parents should send a boy to the doctor and say, "His medicine is of no use, and I would not take any more of it than he compels you to take." The question before the parents in the cases I referred to was not the value of the study of Latin. They knew that he was going to study it. Surely any study is better for the boy's development, both mental and moral, if he devotes himself to it honestly and conscientiously; and any teacher, competent or incompetent, is a better teacher if he has the moral advantage of that attitude toward the school which ought to exist in every home.

Criticism of individual teachers, of school rules, of the course of study is not only allowed, but encouraged in many a family. It would surprise the heads of these families to know that those very criticisms and the condemnations and the ridicule often involved have lowered the standard of the schools, have made the work of the teacher much more difficult, and have been a grave injury to all the boys of the school, including their own. Criticism of school matters, while often amply justified, should be confined to the discussion of the grown-up members of the family. But the school has a right to much more than silence. The whole influence of the home, earnestly and positively, should be exercised to uphold and increase the power of the school authorities.

As for the simple life, preaching goes for little. Parents cannot have their boys lead a simple life while they, themselves,

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lead one of luxury, frivolity, and ease. I repeat, it is the home atmosphere that counts, and that atmosphere comes not from lectures to the boys, but from the life of the parents.

Much can be done by the use of the long vacations. Our vacations have been arranged in a perfectly haphazard way with very little consideration for the rest that an ordinarily strong, healthy boy needs. William S. Learned in a pamphlet written before the World War on "An American Teacher in a Prussian Gymnasium" says that the German boys attend school on six days a week instead of five, making a difference in the school year of forty days or two American school months. This means that from six to sixteen the German gains more than two full years, even leaving out of account our long vacations. Let us remember that we suffer, not only the loss arising from the fact that the boys do not go ahead, but also the loss of forgetting and growing rusty. What teacher is without the experience of the struggle in September to bring pupils up to the point that they had reached in June?

Granted that parents feel their responsibility, granted that they do not feel they have done everything when they have sent their children to school with more or less regularity; granted that they do not laugh at the ignorance their children show of spelling and arithmetic, and simply regard it as a sign of the degeneracy of the times for which they are not answerable, there is still the question of what definite steps they can take to better the situation. Well, there is the long vacation, three full months, in which two hours a day for more than half the time at least would not be an unreasonable allowance for a boy to devote to his studies, especially when he is attending a primary school, the work of which is of so exceedingly mild a type.

First, let us do what the school has done badly. The average boy in the average American school is, according to any reasonable standard, poor in spelling, superficial and inaccurate

in arithmetic, and more so in English grammar, if the modern fads have not banished that study from his curriculum altogether. By English grammar I mean the simple structure of sentences, the parts of speech, punctuation, voices and moods of verbs, the different kinds of clauses and their relations to each other—all simple enough, but offering training in logic that was rightly valued by John Stuart Mill, as adapted to that early age, and still more valued by the unfortunate teacher who tries to teach another language to a boy who has not learned thoroughly the simple grammar common to all languages. I take these branches of study first, because on knowledge and training in these depends the work in more advanced studies. Let us not despise them. The main thing is that the boy shall at home acquire that standard of thoroughness, so far as he may, which he has not acquired at school. Moreover, remember the time saved now is time saved later. Many a father or mother has been distressed that the boy is late in entering college and has failed to realize that the real loss of time occurred before the age of the secondary school. A man ran hard, but missed his train. A friend said, "You didn't run fast enough." He replied, "I did, too. I didn't start soon enough."

It is not a great task for conscientious parents to find out what a boy lacks in these simple branches. There is very little danger of holding him up to too high standards. One word of warning—don't consider his standing in his class or the average given him by the school as any proof of proficiency, unless you have reason to believe in the standard of the school. In any good secondary school the tragedy of the sudden discovery of exceptional deficiency in a boy by his parents is a common occurrence. A reasonably high standard in our American schools is rare. Think of the clamor against the severity of the College Board examinations, examinations which in any European country would seem very lenient. Of the whole

number of students entering American colleges and universities in any given September, only a very small percentage could pass these examinations.

It is not difficult to find out what a boy lacks in the school branches, and it is hardly more difficult to supply it. It means some review of textbooks but, before all, a rigid adherence to a schedule of hours. This does require the right spirit of obedience to duty in the family, a very reasonable bit of self-sacrifice on the part of parent as well as boy.

What is there to do in work which the schools do not attempt, or which they hardly attempt? Perhaps the most common complaint of parents is that the boys care nothing for good reading, that their taste in reading, if they have any, is for trash. Sometimes the complaint is simply absurd, coming as it does from parents who never open a book that is not trash and whose minds are mainly on automobiles, bridge, and the comic opera. Men do not as yet gather figs from thistles. But the cry comes from parents who have a real liking for good reading and who grieve to see no development of such liking in their children.

Here, again, we must pay the price. That price consists of accompanying the boy through a considerable part of his early reading. I have spoken of this in my father's case. A perfectly natural family discussion of characters and situations, of humor and pathos puts the matter of reading in an entirely different light, so that the superiority of good reading to trash is easy for the boy to see.

There are many harder tasks for a man or a woman in this world than to review his Scott, Dickens, Thackeray or Stevenson. As far as the boy is concerned, one or two novels of each would suffice. Even Shakespeare might lose his terrors, and I am confident that in many cases that marvel of marvels, a taste for history in a boy, might develop by perfectly natural read-

ing and discussion of such interesting books as Fiske's "American Revolution" or any one of fifty fine biographies.

In the very early years there is the important subject of reading aloud, a subject that impresses itself on me more and more. If a man takes twenty boys at the beginning of their secondary school course and finds that part of them have been trained to read aloud with expression and with evident grasp of the meaning, and part of them are conspicuous for their failure to do this, we shall find that the former have an advantage in the understanding of literature, in expressing their own thoughts, in learning a new language, that one would hardly connect with this exercise. The structure of a sentence, the value of words, the relation of clauses, many things that it is hard to describe are inevitably taught in teaching a boy to read aloud with intelligence and appreciation. With the best intentions in the world teachers can give very little instruction or practice in this. An hour's exercise in a class of twenty would give only three minutes apiece.

Many a conscientious mother has spent as much time as that suggested here, but has devoted it to reading aloud to her son, a process which, wisely used, achieves some good results, but which more often merely entertains the boy and produces in him an intellectual laziness which is hard to overcome.

But try the other plan. Of course let the book be of a kind to interest the boy. Let the reading take at least half an hour a day. Let them share the reading, but let the boy do most of it, the mother being careful to correct the faults of her boy's reading, but also being careful not to expect perfection all at once. Her own reading is necessary because some progress in the story is needed to promote the interest. A single summer would do wonders, but the reading should go on till the boy becomes an easy and intelligent reader of any literature of reasonable difficulty.

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We hear more and more today of a reading disability. Such a course as I have described would either cure such a disability or demonstrate early the need of the help of a specialist.

I hardly dare go into the subject of memory training. This is of immense importance, but it is perhaps hardly worth while to begin it unless the parent is prepared to lay out a definite course and carry it through. English boys have a great advantage over our own, because, at the age when rote memory can be wonderfully developed, they have systematic drill in it of a very regular and severe kind. An Oxford man told me that he had begun learning by heart at his mother's knee and had continued the daily practice till he went to the University. I have heard Dr. Peabody of Groton tell of the marvelous (for an American) ease with which English boys could learn either Latin or English by heart. With such training a boy not only has acquired a facility that is of immense advantage to him in languages, in history, and in many of the sciences, but he has, somewhere in the back of his mind, a familiarity with the words, phrases, and spirit of many of the masterpieces of English literature, beginning with the most beautiful parts of our English Bible. I have no space here to discuss the many ways in which such a training helps in the mental progress of a boy. Suffice it to say that we Americans have despised this humble but most useful function of a mind and have paid dearly for our mistake. This is a training which anybody can give the boy and which brings marvelous results at a very early age.

One word more. American parents are apt to think that, while vacation work may be proper and advantageous for backward boys, it can have no rational place in the training of bright ones. Nothing is more remarkable than the difference between the attitude of an ambitious American father of a bright boy and that of an English father of a boy of the same kind. Though the English boy receives a much better educa-

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tion in his school than the American, the father has no notion of leaving to the school the entire responsibility.

The English school, itself, goes to the other extreme from ours and devotes more time and energy to the bright boys than to the dull ones. The attitude of the American teacher was, and is, that the bright boy can take care of himself, and most of the work of our teachers is devoted, therefore, to the other end of the class. Naturally the loss to the boy and to the community is greater when a boy of fine ability fails to develop up to his reasonable limitations than when an ordinary or backward boy fails in this. The ideal system is that by which each boy is trained according to his ability and develops the best that is in him.

CHAPTER XXII

EDUCATION AND EDUCATORS

THOSE who look over the entire field of American education from the kindergarten to the end of the graduate school agree on only one proposition, and that is that we are in a bad way. I think there has never been so much nonsense talked and written in regard to any subject as on that of education. Heaven forbid that I should pretend to any special authority in this great subject, but I cannot refrain from remarking on the utter chaos in which we are struggling, and on the comfort that humble educators find in clinging to a few facts and principles which in their minds are fundamental. I have called the situation chaotic. The aims and methods of those claiming authority are comically and radically different at the upper end. For instance, President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, in a book on "The Higher Learning in America," concludes that there is absolutely no hope of our having a real university in this country unless we can completely isolate such an institution from the workaday world. On the other hand, Professor Whitehead, the distinguished Harvard philosopher, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "It is midsummer madness on the part of universities to withdraw themselves from the closest contact with vocational practices." He states that the danger of American universities is celibacy, to which Mr. Hutchins replies that the danger is not celibacy, but polygamy. There are two distinguished authorities squarely opposed to each other in regard to the higher learning and what makes a university.

Further, Dr. Hutchins deplures the inclusion of professional

schools in the curriculum of a real university, while Dr. Angell of Yale says that we must recognize that an engineering course, for instance, involves intellectual work of high character and must not be banned simply because it prepares a man to earn a living.

What is a humble follower to do? This conflict of opinion is present from the beginning to the end of our education. We cannot agree on the aim, and still less can we agree on the methods of attaining that aim.

Three hundred years of history has made the American people remarkable in many respects. Through that long period, frontier life and ideals have made the ordinary American the most resourceful man in practical matters whom the world has seen. The typical product of that frontier life is a perfect Jack-of-all-trades. The American frontiersman—and the settler following the frontiersman—had, first of all, to be a woodsman, but he was not an expert woodsman; he had to be a farmer, but he was a wasteful and inefficient farmer, compared with the European; he had to build and repair his house and barn with the help of his neighbors, and had to help them in return. He had to be something of a mechanic and, at times, a soldier. Preacher or officeholder, it was all the same. Any man was fit for anything. Sherman's army was in one way the most remarkable army ever assembled. For instance, men in the ranks could destroy a railroad or could build one, were ready to repair a locomotive or to run one. When Grant found it necessary to take boats past Vicksburg, there were enough volunteers to man several fleets. When Sherman's army started from Savannah through South Carolina, the rivers were over their banks, the whole country was a swamp, and the general opposed to him reported to Joseph E. Johnston that Sherman could not get through that country, even if there were no opposition. Yet by wading, by throwing up temporary bridges, and making roads where there were none, the army

advanced ten miles a day for thirty days. Johnston said there had been no such army since Julius Caesar.

It is easy to see that, at least down to the Civil War, while we were in the main a homogeneous people, certain results of this long training were immensely valuable for the bulk of the population. The American stood on his feet, ready to take on himself any duty, and quick to co-operate with his fellow citizens when it was necessary. On the other hand, it brought results that were very harmful. It made the average man despise specialists and believe that thorough training was unnecessary. In no field was this so evident as in education. Anybody was considered fit to teach. Moreover, it is hard to see how the country could have afforded to train teachers. The consequence was a very low standard of education from top to bottom. If we go back far enough we find the colleges teaching the most elementary subjects. The frontier life had made men devise the easiest way to do things. It had made them intensely practical. Outside the realm of the practical, they were peculiarly susceptible to fads.

Think of the political and economic fallacies that ran riot in the West and the Southwest as the frontier advanced—the ignorant bankers, the short and easy way of reaching prosperity through soft money. Think of the religious fads of the same period, with each group having its own peculiar way of getting to heaven. One kind of superstition was the redemption of the country through education. There is no occupation in which there have been so many quacks. It has been said that education is the real religion of America. If so, the average American must believe in education as the Tammany politician believed in the Monroe Doctrine:

An enemy had reported that he had said that he did not believe in the Monroe Doctrine—a fatal charge to make against an American politician. The Tammany man replied hotly: "It is a damned lie. I never said I did not believe in the

Monroe Doctrine. I do believe in it. I always have believed in it. What I said was that I did not know what the Monroe Doctrine was."

I am talking mainly, but not exclusively, about our public-school system. Let me say at the beginning that so vast an educational job has never before been undertaken, or one so important. Let me also say that no one can fail to have profound respect for many of the public schools of the country, nor can any one fail to be grateful for the great number of faithful, skillful teachers in our public schools, some of them in favorable circumstances producing fine results, and others struggling bravely against all kinds of obstacles to good work. All honor to them!

But the evidence as to the *general* standard, the *average* achievement over the whole country, is overwhelming. The one word for it is "superficial." In the primary grades, the average attainment in spelling, grammar, American history, geography, and arithmetic is pitiful. This goes on into the high school, where the accomplishment is out of all proportion to the vast expenditure. Masses of untrained pupils are herded into the high school, and their time and attention are so divided among a heterogeneous lot of subjects that little could be accomplished even if the idea of a proper standard were not utterly absent. And on into the university, where the education is so shallow that diplomas from most institutions means little or nothing in either culture or science.

Often, where the situation is worst, the authorities are most complacent and self-satisfied. I find it hard to be patient with distinguished leaders in education who have much to say about the freedom they propose to give their students, the promotion of the higher learning, and so on, but ignore the outstanding fact that the great mass of students enter their colleges without a foundation on which to build, either in knowledge or in training.

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A man prominent in education has announced that the leadership in this great field is passing from Massachusetts to the West. I wonder exactly what he means by this. I cannot claim to know anything about education in the large high schools and the state universities of the West except from some of their products. Let me give an example.

A mother wished to enter her boy with us. He had finished three years in a big far western high school. He had followed a course in that high school which would prepare him for any college in the country. Although he was within one year of college, he aimed at our upper middle, which would mean that he would have to take two years in preparation for an eastern college. I had had a boy from that same high school and consequently paid particular attention to the examination. He did nothing at all in algebra; in French he was marked 20 on a scale of 100; in English he took the examination *for the class below* and did not obtain a passing mark in it; in Latin he was marked 0 upon the examination for the upper middle, and 11 on the examination for admission to the class below. Possibly the best way to indicate where he stood in Latin is to give an exact copy of the translation he made of a passage of Caesar, of which a boy with ordinary drill in Latin ought to be able to make something intelligible:

The Sequani answered nothing, but remained in this quiet sadness. Since from these he might more often ask he was not able to express any voice in all. Diviciacus Haeduus answered this: In this to be the more miserable and the more severe fortunate the remaining sequani, because alone lest to be sought in a certain eyesight they might neither dare to implore (for) aid, and in the absence of Ariovistus they might abhor the cruelty just as if the — might be near, on account of the remaining nevertheless the easiness of the flight might be given, in the Sequani truly, who had received Ariovistus in to their territory,

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all the towns of those might be in his power, all cruelties might be of bearing thru.

Now the point of this is that this boy was *on the honor roll* in that high school, that with another year of this kind of thing he would be admitted without examination to the great state university, and that hundreds poorer than he (they must have been, because he was on the honor roll) would be admitted to that same university. That high school is in a large city, has a magnificent building, a great athletic field, and an equipment in general to which the people can point with pride. The only inference I can draw from this boy and others like him is, that such schools do not teach anything. A very good friend of mine, living in the city in which this high school was located, wrote me in considerable vexation because of my comments on it. He said that his own boy had gone through the school, that he had had a good deal of difficulty in getting into Yale, but that, once there, he had had a Phi Beta Kappa standing. I wrote and asked him whether he realized what a dreadful commentary this was on the work of the high school. Here was a boy with a Phi Beta Kappa mind who had stood very high in the school and yet found difficulty in passing the very easy entrance examinations of an American college.

I am not here commenting on the department-store idea that obtains in these western systems, and the strange collection of courses that may make up a so-called education. I am only commenting on the fact that so little is taught, or at least is required, in *any* subject. It will do no good to drop Latin or English literature or any other cultural subject and substitute something useful, that is, something that will help a pupil to make a living. The trouble is that housekeeping, salesmanship, and tidellywinks will be taught as inefficiently as those despised subjects of the old system.

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Thousands of sensible public-school teachers know and deplore this situation. Thousands of teachers of independent secondary schools understand it, because they see the results—results which in some cases are tragic. The best of the state universities, compelled by law to admit pupils who have high-school certificates, do what they can to redeem the situation by using the knife savagely at the end of freshman year.

If this is a correct view, what are the reasons? The first is the indifference and the ignorance of the general public. I do not mean that people are indifferent as to the general idea of education—not at all—but the three R's are retired into the background, along with history and geography, and vague, unintelligible aims and theories have made the path of education easy and pleasant and have made thoroughness, hard work, and accuracy a matter of secondary importance.

The second reason, as I have said, is the vastness of the task. No such experiment has ever been tried before. We are expected to carry the masses not simply through the primary schools, but through the high schools and, if they please, through the universities, almost without reference to their fitness for such an education. A demagogue governor of the West said that every boy born on American soil is entitled to a university education. Good old Professor Grandgent of Harvard remarked disconsolately, "The only thing we can do is to confer the B.A. degree on every baby at birth and afterward teach the youngster as much as we can."

The third reason is the quality of the teachers. Let me repeat that I am talking of the whole army of teachers in the country and am aware of the thousands of fine teachers who rise above the average. The statistics I use are twenty years old, but the situation cannot have changed materially in that time. Making no correction for such change, we may say that our public-school system includes about six hundred fifty thousand teachers, four-fifths of them women. Half of them



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are under twenty three years of age. Nearly one-third of the whole number leave the teaching ranks each year for marriage or business. Consequently, that proportion consists of beginners. The average elementary teacher has had only four years of education beyond her pupils. Part of this extra training has consisted of work in theory of education in some teachers' college in which professors of pedagogy talk "pedagogue," and from which they go forth little, if any, stronger in the branches they are to teach, but prepared to try upon their classes what they have been able to absorb of the theory. Immaturity, inexperience, lack of standard—these are the inevitable result.

A group of young men and women preparing for work as teachers in a school of pedagogy connected with a prominent university visited the Taft School. As they came out from the classroom of a teacher who is very exceptional in the quality of the work done by his class and their enthusiasm for the subject, one young woman remarked, "He does not teach them life." I was appalled at the idea of young people being taught "life" by her and those like her. It did not occur to her that there are many sides to life and that we have a pretty good chance in a boarding school to develop on every side—but that one part of life is vigorous, hard work and concentration on the job in hand, which those boys were learning with a vengeance. The tactlessness and mental vagueness of the group in general made a great impression on me.

Of course there is one fundamental difficulty: the very poor compensation paid to teachers. It seems as though reasonable compensation for intelligent work would be beyond the resources of even this rich country, the number of teachers is so vast. Those who would reform the schools must not forget this.

Another obstacle is the professor of pedagogy and teachers' colleges. It is not fair to lump them all together, but I say what

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I believe of the average. They have a strangle hold upon the public-school system. Superintendents generally come from these institutions, and the teacher who would seek promotion must follow the methods they approve.

Many graduates of Taft will remember Charles Henshaw Ward, whose excellent work in English was for many years a feature of the school. He has written a number of articles on education, the professor of pedagogy, etc., in a style that is very clear and convincing. I wish that I could quote him at great length. However, a short passage or two must suffice:

A short time ago I met a former acquaintance, an instructor in one of the culture subjects who, it was reported, had deserted to pedagogy. His explanation was simple and not unreasonable. Weary of supporting himself and his wife on nine hundred dollars a year, he had learned that, after a couple of years at one of the great mills for turning out professors of pedagogy, any person not absolutely illiterate could expect to receive from two to four times that sum. I am quite sure that he was not deceived, for I have seen it done. . . .

A savage critic of our normal schools has said that a normal school is an institution in which subnormal students are taught by abnormal teachers. The graduates of these schools have the ear of the public. They are in the offices of the superintendents of schools in states and cities. No teacher can begin his career in a public school without taking a course which in the eyes of countless sensible men and women is largely a waste of time. A diploma from Harvard or Yale would not be sufficient.

There is an amusing situation in one of our western states. An independent school has a standard as high as that of any school in the country. It far surpasses the standard of any public school in the state. Everybody knows it. It is an embarrassment to the authorities not to be able to give the certificate privilege to this school because no teacher in the school

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has taken a course in pedagogy. The head of the school enjoys the situation and says to the supervisors, "You know that my boys could pass your examinations with their eyes shut long before they had reached the end of our course. Why should we bother with certificates?"

It is not only professors of education that offer vague and irritating suggestions to hardworking teachers. Any man who has succeeded in the world (and many a man who has not succeeded) feels himself entitled to offer a method of education along any line. Ward quotes John Jay Chapman and Walter Lippmann. Their opinions are about as valuable as mine would be on how to run the Navy.

But, to go back to the professors of pedagogy, they ought first to consider what the thousands of teachers in the land *could* teach, with the vastness of the task, their own very limited education, and the indifference of the public to discipline and accomplishment in the schools. Common sense says, "Make that course as simple as possible; make it consist of reading, spelling, elementary mathematics, United States history and, as far as possible, some slight introduction to English literature. Have the teachers aim at a *high standard for themselves* in this comparatively simple task and aim at a high standard in thoroughness for their pupils."

When the bigwigs of education proclaim what the schools ought to do, they seem to think that there is a Charles W. Eliot behind every teacher's desk, with a reasonably small, homogeneous, intelligent class in front of him. Consider this gem from Ward:

The English course for a certain large high school, connected with a famous state university, was drawn up by one of the professors. In the seventh grade "the child learns to think clearly." In the eighth grade "the pupil learns to be co-operative and constructive." The ninth grade is "frankly a year of enjoyment, in which the work comprises the deliberate manipulation of the nar-

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rative material by a conscious literary artist into a form of telling which suits his artistic purpose; the pupil learns to handle with artistry retrospective and anticipatory methods of narrative." In the tenth grade "he endeavors chiefly to formulate for himself the essential principles which constitute literary merit." In the twelfth grade "the aim is primarily to make sure that the high school has developed power. . . . The second semester deals altogether with creative work. . . . The pupil uses a library freely and accurately. . . . He unquestionably can use what he has learned in the course toward handling with power an entirely new situation." . . .

The writer of the article has furnished me the following added information: "Three or four years after this course was issued, the instructors in freshman English of the same university discovered by a simple test that only one-third of the freshmen in full standing could tell the difference between a fraction of a sentence and a whole sentence."

I hope that any one who reads this will ponder on this work in the seventh grade: "*The child learns to think clearly.*" There is something awe-inspiring about such a statement. The other accomplishments leading up to "creative work" are very simple after he has learned to think clearly.

But the educational conventions are places and occasions for these pronouncements. One professor of pedagogy announced in such a convention that education is as exact a science as astronomy or physics. It makes one gasp to think of such a man wielding any influence in the educational world. It is true that education does try to apply some simple scientific principles, some rules of common sense, but in itself it lacks all the elements of a science. The facts entering into the problem are varied and uncontrollable, and there can be no verification by results. For another thing, there is no agreement as to the goal we are aiming at. Good citizens? Yes, but that involves a moral development beyond the power of a

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teacher whose efforts must be devoted to training in the simplest subjects, beginning with the three R's, those subjects which are decidedly neglected now because of the dissipation of the effort and thought of both pupils and teachers.

Some of the officials insist that the teachers shall take up controversial questions in the classroom, questions which they have no business to tackle, and the discussion of which would promptly deprive them of their jobs. Imagine asking teachers in the public schools of a city run by a political machine to handle the question of the spoils system without gloves. Yet that is far and away the simplest question in politics. Teachers whose rooms are overcrowded with children from all kinds of environments are expected to exert a strong moral influence when their contact with the individual pupil must be of the slightest, and when very little moral influence could be expected of the average teacher in any case.

I am not denying that special circumstances or occasional personalities of exceptional quality produce extraordinary results, even under the conditions I have described. I remember two or three teachers in my own experience. They were not hampered to any extent by school boards and not at all by professors of education. On the other hand, let us remember the dreadful handicap which in some schools arises from the fact that many of the pupils have to be taught the English language, those to whom that language is native marking time while the little foreigners are learning to talk.

In the first place, then, let us ask teachers to do what they *can* and do it much better. Let us stop expecting the impossible, stop asking from half a million teachers, who on the average are uneducated, that they do miracles in changing the characters of their pupils and making them intelligent American citizens.

In the second place, let us carry to its highest point the process which in many schools has already begun, the process of

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differentiating between the exceptionally bright pupils and the rest; the formation of honors classes, select classes, or whatever you please to call them. In small schools this may be quite difficult. In the immense high schools in our big cities wonders can be done. If a class of one thousand pupils is divided alphabetically or in any other hit-or-miss method, the teachers being required to bring them all through successfully to the end of the year, manifestly the speed of the squadron must be that of the slowest vessel. The time of those with the best minds must be wasted and the worst habit of laziness fostered. Think what two or three divisions of thirty each in a great class of that size can do. This would require the selection of subjects for each group. But how much better that they should learn the selected subjects with such a high standard of accomplishment than that they should learn little or nothing about a great variety. The benefits would be enormous and priceless. Think of the parents. At present the attitude of the parents of a large part of the students, expressed in words, is, "We pay our taxes and you must put our children through, whether they know anything or not, whether they do any work or not."

President Angell is mistaken when he says that there will be "a more rigorous insistence on the part of the taxpayer that severer standards of accomplishment shall be enforced." A large part of the taxpayers, and the vocal part at that, are on the other side. They are not bothered about standards. The answer of the school to these parents should be, "We would not deprive your children of the benefit of the high school, but these selected classes are a matter of competition." Among the parents of the other kind, ambitious for their children and knowing what an education means, there would be pressure upon their children to rouse them to win admission to the selected classes. Competition would make rapid progress and a high standard reasonable. Hard work and thoroughness

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would be the motto of those divisions. Not only that but such an arrangement would be a stimulus to the whole school. Even now the pick of the high schools more than hold their own in the colleges, when compared with the product of our private schools. The honor boy from the great western school of whom I spoke could not waste his four years.

The differentiation could begin early, but the arrangement ought to be flexible so that children developing a little later, or coming from other schools, might win their spurs. In those early grades ambitious parents could largely prevent the tremendous loss in American education between the ages of six and fourteen. The training of rote memory, prescribed reading, many things could be done under pressure from home if the ambition was aroused and the suggestion made by school authorities.

It would be impossible to exclude from the high school vocational studies; but no honors course ought to be without a backbone of studies which constitute a general education, and any member of an honors course should be called on to reach a high standard, even in vocational work. This course of hard work and thoroughness would mean much both for mind and for character.

At the end of the secondary school course we should find the colleges delighted to receive the product of this select education; we should find them most liberal in giving credit for any studies which could be considered part of an intellectual education, and ready to advance all such pupils according to their ability.

Even so, let us be reasonable in our demands and expectations. As long as the compensation is so low, as long as public opinion of the work of the teacher is what it is in America, we must refrain from following our idealist philosophers and expecting miracles.

This plan of honors courses could redeem not only the

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schools but the colleges. It could make over the mushroom universities by showing what human intelligence could accomplish. It might perhaps even abolish the false democracy among studies which now exists in many of them.

Let us abandon the superstitious belief that school education is a cure-all. It is a small part of real education. Think of the task of the public-school teacher in a large city—there the problem is most vital. Such a teacher has before him, or more probably her, a large heterogeneous group, many of the pupils having no home influence or a home influence that is worse than nothing, their real training coming from gang life on the streets, a life which makes trouble for the police and worse trouble in politics later. The teacher sees the students only in school hours. What chance is there for moral influence or the development of character?

CHAPTER XXIII

BOYS' CLUBS

THE small part which public-school teachers in cities can play in character building brings up the question of boys' clubs. These supply exactly what the public school cannot give, and should be considered as an important part of our educational system. Perhaps the most natural way to approach this subject is to take it in the way in which it presented itself to me.

I had a general idea of city slums, the east side of New York, the tough districts of Chicago, and also of the crime and political corruption that resulted from these conditions. A dozen years ago at a summer resort I met a prominent citizen of New York who was responsible for the child welfare work in that great city. I asked him:

"How many boys are there in Greater New York who have no homes worth mentioning, those who have their entire education practically on the streets in gangs?"

"About five hundred thousand."

I gasped and said, "How many boys are there altogether in the greater city of the ages you are considering?"

"About a million and a half."

"Do you mean to tell me that one-third of the boys in New York City are being brought up under those conditions?"

"I do mean exactly that. And, what is more, that is true of every other big city in the country."

"If that is true, that is the most important question before the country today."

"Of course it is. There isn't another question to touch it. It is perhaps more important than all the big questions taken together. But how can you wake the people up to it?"

"How many of these boys do you reach with your boys' clubs, your church clubs, etc.?"

"About fifty thousand."

"One in ten."

"Yes, sir."

Taking a little step forward, out of order in my story, I may say that I have talked on this subject with a number of experts of various kinds, and they have all confirmed what this gentleman has said and have put the total number of such boys at many millions—most, but not all, in the cities. I was staggered by this figure and felt that it simply spelled ruin for the country unless we could find a way out.

Consider what kind of citizens must come from these conditions. The boys for the most part are simply average humans. They live in crowded tenements. Needing life and amusements and having a natural tendency to organize, they find all of these in the streets. They organize in gangs, and their ideals are the ideals of the gang. There is a block on the east side of New York which is the envy of boys of other squares all over the tough parts of the city. It has the record of having sent more men to Sing Sing than any other block in New York, and the boys who live there are proud of it. They get their ideals of life from the tabloids and the movies, and from the tough characters who have fought the police and committed daring crimes. The law to them means the police, and the police are their enemies, to be outwitted and, if possible, injured. Of course they furnish practically all the juvenile crime in the city, and they will constitute probably more than nine-tenths of the adult criminals when they are grown.

I do not say that all of them will be criminals—their num-

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bers are such that that would mean utter anarchy; but I do say that, with very few exceptions, they must be bad citizens. They will be the citizens who will provide the rank and file of the army that is led by the corruptionists to the polls. When such revelations are made as those that shocked us in the time of Jimmie Walker, or those that shock us today in regard to rackets and racketeering, innocent people sit up and say, "How is it that such things do not create a revolution in New York, do not bring an uprising from citizens everywhere?" What can people, trained in the way I have described, care for revelations of that kind? They feel that the politician who, in their language, has made his pile and got away with it is to be admired, and your feeling and rime about the whole affair would simply be unintelligible to them.

The mere statistics of crime are enough to fasten our attention on this problem. We all know that crimes of all kinds in this country are many times more numerous than those in any other civilized country, that the homicides, for instance, in New York City alone in a year are more numerous than those in Great Britain and Ireland. What is perhaps more startling is the marked increase in crime. According to Henry Pratt Fairchild the homicide rate per hundred thousand population in 1900 was 2.1. In 1935 it was 8.3—practically four times as great.

But, to come back to my child welfare friend, a man of wealth and of great intelligence and experience, I began to ask him about boys' clubs, and he brought home to me the great fact that the boys' club is absolutely the only salvation. What else is there? Boys go through the routine of public school and learn enough to read the tabloids and the Hearst newspapers. A large number of them never go to church, or do so in a perfunctory way which accomplishes nothing. As I have said, they touch nowhere in a personal way men who have the ordinary ideals of good citizenship. But a well run

boys' club is revolutionary. These dirty, noisy youngsters for the first time in their lives find fun and excitement in an activity that is legal. Of course the wise leaders use first this side of the boys' nature. Basketball is a tremendous resource; and under guidance they learn to play the game, and to play a fair game.

The instinct of organization that made the gangs on the street has ample opportunity as they organize their clubs of various kinds in the institution. You must remember that for them a rightly run boys' club is a home. The Y.M.C.A. in general deals with a higher class financially and socially, a class who have homes elsewhere. The Boy Scouts have activities which generally are in competition with home pleasures, and the Boy Scout after a time drops out. But to these boys there is *nothing but the boys' clubs*. They find books to read, games to play, aeroplanes to build, songs to sing, and all kinds of activities which the wisdom and experience of the managers can offer. I remember going into an old building in New York and seeing a great lot of these youngsters. A large part of them were playing basketball in three courts, a young man presiding at each game. My conscience, what a noise they made, and how they smelled! And yet, in other rooms but without doors between, there was a goodly number of boys playing chess or checkers, and perhaps three times as many reading, entirely oblivious, as boys will be, of the infernal racket which was splitting my ears.

In this perfectly natural way they come into contact with men, some of them professional managers, some of them young college men who have volunteered, all of them men of a kind they have never seen before. Ideas of decency and fair play take hold, new ambitions begin to sprout in the give and take of life in such a club, and in the election of their officers and in the general organization they learn what good citizenship means.

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William E. Hall, who has done a splendid work as president of the Boys' Clubs of America, told me about a boy of seventeen who came to him in one of the clubs to express his wonder and gratitude: he had been in jail several times for various crimes. He said: "Say, I never knew before that there was such guys as these. Where I live the big guy was the one who hit a policeman from behind and got away with it. But these fellows is different." He was leading a straight life and was on the way to becoming a good citizen.

In this connection statistics show that 80 per cent of our criminals are under twenty-five years of age; 60 per cent of the hold-ups in New York City have been carried out by boys between sixteen and twenty. The average age of criminals seems to be growing younger.

The statistics of boys' clubs are so extensive that it is hard to pick and choose. Take the Tompkins Square district in New York—my figures are perhaps ten years old. There were about ten thousand boys in it of the age of which we are talking; more than five thousand joined the boys' club of that district. In the year 1930 one hundred and eight were arrested. Only four of the boys arrested belonged to the club. Remember that the club had more than half of the boys in the district. Of the four who were arrested, two had been in trouble with the police before they joined the club. Twenty-one boys who had had police records had joined the club just before that year and only two of them had trouble afterward, as I have said. In Detroit, gangs of young hoodlums were stoning trains. The railroad authorities appealed to the police, without effect. The little rascals knew when the police were there and when they were not, and could choose their time and place. It was exasperating. Suddenly the stoning stopped, and the railroad manager thanked the police. The police captain looked a little sheepish and said: "I am sorry to say that we had nothing to do with that. They started a boys' club down in that district.

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and the boys have got something better to do than breaking your car windows."

The general testimony seems to be that the influence of a boys' club extends for about a mile in radius from the clubhouse. If you take a district in the slums of New York or Chicago, a district which is filling the police courts with juvenile crime cases, and plant in it a well run boys' club, the crime in that district disappears almost entirely. The improvement manifests itself in various ways, according to conditions and the methods of the club. In a small city in central New York a club was started. The Catholic priest, fearing proselyting, would have none of it. Presently, however, a lot of boys began to come to Mass who had not come for a long time. When he questioned them one boy replied: "It is them guys at the boys' club. They said was we Catholics or Protestants or Jews? If we was Catholics we must be good Catholics, and if we was Jews we must be good Jews." The priest took off his coat and went to work, and there is harmony and co-operation now in the good work.

Of course there is immense variety. The membership in one club may be one thousand, in another seven thousand. They are nonsectarian, and dues of a few cents a month are charged in order to make the boys feel that they are paying their way. Often they begin in old buildings that have been houses, factories, or big stores. Clergymen, policemen, and all public-spirited citizens who have looked into the problem are almost extravagant in their praises. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing said: "The boys' clubs are the first line of defense against crime. The wonder is that more communities do not attack crime at its source through such a program." The judge of a juvenile court in one Chicago precinct said that the cases of juvenile crime showed an immediate decrease of 73 per cent upon the establishment of a club. One man high in the New

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York police force said, "Establish a boys' club in every precinct of New York City, and you could almost abolish the police force." Police Commissioner Whalen of New York said, "One boys' club is worth a thousand policemen's clubs in the prevention of crime."

Now my objection to most of these statistics and testimonials is that they are on the negative side—they all show that boys' clubs prevent crime and the making of criminals to an extraordinary degree; but clubs well run do vastly more than that. They train boys in responsibility, they train them for good citizenship. We must remember that, as an institution, the boys' clubs are very young. My belief is that these clubs are going to train many thousands of underprivileged boys to such a point that it will be possible for representatives of good government to argue before them successfully against the influence and arguments of the representatives of crooked politics. In the clubs, the boys have practical experience as to what government is. I lay down, therefore, two propositions. One is that a well run boys' club can turn the great majority of its members from bad citizens into good citizens. The second is that nothing else can.

This brings up the question, How in the world can we reach the enormous mass? We are now reaching one in ten. When my friend in Murray Bay explained the situation to me I went home and mulled it over. I saw him again and said:

"Suppose that you could get an army of young men in our cities, men clean and straight, mostly college graduates but by no means confined to these, who would volunteer for this work, each man promising to serve for three years, giving one night a week, one Sunday a month, and one week a summer, and also promising that during those three years he would become as intimately acquainted as possible with ten of the boys and their families. Could such young men be used?"

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"It would be revolutionary," he said. He added, however: "You will not get the young men who have just begun. They are too busy and too self-centered; but you might get a good many who are a little way up the ladder."

I then saw Dr. Rainsford, that old war horse who had had such a great career in St. George's Church, and who had started in connection with that church a great boys' club. "Don't you believe him," he said. "You can get them of all ages."

Both optimism and pessimism have been expressed to me on the subject. I have questioned experts as to how they could use such young men, and the answer has been that some clubs are so constituted as to require specialists, and others could use to the limit volunteers working under professionals. My answer was that if such a movement could be inaugurated the clubs must be run on a plan that *can* use the volunteers in order to reach any considerable proportion of the boy population.

Three or four years later I was greatly encouraged when a man high up in the work told me a movement was on foot to establish an institution for training men who wished to go into the work professionally—with one department, however, devoted to a short course of training for volunteers. There is already much experience available, and the training of the volunteers is quite essential. The work has been growing steadily and rapidly over the country, but the great question is, Will the patriotism of our young men be equal to the occasion?

Let me here emphasize the hope that no one will regard this work as a charity. It is true that it involves all kinds of blessings for the boys who enter these clubs. My dream is that of an army of patriotic young men devoting themselves to the making of good citizens, considering themselves, in fact, a vital part of the educational forces of the country.

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Think what is at stake: at least one-third of the city population of the country coming each year to the privilege of voting are utterly unfit for that duty and, at the worst, are fit for crime. If an invading army were upon us, many millions of young men would leap to arms and risk or give their lives. But no invading army, though it conquered us from coast to coast, could do us the harm we suffer from these underprivileged, unfit citizens.

Herbert Hoover has done many splendid things for his country and for the world. I doubt whether anything that he has done has been nobler or more useful than his leadership in this important movement. To my thinking, a great career is open to outstanding men of ability who will go into the work professionally and develop to the full methods already in vogue, and lead in organization—lead, moreover, in propaganda and bring home to the young men of the country the danger that confronts us, and the duty and opportunity that there is for overcoming that danger.

William James, thinking of the military demands made upon the young men of France and Germany and the moral effect upon them of this service and duty, regretted that there was no equivalent of that in this country. He even made the whimsical suggestion that young men, for a year or two, should be employed in making roads, thinking, of course, of the moral effect upon the young men. Here is something infinitely better and thoroughly practical. I have not dwelt on the moral effect upon the average young man who gives himself to such leadership. For such a young man patriotism would have a real meaning. You would have then the cream of our young manhood, from the standpoint of citizenship, brought into close contact with a mass of boys at the other end of the scale and at the most impressionable age. Not only would it give the young men a knowledge of how the other

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half lives, which they could get in no other way, but it would start them in a career of service to their country that would be of inestimable value. It would, at the same time, let the youngsters see what citizenship means, as exemplified by the best class in our population.

CHAPTER XXIV

CONSERVATIVES AND PROGRESSIVES

IT was a big misfortune to this country that the new ideas of education struck us before we had developed any high standards or any system worthy of the name. We had copied the systems of the old world, but with so low a standard of accomplishment and in so haphazard a way that we did not achieve results comparable with those of England and the Continent. We were like an army attacked before it could form a line of battle. When the new education came to England, France, and Germany, it found systems capable of adopting what was good, but strong enough to resist wild theories that young people could get great value out of education without paying for it. I have said that the Americans' experience had developed a peculiar resourcefulness in practical matters which enabled them to accomplish astonishing results, but that it had made them especially prone to be victims of quackery in matters they did not understand and to reject proper authority, the need of training, and even the idea of discipline.

Nowhere was there such a field for quackery or honest wild thinking as in education. In the first place, education affected us all. Nobody denied its vast importance, and the American people had a superstitious notion as to what could be accomplished in this field. Dr. Monroe E. Deutsch, vice president of the University of California, says "Society is inclined to think in terms of the spectacular, the oratorical, that which secures publicity. A new educational device, clothed in

phrases indicating advance and presented with eloquent words, particularly replete with sneers at the old-fashioned and the traditional, will catch the public fancy and make people feel that a solution for all educational problems has been found." Another reason for the flourishing of fads is that testing and verification are difficult and in truth almost impossible. In medicine, the great majority of people find out what is quackery and what is based on science and true experiment. A few antivaccinationists are left, but common sense has won that battle. But think of the intoxicating effect of the idea of a painless education: how attractive to parents, who remember school days with their poor results, which came partly from lack of training of teachers, partly from the selection of courses unfit for the purpose, and partly from the natural objection of human nature to submitting to discipline and hard work, how attractive to teachers, who are required to do only two years of soft work and are considered competent after a very inadequate training in history, language, mathematics, or whatever their subject may be, and whose very limited background and experience fit them to be enthusiastic over a new theory. It is needless to say why it would attract pupils.

One trouble in discussing progressive education with a big *P* is the extraordinary number of varieties of education which take that name. I have talked with heads of progressive schools and have agreed very well with them—in general ideas, reaching almost a common ground. At the other end is the lunatic fringe. A gentleman told me that he went into a classroom of a progressive school, in which the teacher was conducting a class. There was pandemonium. A boy was sitting on the floor, pounding with a stick and making a noise which dominated all the rest of the racket. The visitor said, "Why do you let that boy carry on that way?" She said, "Who are we that we should prevent his expressing his individuality?" The visitor was sorely tempted to grab the stick and

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express his own individuality, but all that he could do was retire. He added that the teacher was dismissed at the end of the term, and that she did not fairly represent the school. She did, however, show the extent to which an untrained intellect could go in the matter of self-expression.

Let us frankly admit that the progressives have made a great contribution to our education. There was much in the old education that was illogical, useless, and rigid. Under the new influence, conservative schools have adapted old methods and courses, and have adopted new ones. They insist, however, on hard work, discipline, and thoroughness. They admit that the school authorities must study the minds and capacities of their pupils, and must adapt their courses in a large measure to these, but it must be the *teachers* who plan and guide and govern. There must be no child-centered school, if by that is meant that the final decision as to courses and methods must be left to the child.

I feel sure that we are drawing together, the conservatives modifying their courses and methods in many ways, and the progressives using more authority. The progressives tend to lay stress on voluntary co-operation, which too often degenerates into every boy's doing as he pleases (it is convenient to stick to one sex). Moreover, co-operation in life is not enough. Obedience is important, and it is more important in a democracy than in any other kind of government. If the minority does not loyally and heartily obey the government, but feels entitled to discuss and even disobey any decisions of which it disapproves, democracy becomes chaos. What kind of training can there be, if children do not learn and practice obedience to proper authorities? This democratic life of ours involves many things among them co-operation, self government, obedience to authority, the doing of much uninteresting drudgery, and so forth. An education that combines these in proper proportion is what we should aim at. These are a

large part of character building and the making of citizens. In America, obedience assumes special importance when we consider our frightful criminal record, the lighthearted way in which we flout the law, the way in which both labor unions and employers feel themselves above the law, and so forth. Steady discipline, which the pupils know to be discipline, is necessary. Think of strikes against authority by pupils in the public school, these strikes supported or at least not suppressed by parents, the pupils objecting to longer hours, or to the dismissal of a teacher, or other matters peculiarly within the discretion of the school authorities. Can anything give a better training for lawlessness and anarchy than this? An old-fashioned spanking would be better. Idiotic parents do not know what unhappiness they are bringing to their children and their country. Schools should bring home to parents as well as to pupils the profound saying of Goethe: "Everything that liberates the spirit without a corresponding growth in self-mastery, is pernicious." Ernest Cobb says, in his "One Foot on the Ground—A Plea for Common Sense in Education" (an admirable book), that a large number of heads of secondary schools comment on pupils coming up from progressive schools that "one outstanding characteristic marked them all—that of individualism and nonco-operation with the school in general." Cobb wisely adds that steady discipline of rather formal training will not kill.

One great difficulty of progressive education is that in order to achieve results it requires teachers of exceptional insight, capacity, and training—teachers who could make a success of any system. If we bear in mind the hundreds of thousands of teachers in this country, and the very low standard which they reach in every way, we can see the enormous damage done. They can take in some vague and optimistic ideas, they can be told that they can teach life—they who know so

little about life—and they can surrender all the good results of the experience of centuries.

A professor of education in a New England college told me, "We believe in hard work and thoroughness, just as much as you do."

"It does not make much difference what you believe," I replied. "All you can get over into the minds of those half-educated teachers is, make it interesting. The only way they can think of to make it interesting is to make it easy, and with them, at least, you have taken the backbone out of education."

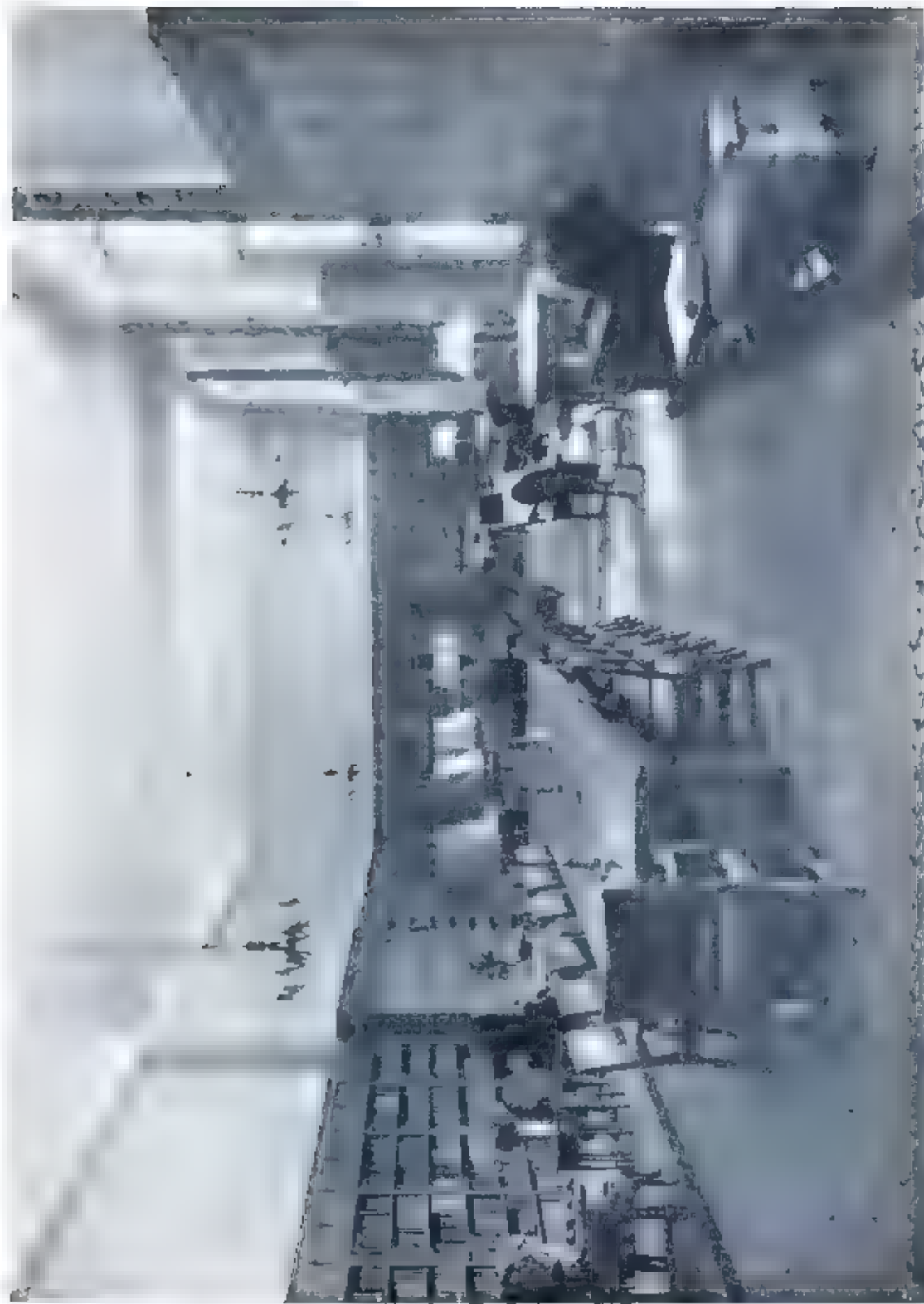
Walter Lippmann thinks that the idioey of the Youth Congress in Washington sprouts directly from the lack of serious training and guidance of the young by men and women of experience. It is risky to trace cause and effect too definitely; in matters of this kind there are so many elements which enter in. How far do the loose methods in our schools produce loose thinking and anarchy in our citizenship, and how far are the schools the product of a growing anarchy outside?

Another trouble with progressive education is that the extremists have the floor. They are vastly more vocal than the saner element. Go to a convention of educators, if you wish to hear your pure "pedagogue." High-sounding words and phrases, such as "teach in the large," "constructive thinking," "child-centered school," "the new democracy"—all these preached often by persons who have taught little or not at all, and preached to a mass of teachers who do not understand the old democracy, who can do little constructive thinking (whatever that is) or any other kind of thinking, but who *could* do a much humbler though very necessary job if trained for it and confined to it. In all this, let me repeat that I am perfectly aware that there are thousands of fine, intelligent men and women among our public school teachers. This does not affect my estimate of the average over the whole country. What

is more, many of these intelligent teachers would agree with me.

Some of the charges against the old education were perfectly true, others were rather comical. For instance, one progressive said, "We do not want to have any more boys come to college whose heads are stuffed with facts." Professor Grandgent of Harvard, a man who had been wrestling with whole generations of college students, exclaimed, "Where are those boys? I have been looking for them for years." Such a charge might, perhaps, have been made against German and French students. I myself have seen results of most extraordinary diversity from both kinds of schools. I have seen boys from progressive schools who combined a good knowledge of the subjects they had studied with a wide and lively interest in those subjects. On the other hand, I have seen boys with wills so flabby in the matter of work and with minds so empty that I was reminded of the English traveler in California, who, having looked at the dry beds of streams in the fall, wrote home that he never before had appreciated how much water improved a river. I know two private day schools, both conspicuous for the splendid results achieved, one, distinguished for leadership on the conservative side and the other on the progressive side. The colleges wisely ignore everything but results. They do not ask whether a boy is a product of a progressive or a conservative school, but whether he knows enough and is well enough trained to do their work. They would sympathize with Senator Penrose, in the Smoot controversy. Smoot was elected from Utah to the United States Senate. He was an able man of high character, a Mormon but not a polygamist. There was a tremendous flurry in certain groups over the country, at the idea of a Mormon being in that august body. A committee waited on Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, to protest. Unfortunately, the marital relations of a number of the committee were of the worst, and espe-

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cially the record of the spokesman, who was notorious. He began by saying, "Senator, you wouldn't stand for having a polygamist in the United States Senate, would you?" With that peculiar drawl of his, the Senator replied, "Well, I would rather have a polygamist who doesn't polyg, than a monogamist who doesn't monog." In other words, mere names do not count.

Radcliffe Heermance, the distinguished and popular dean of freshmen at Princeton, says: "The colleges welcome the development of special school programs, but we desire students who are soundly taught in English (expression as well as understanding), in at least one foreign language, in mathematics, and who have some acquaintance with the natural sciences and the social sciences. . . . As a college representative, I am not shifting responsibility. I am merely stating what I believe to be a fact, namely, that if a boy is not taught good habits of study between the ages of seven and seventeen, then it is too late at the college level to teach him how to concentrate. . . . I cannot leave this subject of sound basic training without one confession of faith. The idea that if a child will express himself he will educate himself, has, I am glad to say, 'progressed' so far that it has almost disappeared over the educational horizon. We need not be alarmed; nature takes care of such fantastic notions. The young dog, the young horse, the young child will respond to affectionate severity. We need today more iron in the blood."

Referring once more to my own position, I find myself landing firmly on the conservative side, so far as emphasis on discipline and a sense of duty is concerned. It is not at all a new idea that a boy can do best what he is most interested in; but I should feel that an education that did not involve hard work, and doing from a sense of duty hard and disagreeable tasks, was not an education at all. It is not a preparation for a life that is sure to contain much drudgery and difficulty. When

the content of the course of study is considered, I find in myself considerable sympathy with the progressives, especially when the question comes up as to how far the ancient languages must be made the backbone of a liberal education, regardless of the tastes and aptitudes of the student.

There is one matter in which the progressives seem to me entirely in the wrong—the matter of examinations. Experience and reason are both against them.

Take the less important subject first. Examinations furnish the best method of testing a student's fitness for a class or college that has yet been devised. It is true that the certificate requirement is entirely satisfactory if the standard and honesty of the certifying dean or principal are assured. The school gives its own examinations. In practice, however, it is very difficult to differentiate between schools. In any case, the fact is that the colleges of the highest standard demand not only that the candidate shall pass a satisfactory examination but that he shall furnish a satisfactory school record. The large state universities are hopelessly handicapped by the necessity of admitting students upon their high-school certificates. It is safe to say that if the thousands of students applying for admission to the state universities were required to pass the College Board examinations, only a very small fraction could enter.

Nothing has done more to raise the standard of the colleges in the East than the increasingly severe tests set up by the College Board. It is a pity that arrangements cannot be made for examinations of the same kind to be taken by students from any schools in the country whose fathers wish to find out what progress their boys have made. The fathers could pay a small fee to meet expenses. The point is that it would enable them to be independent of the school authorities and to arrive at a just estimate of the value of the education a boy is

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getting. It would serve also as a strong stimulus for the school authorities.

So much for the examinations as a test. There is much more to the question than that. An examination upon a part or the whole of a subject is a most valuable part of training. It has often been pointed out that examinations confront us all through life—the lawyer, the doctor, the engineer, or the statesman. We are called on to marshal the facts in meeting a crisis, to remember, to organize remembered facts, to reason on them—in general, to show a mastery of a subject. What better training is possible? I am always shy of a boy whose parent says that Johnny seems to do very well in daily recitations, but somehow falls down in examinations.

The teachers of many of the secondary schools would sympathize with the humor of the Oxford Don who, when asked about the examinations for admission to that famous university, smiled and said, "They are an impious attempt to fathom the depth of human ignorance."

CHAPTER XXV

THE BOARDING SCHOOLS' OPPORTUNITY

AMONG the remarkable changes that have come in American education in my lifetime, nothing, perhaps, has been more remarkable than the growth of boarding schools. In my boyhood, as I said in an early chapter, when a youngster was sent away to boarding school, the question was, "What's the matter with him?" Andover and Exeter were small affairs, and not exactly boarding schools anyhow. St. Paul's, the Hill, and Lawrenceville were small and comparatively recent. Groton, Hotchkiss, Choate, Westminster, Kent, the modern Deerfield, Avon, St. George's, Taft, and many others were unheard of. There were few private day schools, most of them run for profit and with emphasis on the dollar more than on education. Now the number of boarding schools is legion, and the East, especially New England, is dotted with them.

The reasons are not hard to see. First is the tremendous growth of wealth in the country, which made it possible for great numbers of parents to afford the expense of sending their boys away, and which also made it possible for rich philanthropists to add to the advantages these schools could offer. In the next place, the great growth of cities made the environment of thousands of boys such that it was desirable to get them away from home and give them what was really a more normal life. The country day schools, with their high standards and their care of the boys through a large part of the day, had not yet begun. The low standard of the ordinary private schools and of the public high schools induced parents

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who wished to send their boys to college to patronize boarding schools. The best of these schools have become non-profit-paying institutions, being in this respect like Yale, Harvard, and other colleges of the kind. We must add to this that experience showed that a boarding school not run for profit could accomplish many things for a boy which would be difficult or impossible at home.

The first thing that strikes me when I look over the field, is the extraordinary variety the boarding schools present. There are the strictly church schools, like St. Paul's and Groton, schools of high character but rigidly conservative, especially in the observance of church ritual. I have some very dear friends at the head of these schools, and we poke fun at each other. One of them told me that he understood the Unitarian creed was: "We believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the neighborhood of Boston." To which I replied with the old story of the head of a church school, who said to the Unitarian head of a non-church school, "After all, we are both doing God's work—you in your way and *I in His*."

Andover and Exeter are a little like young colleges in the freedom they give their boys. Groton and St. Paul's are at the other end. There are all shades between. They are all alike in the high aim of developing the whole boy, spiritual, mental, and physical—the aim of making good citizens as far as possible of the material they receive.

The heads of all non-public schools are coming to call their institutions not private schools, but independent schools. It is a good change, and it emphasizes an important truth. Of course, no educational institution is entirely independent. I think, however, that a successful boarding school has more freedom in its choice of objectives and methods than any other institution in the country. In the chaotic state of opinion in American education and in the prevalence of terribly low standards, such a school finds its opportunity and respon-

sibility. To be sure, it must deal with the product of the age. It can no more get away from its own environment and that of the homes from which the boys come, than a man can be independent of the air he breathes. But the vagaries of the teachers' colleges need affect the school as much or as little as the masters please. The political education machine, run by the superintendent of education of state or city, has no control over them.

A good boarding school is more independent of the whims or theories of parents than a day school can be, and this is something for which any man in secondary education is grateful.

The independent school has usually a board of trustees, the duties and policies varying with the school, but a wise board of trustees selects the best headmaster it can find and leaves the management of the school to him—the selection of masters, the courses of study, the methods of discipline, and so forth—keeping a prudent oversight of the financial policy and situation of the school. Sometimes, such a school is embarrassed by the interference of its founder or financial backer. More than forty years ago, I met a master of one of the finest schools of the country, which was founded through the generosity of a lady—the lady remaining a member of the board of trustees as long as she lived. I said to him, "How are you getting along up there?" He replied: "We are doing finely. We have to resign in a body whenever we want a new coal scuttle, but otherwise everything goes smoothly." It requires a good deal of wisdom and self-effacement to found an institution like that, to be conscious that it could not exist but for the original gift, and then to leave the management absolutely in the hands of experts.

In financial matters as in other things, the independent schools differ. As a rule, however, they can afford to pay much higher salaries than those paid to the public-school teachers,

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and their value to the country is such as to induce many public-spirited men to add to their foundation. Most of them are comparatively independent financially, though the depression humbled them all and brought a competition for students that was decidedly harmful. But in this matter they did not differ from the colleges. For there was a time when it seemed to me that anybody could get into even Yale or Harvard, if only there was good assurance that he could pay the fees.

All ambitious secondary schools are hampered by the low standards of accomplishment and training which prevail in the country, but the most successful boarding schools, owing to their prestige, can exercise a selection among the candidates for admission which is a tremendous advantage to them in their educational work. Such schools have exercised a steady influence in improving the quality of American education in two directions. In the first place, the competition for admission to a dozen fine schools raises the standard in a great many schools which are preparing younger boys for the entrance examinations. On the other hand, the colleges have been able to raise their requirements and thus receive very much better prepared students, because of the better training which these schools are able to give. President Seymour of Yale, for instance, says: "To any one who has spent the past quarter-century in college teaching, the outstanding fact is the improvement in the quality of the youth who come up to freshman year from the preparatory schools. They are better grounded in fundamentals, they are willing to work harder, and they are more appreciative of the opportunities for a liberal education. We should be disappointed if they did not display, from time to time, the playfulness of the male animal between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, but there are far fewer than there used to be of those who look on college merely as four years of green pasture."

There is an expression I have heard called "passing the buck"—used, I am told, in a certain American game. Well, we educators all indulge in this practice. The colleges blame the secondary schools for poor material which they receive; the secondary schools blame the primary schools; all three blame the parents, and the parents with impartiality blame the whole lot of them. Occasionally, some cynical educator gives a sweeping condemnation of the branch of education to which he himself is devoting his life. There was a Harvard professor who heard some lady commenting in an enthusiastic way on the great reservoir of knowledge and culture at Harvard. He smiled and said, "Well, you see, every freshman brings a little knowledge, and as no senior ever takes any away, it naturally accumulates." When we compare our accomplishments with the education of older countries, there seems to be blame enough to go around. Common sense tells us that the years from five or six to thirteen or fourteen are vital, and I think that we are still unaware of the amount of useful training and acquisition that are possible in those years. The entrance committees of good schools run across the most amazing variety of preparation, some of the failures indicating almost a lack of honesty in the schools.

Long ago, a boy came to me from a large and popular private school in an important city. The reports from that school which had been sent to his home for a number of years previous did not show any mark below 90; but he proved to know very little indeed about any of his subjects, and his preparation for college was a hard struggle. I said: "John, you know what a time you had in your different studies. What did those high marks mean in your old school?" He smiled and said, "Well, as far as I can make out, sir, we are marked 90 for being present."

The law forbids a grocer to put a little comparatively harmless sand in the sugar which he sells to the boy's father. But

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can that fraud be compared with the complete waste of those years—years during which the father had a perfect right to assume that his boy was an exceptionally fine scholar—priceless years which could never be restored?

Granting the restrictions of finance and poor preparation, we find the private schools enjoying a freedom of immense value to themselves and the public. They can experiment in methods of mental training, character development and curriculum, as no other schools can. They have the boy in school hours and out. More and more, they are endeavoring to develop the whole boy. The physical development is easy, and all good schools aim not mainly at the training of good football and baseball teams, but at the best physical development of the whole body of students.

As to mental and moral training, there is infinite variety in method, with a general agreement as to the goal to be reached. There is a generous rivalry among the schools, in which one school learns from another, and in which every experiment is watched. Outside the curriculum, and sometimes inside it, schools are developing vigorously, largely on the side of art and music, and in debate and current events, and are finding that there is nothing inconsistent between a thorough preparation in what we regard as the more solid subjects and a development of a general culture in which the average educated American is deficient.

The subject of discipline is very important, and in this progressive age I dread to show my conservative or even reactionary tendencies. Let me seek all the mercy possible by saying that I yield to no one in the belief that it is desirable that there should be affection and respect for the teacher on the part of the boy, and that, in the main, the pupils should be convinced, if possible, of the reasonableness of the discipline to which they are subjected. *But* I am a great believer in the vital importance for character building of that which comes

from training in *old-fashioned obedience*. I believe that a boy should get the habit of obeying the law because it is the law — of obeying the properly constituted authorities because they *are* such. The farther we move on toward the Golden Age in which the people shall rule, the more vital becomes the necessity that the people shall obey. In some communities, public opinion will support the public-school authorities in maintaining a strict standard of discipline. In others, any attempt at inflicting penalties needed to enforce such a standard brings irate parents and after them the school-board politicians into the fray; and soon it is not the boy but the unfortunate teacher who is on trial. In some private schools, those in which the pocket nerve is abnormally developed, in which pupils must be secured and kept at all hazards, a more extraordinary state of things can be found, ranging from individual insolence to general insubordination and riot.

In a boarding school near one of our large cities, the headmaster was engaged in conducting morning prayer in the main hall of the school when an egg went by his head and struck the wall behind. The boy who threw it was detected. The faculty sat on the case for a while and finally deducted five points from the boy's record for neatness and politeness. There is something delicious about that.

In English schools flogging is still a common punishment, a remarkable proof of British conservatism. Public opinion has banished the custom in this country, but there are few headmasters who have not encountered boys for whom the rod would have done wonders. Then, flogging is so simple and easy, and the English masters laugh at our difficulty in finding fit penalties for petty offenses. The rule against smoking, for instance, is enforced easily and without much friction in an English school. An English headmaster visiting one of our best preparatory schools was told that the penalty for smok-

ing was expulsion. He said: "Good heavens! What do you do when a boy does something wrong?"

A graduate of Oxford told me of an English headmaster who was talking with a vigorous, athletic master of his school to whom he generally delegated the duty of corporal punishment. A young master came in and handed the headmaster a list which the head promptly turned over to his subordinate. The subordinate said, "The usual number, I suppose?" The headmaster nodded. The boys on the list were given a severe trouncing. It was not discovered till later that it was a list of the boys who were to be confirmed the following Sunday. The Oxford man told me this to indicate how much a matter of course flogging was in English schools in the middle of the last century.

A story is told of Mahaffy, the distinguished Irish classical scholar, who was a strong partisan and was given to overstatement. In a vigorous debate about flogging, he said, "I don't believe in it; it is all wrong. I never was flogged but once in my life, and that was for telling the truth." "Well, Mahaffy," said his friend, "it cured you!"

In both England and America we find headmasters growing gray over the beginner in teaching who proves to be conspicuously lacking in the qualities hard to define, and sometimes impossible to be sure of, which would enable him to exercise discipline. One such man may do a good deal toward upsetting the serenity of school life. If the headmaster openly interferes to help, it is a sign of surrender and the young man's authority and prestige are gone forever. On the other hand, an extreme case may admit of no other course.

An Englishman told me of a young master in an English public school with whom the boys took unpardonable liberties. There was a kind of competition in their mischief, until finally one daring youngster put a field mouse down the mas-

ter's neck. This was so outrageous that the master reported the boy to the headmaster. The latter thundered at him and asked him how he came to do anything so disgraceful. The frightened boy blabbered and finally said: "How was I to know that he would draw the line at a field mouse?"

It is the ambition of each boarding school that a boy on entering shall find a school spirit that will take hold of the best that is in him, develop that best, and make him an instrument to hand down that spirit, strengthened and enriched, to his successor. Direct personal influence of the right sort of men is very important, but indirect influence, that which comes to the school through the older boys, if they themselves are of the right sort and under right guidance, is hard to exaggerate. The spirit I refer to must include all good influences. The boy who is weak thus finds that lying and cheating are not merely against the rules or under the condemnation of the faculty, the atmosphere he breathes, the example set by those manly older boys who are his heroes, make him feel that these things are simply "not done." The spirit that makes him cheer and play for the school is easy, but he soon finds in a good school a spirit that demands clean play. It demands that a fellow representing the school must take the decision of the umpire. Loyalty to anything bigger and better than one's self is a fine part of education. Boys, of course, differ in their opinions of different masters, but they find running through the school a comradeship, a feeling that boys and masters are all working in general for the same end, which dispels the old traditional feeling of hostility. A boy finds—and I believe that nothing solid can be built on anything else—a spirit of hard work. Work in his studies is the boy's business. Fun and exercise are good and he feels that in these the masters sympathize, but he must come up to the standard in his work first. The spirit of scholarship for its own sake is hard to cultivate in modern days. Perhaps it would be

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fairer to say that it always has been hard to cultivate. One thing that makes it so hard in all our secondary schools is that much of the drudgery which should have been done from eight to twelve, must now be done by boys of fourteen and sixteen. But we are making progress.

The aim of the school upon the character side is to fit boys for the freedom of college life or the world. While boarding schools differ in many ways, the object of all of them is such a gradual increase of freedom and responsibility from the bottom to the top, as will bring a boy to the point at which the step into college life will be a natural development, rather than a violent break.

It is said with great truth that nothing counts so much in a boy's moral training as conscientious parents and a good home life of high ideals. It ought to be said, however, that many parents with excellent intentions, but with only the average grip on their boys, fail in the contest they must wage against modern luxury and materialism. They so far fail sometimes to regulate their home lives as to make hardly any fight at all. Moreover, a fine home influence on a boy goes on steadily through his life at school. The school builds on it. It gives him such practice in its principles and ideals in its own little world as no home can possibly give. It is a curious idea that home influence stops when a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old boy has gone to boarding school. We schoolmasters rejoice in many cases that that influence goes on in full measure, while in other cases we sadly acknowledge its power and our inability to counteract it. This home influence would go on even if there were no vacations in which the boys can see their parents or their home surroundings.

Nothing is so vital in education as a proper sense of values, and the combination of the school's public opinion and the personal influence of masters should give a boy this invaluable guide. Perhaps it would be more modest and truthful to say

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that it should modify, as far as possible in the right direction, the sense of values which the boy brings from his home and from the community in which he lives.

Some time ago *Fortune* contained a silly article on American boarding schools. There was a tone of smartness about it that was offensive and its superficiality was evident in every paragraph. Its treatment of Groton was especially absurd.

One of the main charges against our whole system was that these schools had played no such part in America as the great public schools had played in England. The difference between England, with its governing classes, the children of which were educated exclusively in Eton and Harrow and the rest of the public schools, and this great democracy in which our rulers come from all classes, seems to have escaped the attention of the author. He was especially unfortunate in selecting Groton as a victim, because the record of old boys of Groton in public life and in other fields of leadership has been conspicuous.

CHAPTER XXVI

SCHOLARSHIP BOYS

I AM postponing for separate chapters athletics, curriculum, and religion, taking the subjects in the inverse order of their importance.

More than forty years ago, Taft began to receive scholarship boys. Their board, lodging, and tuition were generally free. The selection was rather haphazard until about twenty years ago, when scholarships at the school were advertised in the catalogue and old boys were notified that their recommendations would be welcome. Since then, regional scholarships have been offered. At one time, the school had more than thirty boys on full scholarships, but since the depression the number has, of necessity, been reduced, and the scholarship has involved the payment of about one-third of the ordinary charge.

If the selection is wise, it is hard to think of an investment so rich in dividends in every way. Of course, the school aims at finding boys of high and strong character and excellent mentality, who feel their responsibility and opportunity and whose weight is on the right side. A difficulty arises if a boy is conspicuously of the right kind. We like to have him grow up in the school that he may get and give as much as possible: get, because of thorough preparation in the lower classes and long experience in school life; and give, because the authority of a boy of fine character is naturally greater if he is a veteran in the school. The trouble is that this involves appointment at quite a youthful age and it is hard to feel sure how well a

boy will develop. The scholarship question is not so difficult, but the question of character and influence is a hard one to answer in a boy of fourteen. A boy may grow up to be a mere lesson-getter.

I have spoken of dividends on this investment. First, comes the opportunity given the boys themselves. What greater privilege can come to a schoolmaster than to enable boys of exceptional character and ability to receive training which circumstances would otherwise deny them? It may be the making of them.

The school profits in every way. We have the moral influence of these boys, the raising of the intellectual standard, and the helping of the democratic spirit. Boys are naturally democratic. Money may prevail at home, but the youngsters find their level in a boarding school. The scholarship boy, generally poor and generally acknowledged as superior in various ways, is a very healthy example.

Sometimes a man has to beware of his old boys. Most of the graduates of a school keenly appreciate what is needed, but occasionally an athletic enthusiast highly recommends a boy whose athletic record constitutes his chief claim. This difficulty is not as great as it is in college, because of the loyalty of the old boys to the general idea, and also the ease of investigation of the candidate. Some of my own old boys used to complain that it was necessary to conceal from me the fact that a candidate was a good pitcher or an excellent halfback. This was moonshine. I was always glad that a scholarship boy should take part in every activity for which he was fitted, athletics included; but of course I was always aware of the danger arising from the enthusiasm of old athletes.

The fraudulent private schools, if I may call them so—I mean private schools that are run for revenue only—are even worse than those colleges which regard their athletic teams



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as an important part of their advertisement, and a lure to boys who are selecting a school. It is amazing how far the spirit of this goes. I received a letter from the principal of a great high school, urging me to admit a boy on a full scholarship. The letter consisted of two single-space, typewritten pages. One sentence was devoted to the boy's character and scholarship, and that part of the recommendation was exceedingly mild. For the rest, the principal said that the boy was the best athlete the school had ever had, and went on through those two pages to tell what a record he had made in various branches of sport. The rules would allow him to play no longer on the high-school team, and the principal was anxious to have him go to a school where he would receive the best coaching. I replied rather sarcastically, commenting on the lack of commendation in regard to character and scholarship, and received an indignant letter, stating that a school ought to aim to develop a boy on all sides. I wrote to say that I thought so too, but that he had paid attention to only one side, which was that of athletics. I added that if I followed the policy that he was urging, I could secure a football team that could play the Yale Varsity. Here was the head of a large educational institution, taking it for granted that schools were buying athletes.

Before leaving the subject I ought to say what a gratification it has been to be able to help so many fine young men and to watch their careers in later life.

I have already spoken of what some high schools have done in having select classes and giving them the special instruction they are fitted to appreciate and profit by. They have a great opportunity because of the large number of students from which they can choose. I think that every good independent school is aiming at the same thing. Eventually, I believe that there will be at least two kinds of examinations for

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admission to college and two kinds of diplomas granted by the colleges at graduation. As I have said, the influence of such a system would run down even through the primary schools.

CHAPTER XXVII

EXTRA-CURRICULUM—ESPECIALLY ATHLETICS

A WISE educator does not belittle any of the extra-curriculum activities which naturally develop in schools, and especially in boarding schools. He recognizes their value. They supply the opportunity for initiative and special interests, and often develop a talent which is of great use in life for an avocation, if not for a vocation. In these, the indirect influence of masters of different talents and interests is immensely valuable. Groups discussing books, not from the standpoint of the classroom, with a man of culture, acquire a viewpoint, a taste, an appreciation which can be developed in no other way. The same, of course, is true of music, art, collecting in scientific lines, and the love and knowledge of nature in the open. An appreciation of countless good things can be developed in ways undreamed of. I remember hearing an interesting talk by Lorado Taft, the distinguished sculptor—a talk he gave on shipboard about the development of the appreciation of beauty. He told of a camp somewhere in Illinois which artists of various kinds attended in the summer. A daughter of a neighboring farmer took care of the tent or shack of Mr. and Mrs. Taft. There was a glorious sunset one evening, and all the artists and their families watched it in raptures. The girl asked whether she might not run down to her home and tell her folks. Mr. Taft said: "Yes, certainly, but why take the trouble? They will see the sunset as well as we." The girl replied: "Oh, no, they won't. I never seen a sunset till I was with you folks."

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I have already told how boys were attracted to Mr. Roberts's room and exposed to good music. The results were very gratifying. An improvement upon this has been made since my retirement. Every Sunday evening from nine to ten a program of the best music is given in the auditorium. Attendance is quite optional, but a large proportion of the school attends and shows a growing appreciation of the great masters.

One hardly needs to tell of the profit that comes to many boys from school publications. With the initiative from the boys, as it should be, and under the friendly guidance and correction of masters, this may mean more than classroom instruction. The newspaper often tends to degenerate into a mere description of athletic games, with a few notes about alumni. Perhaps we can pardon this when we see the space given to athletic games in college papers. On the other hand, the school magazine gives opportunity for all kinds of writing; and many a boy who distinguishes himself in writing or speaking in college has had his preliminary training in writing for the school publications.

Debate offers a splendid opportunity. The spirit of rivalry helps. The preparation for debates leads to a knowledge of government and history, which for many boys might be postponed for years or even indefinitely. The ability to stand on one's feet and speak without embarrassment is, in itself, a very valuable thing. The reasoning and orderly method in constructing an argument mean much. Some day, there will be a marked gain in everyday speech, from training in the use of the voice. We Americans must admit that there is room for it.

I have already spoken of our plan which I called a compulsory optional. Every boy of the two upper classes is required to be a member of a class in public speaking. He has to prepare speeches at regular intervals and deliver them be-

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fore his group of a dozen or more. If, however, he qualifies for admission to the debating society, he is excused from the public speaking class. The debating is so much more interesting and, moreover, offers to an ambitious boy so much in opportunity, that every boy takes the test and tries to qualify. The drama, the glee club, the orchestra—all these bring variety and offer opportunities.

To be sure, the ordinary boy can partake of only one or two of these activities, if he is to make real progress. It is the aim of the faculty to see that, while as many as possible pursue valuable interests on their own initiative and with what help the faculty can give them, the side show shall not become the whole circus. With some ardent specialists that is a real danger.

This leads to a consideration of athletics—their use and abuse. An old boy of mine who had reached his junior year in college had a frank and confidential talk with me and told me of some of my shortcomings as a headmaster. I was greatly pleased because it was very nicely done and evidently with the best intentions. His chief charge was that I was not enough interested in athletics. The charge surprised me a little bit as coming from him, because if ever a boy's life was wrapped up in the marking book and the textbooks, it was his. However, I was put upon my defense. I said:

"Why, Jim! I'm interested in athletics. I like to have the boys get their exercise and their fun, and I like to see them win."

"Yes, but you never come out to watch the practice, and you miss half of the big games."

"Yes, I must admit that, but it seems to me that I am throwing my weight where it is needed. If all the boys in the school were crowding the library, and hurting their eyes and their health by reading and studying too much, and were suffering from lack of exercise and fresh air, you would find me out on

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the side lines, cheering and carrying on like a Lower Middled. I have always taken it for granted that that part of school life would be thoroughly attended to, and that my job was to see that the sports were used and not abused."

The tremendous interest in sports and especially in interscholastic and intercollegiate games must be recognized, but any sensible headmaster has a very important task in addition. A Japanese once described an American college as an athletic institution in which intellectual opportunities are provided for the weak-bodied. The serious trouble implied in this description will run down through the schools if permitted.

Let us take the good side first. Sport offers an opportunity for physical training which nothing else does. The voluntary nature of it, the fun, the rivalry engendered, make for the great majority a natural training, and offer the boy, moreover, an outlet for the surging vitality of youth. The main thing is to see that an opportunity is given to the ordinary boy which is equal to that given to the members of the school teams—an aim which is accomplished in a good school by class teams or teams representing groups into which the school is divided, between whom rivalry is natural and wholesome. No matter how numerous these organizations are, some boys are left out for good reasons and need physical culture under a regular routine. Even the best athletes ought to supplement their activity on the field by something of the kind.

On the moral side, as advocates of athletics always point out, there are many advantages. For one thing, it is an activity in which usually a boy's heart is enlisted. Then, in the major sports, he learns team play, a habit of lifelong usefulness. He learns prompt obedience, a rare and precious thing in American life. He learns in the ideal of training a simple kind of self-sacrifice and, being on his honor, may learn a more valuable lesson still. I have seen in college and school fine examples of honor in this matter and some beautiful ex-

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amples of disloyalty. It is, however, a question of ethics which the average boy can understand, and that is a very important consideration.

Pluck and endurance are natural products of the game, though these do not always carry over into ordinary life. Physical courage and endurance are much more common and much more easy to develop than moral courage and the endurance of the daily grind which most of us must face.

Two things more precious than any of these can be developed in athletic games, but only under leaders with high ideals of ethics and sport—under coaches whose main idea is to win (their name is legion), the very opposite results are obtained. One is fair play, a chivalrous regard for the rules of the game. If in a contest in which his whole mind and heart are engaged a boy learns to be scrupulously fair, he has learned a lesson which is pure gold and which will stand him in good stead in the business or political temptations which may come in the battle of life.

The other is the habit of mind which makes him take the decision of the umpire, a habit on which democracy itself is built. The spirit that produces these two cannot come from mere didactic preaching. It must run through the whole school and the teams, and its nourishment must be the constant aim of headmasters and coaches. The two mental habits go together. It is hard for a boy to play fair if he constantly puts his judgment up against the umpire's. The zeal of the headmaster or coach, however hotly it burns, must be held in control or the partisanship of the boys will get out of hand. If these vitally important matters are disregarded, sport becomes a training in crookedness, insubordination, and bad manners.

Having spoken of the great educational advantages to be derived from athletics, I can only defend myself against the charge of my old boy by dwelling on the enormous dispro-

portion of the attention given to it, not only in school and college, but throughout life. A man in education is constantly trying to teach proper values. I was glad to hear President Angell say, in a commencement address, that a man who at forty regarded a defeat of his college team or crew as about equivalent to a defeat of the right cause in politics or in the European war is not an educated man. I was tickled to hear of an enthusiastic meeting of old oarsmen of one of our finest colleges. There was a great deal of the spirit of "Go out and die for dear old Rutgers." And yet it had its serious side. What was striking was that nearly all the speakers—remember they were not sophomores—were complaining that the raised standard of scholarship at their beloved institution, both for admission and for promotion and graduation, was seriously handicapping the rowing record of the university. Certainly such speeches made by grown men give food for thought. I was delighted to see that President Hutchins of Chicago had the moral courage to try the experiment of abolishing intercollegiate athletics, and confining athletic activity to groups within the institution. It may not succeed, but it is a fine, brave experiment.

This overemphasis on athletics and overestimate of its importance in education run down through college and school; and even masters, who are heartily in favor of a general education and believe in clean athletics, feel the influence to the full. I remember going to bed late one night, having sat up to hear the result of an important political contest. The result was still doubtful when I went to bed. I rose early and hurried downstairs, to find two young masters at the schoolroom door, one of them with the morning paper in his hand. I said, rather excitedly, "How did it come out?" To which they replied enthusiastically, in one breath, "The Giants won!" Here was a question of great public interest and importance which filled

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no space in their minds, compared with that taken by a contest between two professional teams.

This subject brings to mind a story which Yale men like to tell. In a Chinese harbor two American warships were anchored, and a race was beginning between two crews representing their respective ships. A tall, athletic-looking American said to a friend, "That crew will win—it has the better stroke."

A little Chinaman spoke up and said: "I think you are mistaken, sir. The other crew is in better form."

"What do you know about rowing?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, what do you know about rowing?"

"You seem to talk like an American. Did you ever hear of St. Paul's School?"

"Yes."

"Well, I rowed two years on the St. Paul's crew, and I was a member of the '81 Harvard crew. That is what I know about rowing. What do you?"

"You have the advantage of me in having seen Harvard row. I was the coxswain of the Yale crew in 1881, and after the first few lengths I did not see Harvard at all."

Some debunker will come along and prove that there was no St. Paul's man on the 1881 crew. However, Yale won that race and Mun Yew Chung, a very popular member of my class, was our coxswain. Surely that is a larger proportion of truth than you have a right to expect in a good story like that.

We have all been struck by the values put on different parts of education by boys. Long ago, a very able fellow wrote a communication to our school publication, in which he expressed the hope that the students would not take seriously the opinions of the masters in regard to the importance of study. He went on to say that everybody knew that generally

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the men who succeeded in life were those at the bottom of the class and the failures came from the top. It was quite a test of the question of freedom of the press in school. I made no protest, but Harley Roberts came to me and said that he thought that communication would do harm.

"I think so, too," I said. "Why don't you answer it?"

"How?"

"Hunt up an article written by Cauty Deming on the records of the two top men, valedictorian and salutatorian, of twenty classes at Yale." I think that those twenty classes were the last ones that had valedictorians and salutatorians.

He soon came back with the record. When we consider how little we can tell about the way in which a college boy is going to develop, the record was really a remarkable one. Here were forty men: some had died early, one or two had become insane, very few were failures; there were, however, distinguished doctors, lawyers, college presidents, writers, one solicitor-general, one President of the United States. After looking the record over I said:

"Harley, I knew this before. I read Deming's article some years ago. But now make up another list. Take those same twenty years and make a list of the captains of the baseball and football teams and the crews. Those are the fellows who 'know men' and will carry weight in life's battle. There will be about the same number. See what kind of record they made."

He came back in a few days. "Horace, I can't print that record. I know a lot of those men personally."

I laughed. "I knew you did. But make a general statement comparing the two lists."

He did so and put it into the school paper. The contrast was striking and, naturally, knocked the boy's easy generalization into a cocked hat. Similar comparisons have been made at other universities, both in this country and in England, and

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the general results are always the same. A boy notices a top scholar who is merely a lesson-getter and who plays an insignificant part in after life. He fails to notice the army of young athletes who reach their climax in glory in their senior year. The truth is that a very brilliant record in college athletics is quite a test of a man's character and presents a real danger. When he has been in the public eye and has had his picture, perhaps, published in newspapers from coast to coast, it is hard to settle down to the steady and obscure grind which is necessary for success in any activity in life.

I have regarded my own lack of skill in sports, and the mildness of my interest in them, as both a handicap and a help. There can be no doubt that coaching boys and being with them in these activities that are so dear to their hearts brings a man nearer to them. And if he hasn't that advantage, he must cultivate an intimacy and sympathetic acquaintance with them in other ways. If, however, he can do that, he can more easily inculcate the highest ideals of sport than if he exhorts the boys after the fashion of a coach and leads them into battle, as it were. The spectacle of a headmaster or a coach leading his boys in a dispute with the umpire is not edifying and promotes exactly the wrong spirit.

The standard of eastern colleges at least, in this regard, has steadily risen since my graduation, I am sure; but I do not believe that it equals that of preparatory schools. Long ago, an old boy who was in a leading college told me of a coach who "put pep into you." I inquired further, and found that one talent the coach had was that of showing how a player could use his fists in the line without attracting the attention of the officials. As I have said, this was long ago, but I have never forgotten it. Here was a boy with at least ordinary instincts for fair play, who had been in a good clean atmosphere and who, eagerly ambitious for promotion, found himself under a coach whose word could make him or break him, and whose opinion

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of clean sport was indicated by that incident. That coach had the general reputation of an unscrupulous player, and yet he retained his position for some time.

One of the finest of headmasters, the soul of honor and good sportsmanship, went out to the side lines on a practice day to see how his boys were developing under the instruction of a young fellow who had come up for a day or two from college. He heard the coach explain a certain maneuver and spoke up sharply to inquire whether that was allowed by the rules. The coach had not known he was there, looked embarrassed, and said, "Oh, Dr. X, you want to have the game played exactly according to rules, don't you?" To which the headmaster said, "Of course I do!" The coach said, "All right, boys, you needn't use that trick *unless you have to.*"

I repeat, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of inculcating the spirit of fair play and the habit of taking the decision of the umpire without a murmur in these activities which are so important to the boy.

William Lyon Phelps somewhere in his autobiography quotes an Englishman, I think A. P. Herbert, on the eager competition in American colleges for various kinds of positions and records. This really brings up a remarkable difference between English and American boys. The difference is seen not only in our colleges but in our schools. The English have plenty of competition in scholarship and athletics, but they know very little about the multiplication of publications, elective officers, managerships of numerous organizations, new varieties of sports, and college fraternities. It is the natural thing for an American boy to wish "to make something"—an editorship, an assistant managership, a part in a play, a fraternity, and so forth. All these are pursued with an intensity that seems natural to us, but is bewildering to an Englishman. Why the difference? Is it that in the dead level of our democracy we crave something that shall mark us as different



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from the herd, while in England the difference depends on a social standing much more plainly marked than here? Or is it the American hustle which has got into our blood and drives us on in any competition?

This desire to "make something" sometimes appears in spheres in which it is shockingly out of place. A freshman at Yale, who in a large secondary school had been a sprinter and hoped for distinction in that line, was beaten badly in a track meet—so badly as to make it evident that he could never reach the top. A fellow freshman, who knew his ambition, condoled with him. He replied: "Yes, that ends that. I guess now I can only go out for Dwight Hall." Dwight Hall was the religious organization, the Y.M.C.A. of Yale!

CHAPTER XXVIII
CURRICULUM—ESPECIALLY THE
CLASSICS

Curriculum, curriculum,
O verbum ter ridiculum
With which the pedants tickle 'em.

NO man who looks back forty years and considers the changes that have come can think of our present curriculum or of the scale of values of different subjects of education as fixed. Greek has almost disappeared. Latin competes with modern languages and several other subjects. Forty years ago, French and German were intruders, trying to get a little foothold. Still feeble were the efforts in the natural sciences, while music and the arts were quite outside the pale. Probably nobody can prophesy anything as to the course of study forty years hence, except that it will be very different from our present curriculum.

The situation has been profoundly changed by two movements. The first is the progressive education movement—so vague and taking such different forms, contributing some good ideas and some that bid fair to be ruinous. The good consists in the shaking up which was given to us complacent conservatives—a shaking up which has resulted in our taking account of stock, estimating the relative value of different parts of the curriculum, studying the individual capacities and tastes of our students, and adapting the curriculum and instruction to these—and, in general, a more searching in-

quiry into the purpose and method of education than ever was made before by practical educators. These are great contributions.

I have already discussed what seemed to me harmful in the progressive theories, especially in the hands of extremists, and have complained of the grip which they have on the public-school system through superintendents of education. In the worst cases their system is quite demoralizing, and a boy who has had some years of it must suffer much, either in an institution that insists on discipline and work and guidance or in the world, which will prove more cruel still. The fact that he cannot spell or multiply or write correctly is a small matter compared with a lack of concentration, will power, and obedience to proper authority.

The second movement which has complicated matters is the emphasis on the vocational. With the enormous growth in numbers in all educational institutions, this was sure to come. Laws compel boys and girls to stay in school much longer than in the old days. If we can pacify the trade unions, those boys and girls must receive some preliminary instruction which may take the place of the apprenticeships which used to train them. Let us strive and pray for two things: first, that such vocational instruction may not begin too early, and that in the grade school pupils may be thoroughly taught the "three R's," and may acquire some ability to concentrate on a difficult job, even if it is not to their taste (this idea seems visionary—perhaps it is); second, that the schools undertake to give instruction only in vocations in which they can give thorough groundwork. The experience of employers with pupils who have had elementary instruction in trades has been discouraging.

In higher education, one perpetual subject for debate is the study of the classics. The orthodox progressives would banish this subject from the curriculum completely. The compromis-

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ers content themselves with criticizing the way it is taught. My own position on this and some other subjects reminds me of what I was told by Dr. William Thayer, who was for so many years the distinguished headmaster of St. Mark's School. He said that after his resignation he offered some criticism of the school curriculum methods. "Yes," was the answer, "you men who have served your term and retired are like rovers in croquet. You have been through all the wickets and now have nothing to do except to go around and knock the other balls out of position."

I recently read a book, called "Value of the Classics," edited by Dean Andrew F. West and published in 1917. It contains all the advantages which are claimed for classical training, and all the proofs of its unique value—the case for the classics being argued by Dean West himself, and reinforced by the opinions of many distinguished men. To my mind, some of the proofs are of doubtful validity, and some of the greatest advantages claimed are confined to a small minority of students. One proof is the superiority of classical students in college, even in the science courses. I have no doubt of the fact. But my own observation, which only confirms what one would expect, makes me think that the boys taking Latin are on the average decidedly superior in ability, home training, and general attitude toward learning, to the non-Latin students. They come, in most cases, from the homes of parents who are educated themselves and value education for their children, and who naturally think of the classics as necessary for the equipment of an educated man. The force of tradition in this matter is tremendous. This remark also applies to the truthful observation that boys from schools having no classical course are inferior in English to the others. It is an argument *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. In judging boys from such schools we must remember that the classics have been taught

for centuries and are, in general, decidedly better taught than courses in English and history.

Another proof consists of the testimony of a great number of distinguished educators, lawyers, doctors, businessmen—all products of the old curriculum—who would greatly regret the absence from their own lives of the civilization, discipline, and culture resulting from their classical training. This evidence is good as far as it goes. But these men do not know what might have been put in the place of the training to which they gave so many years. I do not think that educators, in general, have yet solved that problem.

What are the advantages of classical training, beginning with the less important?

First, it helps one to understand English grammar.

Second, it acquaints us with the roots and stems from which a large number of English words are derived. We cannot understand our own language unless we know something of its origins.

Third, a mental training in accuracy is acquired from learning inflections, from translation involving knowledge of these inflections, knowledge of vocabulary, finding the right word, and so forth.

Fourth, Latin is the foundation of French, Italian, and Spanish, and a knowledge of it is, therefore, a decided help in learning one of those languages.

Fifth, a classical training enables us to understand Latin quotations, including law maxims and phrases, and helps with Greek medical terms.

Sixth, it gives us a knowledge of Greek and Roman history, art, mythology, and philosophy—in general, the classical civilization.

Seventh, it brings a training in English, from translating into good English the exact thought and emphasis of the

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classical author. In this is emphasized clarity of expression.

Eighth, we become acquainted with the great literature of Greece and Rome—a splendid introduction to the literature of the world, including our own.

Before we consider these rich rewards of classical study, two or three remarks ought to be made about the whole subject. A goodly number of the men quoted speak as though questioning the amount of time given to the classics were against a liberal education, and were favoring practical or vocational training as opposed to mental and cultural training. They use such expressions as "a material view," "against the higher things of the mind and heart," "conflict of soul with sense," "must not ban training of spiritual nature," "a trained intelligence," "imagination, beauty, art, and so forth," "advocates of the easy and interesting school of thought." For myself, I am entirely in favor of a liberal education and opposed to substituting anything practical in the narrow sense, or vocational, or to taking a material view of the subject taught, or to underestimating literature, art, mythology, and history. For me, the controversy is inside the ranks of the friends of liberal culture.

In the second place, we must remember the tremendous competition of the many subjects proposed for modern education, and the unwisdom if not the impossibility of giving more time to classics than is now given, except for a small group. We cannot turn back the hands of the clock. I say this because, as I shall later explain, to attain the most precious of the results named above, it would be necessary to give much more time to classical study than we are now giving. In this connection, it is not enough to prove a positive benefit from classical study. We must always consider that benefit in comparison with what could have been learned in the same time, by a different kind of study.

In the third place, Greek has almost disappeared from the

curriculum of school and college. It survives in a few of our best schools, and in a few classes of specialists in college. Therefore, for 99 per cent of our secondary-school and college students, we must give up Greek literature, history, mythology, and so forth, or acquire them in English. All acknowledge that it is mainly Greek civilization which we have in mind when we are discussing the most precious part of the life of the ancient world.

Taking the results of the study of Latin in the order given, we come first to the knowledge it gives us of English grammar. It is a mystery to me why so much difficulty is made of the study of grammar in English. As John Stuart Mill says, in the main it is the study of a simple, logical process well adapted to young boys who have not yet reached the secondary-school age. If it is worth studying at all (and I thoroughly believe that it is), it can be easily taught by teachers who believe in it. The progressives object to it, or else teach it in such a way as to deprive it of all benefit in the way of training in logic. This knowledge of English grammar is decidedly advantageous for a pupil who is to learn an inflected language like Latin. It is quite true that you can learn the English grammar through the Latin, but it is a queer reversal of the natural process.

Second, I agree that it is good to know the roots and stems of the Latin language, from which English words are formed. It is interesting and, in some cases, helps to understand the English words. We cannot take seriously, however, the help to be derived in the spelling of English words. We can learn to spell *psychology* without Greek, just as we learn the more difficult mysteries of *deceive* and *relieve* and the lists of words in which these belong. Nevertheless, the relations of words and their derivatives are easy and profitable.

Third, the mental training involved. I am an *antediluvian*, and, in spite of our progressive friends, believe that there is

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decided training in accuracy and in other important things in the translation of Latin and in the writing of Latin. Dr. William Francis Magie is quoted in Dean West's book as saying that "the training in the use of the inductive or scientific method of reasoning can be obtained in no better way, than by the use of the grammar and dictionary in the interpretation of the meaning of some classical author. There is, in the problem offered by each sentence of a classical book, just the admixture of known and unknown, just the combination of previous acquisition with the necessity for discriminating choice among possibilities that is encountered in a physical investigation." This quotation interested me because it was so much like a statement which a distinguished physician made to me more than fifty years ago. He was decidedly opposed to the amount of time given to the classics, but he said that he would admit that the translation of a Latin sentence, combining as it did the selection of the proper meanings of words and the meanings of the case endings, the tense endings, and so forth, involved a mental process a good deal like that which a physician must use when he infers from various symptoms that a patient has this or that disease.

Fourth, help in modern languages. This is a practical argument, and it should be answered in a practical way. I gave six years to the study of Latin. What could I have learned in French in that time? I certainly could have acquired a good reading knowledge of the language in much less time.

Fifth, Latin quotations, including law maxims and phrases. I can't take this very seriously. It is true that, as Senator Lodge says, a knowledge of Latin is a mark of an educated man. The mark of an educated man, however, differs from age to age. The time will certainly come soon, when ignorance of Greek will not mark a man as uneducated. I admit that a person without any Latin at all is likely to be handicapped for some

time to come, and to commit ridiculous mistakes—the kind of mistakes to which any man is subject who makes false pretenses. A friend of mine wrote a book which a lady friend had heard called his “magnum opus.” She wrote him to congratulate him heartily on the success of the book and hoped that there would be many more “magni opi” from his pen!

I remember a pleasantry of William M. Evarts in the United States Supreme Court. He had made his argument, and the opposing lawyer, in beginning his, said that there were several *hiati* in the reasoning of his honored friend. Evarts rose and said, “I beg your pardon, your Honors, but there were no *hiati* in my reasoning.” His indignant opponent demanded to know why he should interrupt him. He had had his say and might at least wait until the *hiati* were pointed out. Evarts smiled and said, “Your Honors, I only wish to point out that *hiatus* is a noun of the fourth declension.”

An interesting biography of Mr. Evarts by Chester L. Barrows, recently published, contains another classical allusion. He was traveling through Vermont on a train with John Hay, and both were hungry. Hay got out at a station and could find nothing but a lot of greasy doughnuts. He bought a bagful. When he showed them to Mr. Evarts, the latter remarked: “*Timeo Danaos et doughnuts ferentes.*”

The remaining three rewards which come from classical study are much the most important, and I shall take them together. They consist of the acquaintance with Greek and Roman history, art, mythology, and philosophy—in short, the civilization of the ancient world; the acquaintance with the great literature of the ancients, a splendid introduction to world literature, including our own, and the training in English which comes from the accurate translation into good English of the exact meaning of the ancient language. These three products of classical training strongly outweigh all the others

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taken together. Can we accept them as the natural products of the classical training in America? Can they be acquired in no other way? Let us consider.

First, we must put out of our minds for 99 per cent of our students what we can get from the study of the Greek language, unless we think that we can turn back the tide. This means that we must teach what we can of Greek literature, history, art, mythology, and philosophy in English, whether the English of translation or not. We must admit that that is a prodigious subtraction from the sum total of culture and mental training to be derived from the classical languages. We are thrown back on Latin, which has a literature admittedly inferior to the Greek, and a philosophy and art largely borrowed from that language. Nevertheless, I believe the training in Latin well worth while for those to whom it will give a part of the great rewards promised above. But how many American students, devoting the time our schools give to the study of Latin and reaching only the low standard which we require, attain these rewards in any substantial amount? It is very important to look at the facts, for most of the evidence of the values involved comes from men who are of exceptional ability in language or have made a specialty of literature. The testimony, for instance, of distinguished Englishmen and Frenchmen is entirely aside from the point when we consider the time given to the classics in their countries and the extraordinary standard (to an American) attained by them.

Take my own case. I had Greek for three years in high school and two years in college. I read the required amount in Xenophon's "Anabasis," two or three books of the "Iliad," a little less of the "Odyssey," a couple of Greek plays, and some shorter bits. But I never read any Greek literature at all. Xenophon was not history to me. Homer was not poetry. The plays were not drama. They were language to be translated

as a puzzle is worked out, done at the rate of a page or two a day. Homer, for each day, was so many lines, and the scanning was a mechanical process. That process was not hard to learn, though it makes me laugh to think of the attempt to make me scan a Greek chorus.

This lays me open to the withering *argumentum ad hominem* with which a newspaper attacked Charles Francis Adams, Jr., when he criticized the waste of time involved in the classical training in American schools and colleges. Mr. Adams quoted from a letter written by his great-grandfather, old John Adams, to Thomas Jefferson. The old man began by saying that he was pleased to see that Jefferson agreed with him in regard to Plato, and then added: "Two things only did I learn from him. First, that Franklin's ideas of exempting husbandmen and marines from the depredation of war were borrowed from him, second that sneezing is a cure for hiccoughs." The editor said that this threw no light on Plato at all, but that it threw a good deal of light on the Adamses. His retort cannot stand as an argument, because we are not discussing the value of Plato's philosophy or the eloquence of Demosthenes, but simply how much the student gets from these in the course he must pursue. I think, for instance, that most of my class could say the same thing that I have said. Greek was my poorest subject, but I think that I must have been up to the average of the class. We had men in our class, like McLaughlin and Joe Lewis, who were exceptional in literary ability, and who read Greek as literature. I doubt whether they would constitute more than 10 per cent of the class; and, of course, they would have had much finer training in languages and literature if they had not been held back by the rest of us. I asked the valedictorian of one of our best New England colleges whether he had read the Greek authors as literature. He replied in the negative, saying that the lessons were tasks to be worked out. For all those of whom this is

true, the study of Greek is not an introduction to a great literature or a development of a taste for literature. What I am trying to argue is that for the great rewards of classical study, the only ones for which anybody would seriously urge the devotion of so great an amount of time, either the student must be of exceptional ability in language and literature, or he must give much more time under much harder pressure than we now give in American education. I am not humble enough to think myself incapable of appreciating Homer or Demosthenes, granted the required familiarity with Greek. I say this because of my appreciation of poetry and oratory in English. I have received more pleasure and profit in a literary way from reading excellent translations of Demosthenes and Pericles and Socrates (through Plato) and some Greek plays, than I ever received from the whole five years devoted to the study of Greek.

Generally speaking, this argument holds for Latin. If we are to obtain the great rewards which distinguished Englishmen attribute to classical study, we must follow their methods. How much profit the *average* student at Eton or Winchester gets from his Latin, I do not know. But the honor students, who constitute a reasonable proportion of the student body, acquire a familiarity with an easy use of the classical languages, of which we have no conception. These English schools begin the classics very early, require memory work beyond anything which we know, and reach a point at which these "top-notchers" read the great literature of the ancients with ease and pleasure. The translation of the classical authors is an admirable training in English for them, because it can be taken for granted that they know what the classical authors meant, and the instructor is not trying to bring out a grammatical question or to make sure that the student knows the literal meaning of the text.

One of our brightest boys, a young man of exceptional abil-

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ity proven in many ways in both school and Yale, wrote me from an English university, saying, "How do they do it?" He told of an amusing conversation with one of the best classical scholars which threw a side light on the process. The American had asked him how they attain such excellence in the classics—and then told how he had argued with me as to the value of the classics. The English student said, "You said that to the *Head*?" "Why, certainly! Why not?" "Oh, nothing, except that you would have had a good trouncing over here, if you had tried such a thing." "But do you think that fair?" "You didn't ask me anything about its being fair. You asked me how we know so much."

An American teacher of the classics told me that he had attended a Latin recitation of a bright class in an English public school. He said that the knowledge of the literal meaning of the text seemed to be taken for granted, and that the style of the English translation was far beyond anything which he could require in his class at home. My conclusion is that we ought to begin Latin much earlier than we do, perhaps even at nine or ten, as they do in England; ought to require a good deal of memory work and accurate knowledge of inflections; a considerable memorizing of Latin roots and stems and English derivatives; and the memorizing of many Latin quotations with their translations. This should not be made easy, but hard and thorough. For those youngsters who take it readily and show linguistic ability and, in their English work exceptional literary appreciation, I would give much more Latin than is given them today, with easy Latin texts to read in a long vacation—in other words, this would be a course for specialists. For the rest, I would give only half of the time, or less, which is now given to those who present the full regular requirements in Latin, for Yale and Harvard.

For the majority, I would give part of the time saved to Greek literature and history. If one-quarter of the time I gave

to Greek had been given to this study, I should have had a knowledge of Greek civilization, history, mythology, and so forth, far beyond what I have ever had. The boys of today have the great advantage of fine translations. Let us not speak too contemptuously of translations. I admit great loss in poetry, but reading Homer rapidly in a fine translation gives us a knowledge of mythology, of the society described, and an understanding of the countless allusions in Greek and other literature. The dramatists can be read with interest, with the history as a background, and the orators are still orators in the fine translations of Demosthenes and Pericles. It grieves me to think what a smattering I received of all which, theoretically, the study of Greek was supposed to give me.

We must beware of conventional arguments. I knew a man who taught Greek all his mature life. He was an excellent teacher of the mechanical kind, and his boys were well prepared for college examinations. Every year or two, his conscience urged him to write a letter to one of the prominent New York papers, setting forth the advantage of Greek. His chief argument was always the development of a literary taste and the introduction to a great literature that would serve as a foundation for the understanding and appreciation of all other literature. It never occurred to him that he, whose chief business was the teaching of Greek, had never read since his graduation from college any Greek except what was required for admission to college, nor any appreciable amount of great literature in English. He was perfectly honest in his argument. He simply adopted the conventional ideas and looked no further.

There are many good reasons for studying French. Occasionally, however, I have met a mother who explained her anxiety to have her daughter learn French by referring to the great French literature which would be opened to her. It never occurred to her that we have a great English literature

of which the daughter had read a few detective novels and nothing else except what was prescribed by her school authorities. It is hard to get away from the conventional.

I have said that what was true in Greek for me is true for the great majority in Latin. Of course, skillful teaching makes a marked difference, but the overwhelming majority of students, I feel sure, do not reach the point at which they read poets and orators as literature. I have talked with some excellent teachers of Latin who are inclined to resent my argument that, for the majority, the mental training involved was the chief advantage, and not anything connected with literature. Remember, my complaint is not that our American boys know *too much* about ancient civilization and history, but that under the present system they know *too little*. I remember an incident in the life of Charles Fox. He was notoriously a great gambler and a very unsuccessful one. On one occasion, he sat up the whole night and lost a fortune, which it would be incumbent upon his father, Lord Holland, to pay. Neither the loss of the fortune nor the loss of sleep troubled Charles, but he was found reclining on a sofa in the morning, enjoying the "Odes" of Horace. I am not ambitious to have our finest scholars great gamblers, but I should like to have them able to find relaxation in Horace and Virgil.

What an amount of time would be saved for the average boy if this course were followed! This time could be devoted to English literature with immense profit. What about a year given to serious study of the Bible as literature? We find nobody today who does not deplore the ignorance on this subject of the average college graduate. Considered mainly from the standpoint of literature, it stands alone, whether we consider the noble English of the King James Version or the knowledge of it which is necessary for understanding so much of modern literature. Incidentally, let us not forget that this important part of English literature is a translation.

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Franklin and Lincoln have shown what can be done by the intensive study of English masterpieces.

With so much time saved, the average American boy might even be able to learn a little of the history of his own country.

CHAPTER XXIX

RELIGION IN BOARDING SCHOOLS

RELIGION is the greatest thing in the world. It is the most important part of an education, so far as it can be taught. So much we can all agree upon. Our difficulty arises when we come to define that significant word. Arthur C. Benson says, "By religion, I mean the power, whatever it be, which makes a man choose what is hard rather than what is easy, what is lofty and noble rather than what is mean and selfish, that puts courage into timorous hearts and gladness into clouded spirits." Huxley says that religion "means simply the reverence and love for the ethical ideal and the desire to realize that ideal in life." Matthew Arnold defines religion as "morality touched with enthusiasm." This last I have always regarded as a very clumsy description, and for myself much prefer the words of Jesus, "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

All of these mean the same thing, and have been described as a spineless religion consisting of mere morality. The word "mere" means to me unfortunate. In any case, we can agree that no religion is worth considering unless "hunger and thirst after righteousness," "the desire to realize the ethical ideal," is a vital part of it.

Now, the average modern boy, judged by this definition, is certainly as religious as the boy of my time. Unquestionably he is much less orthodox, according to any church creed, than his grandfathers. His theology is uncertain or wanting. But, in a desire to know what his duty is toward his neighbor or toward the state or toward his own higher self, and in

the seriousness with which he regards that duty, he is certainly not inferior to my generation. Of course, the generations are of the same stuff, good, bad, and indifferent. But when I was in college, religion for most of us meant something rather mechanical, something which, if we thought of it at all, we did not connect with the business of living.

It has been said quite truly that we should teach religion in everything and everywhere, in the classroom, on the ball field, in all the relations of life; and there is a grand opportunity for it in school life. Every part of that life is a practice ground. An athletic coach with high ideals can do more to instill ethical principles than the ordinary man in the pulpit. A master whom the boys respect and like can preach sermons in daily talk, without ever mentioning the word "religion." But the Sunday sermons and the talks at morning or evening prayers, if they are connected with the boys' experience and if the preacher neither talks down to them nor talks over their heads, do more good than we think. I speak from the testimony of old boys, and, even if such are in a minority, they justify the effort. In this connection, I think that many headmasters and chaplains labor under certain handicaps from not knowing what is in the boys' minds, in these modern days, or how skeptical many of the best boys are. These youngsters are quite literal-minded and, when a great moral truth is connected with some theological dogma or part of a creed in which they do not believe, the lesson is lost in the hostile argument that arises in the boys' minds.

Many would be astonished at the number of agnostics in a college class. The only statistics that I ever gathered were from a Yale senior class, questions about their beliefs being addressed only to the *graduates of church schools*. The thing was rather hastily done in that very busy time that comes before graduation. The questions were presented to seventy-five boys, and only thirty-two answers were received. Of these,

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thirty disbelieved in the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures. And I think that a decided majority of them could be classed as agnostics. The questions were answered seriously. The answers to one question rather surprised me. The question was, "Do you think the study of religion in school was helpful?" Two or three said, "No, it was very stupid." Quite a number, however, said, "Yes, it made us think," or "We found it interesting," or something of the kind. Of course this census was quite incomplete, as a little less than half answered the questionnaire. Granted, however, that all those who did not answer were orthodox, the result would show an extraordinary number of skeptics, especially when we consider that the questionnaire was sent only to the graduates of church schools. My own experience with boys would indicate that this skepticism, in large part, was present in their minds in school and was only further developed in college. Now, you can preach to boys with a mental slant like that and they will listen most respectfully, but you will not gather the slightest idea of their mental reaction. The ignorance of that reaction makes it possible for a man to preach sermons Sunday after Sunday that go entirely wide of the mark, as far as these boys are concerned. I realize, to be sure, that a great many sermons today, and especially those preached to boys, deal with moral and social questions, laying emphasis on honesty, self-sacrifice, patriotism, and so forth. But it is a big handicap for a man not to know what the boys are thinking, and how far a rebellious attitude comes up because of the skepticism I have mentioned.

Some years before I resigned, I used to get together a group of skeptics for intimate talks. I could do this by finding one senior (I confined it always to seniors) whom I knew to be of this way of thinking, and asking him to select a dozen or so of the same kind. I used to begin by saying: "I am not particularly interested in what we differ on, but I should like to

find out what we agree on. Let us leave the question as to whether Jesus was the Son of God and whether the Bible is divinely inspired, and take up the question of the Sermon on the Mount and some of the parables." This meant a bit of interpretation, or explanation, but it was easy to come to an agreement on the great truths set forth there, on our duties to our fellow men, on what constitutes a noble life, and so forth. At the end of my first interview with one group there was a look of disappointment on the face of a boy who had been most eager. He had come in with a club under his coat, so to speak.

"Well, John," I said to him, "you and I agreed very well to-day."

"Yes, sir, of course we did. You didn't say one word about the creed."

"I didn't expect to," I said, laughing, "but you and I have agreed on a creed such that, if we live up to it, we shall be better than any man I ever met."

"Yes, sir, I suppose that is so."

"Then, why not quit thinking that religion is made up of argument and looking around for some person who believes more than you do, in order to convince him of his error? What do you think of Miss Lowry?" (She was the head of the Infirmary, for whom the boys had great affection and respect.)

"Oh, she is a peach."

"Yes, I think you might well call her a saint."

He agreed.

"Well, she is a devout Roman Catholic. She does not argue and she does not reason, but she lives. Now it seems to me that if you and I wish to justify our beliefs, the best way we can do it is to beat her in nobility of life, in honor and unselfishness, if we can. Don't you think that is the test of the religion that is in us?"

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He thought there was something in that. One might have preached to that boy for a hundred years without making any impression whatever, except to harden him in his habit of argument on a subject in which argument is of no avail.

With such a group, to go on to the application of honor, idealism, duty, and aims in life to their daily conduct is interesting and, I believe, immensely helpful, if it can be so handled that the boys will ask questions and take part freely. Of course they may meet without the presence of the master or headmaster. The main thing is perfect freedom. Family life, honesty, sex, a man's political duty, and their bearing on school life, and the responsibility of older boys for the school spirit—all of these come up, the particular topic of the meeting being chosen by the boys.

A lady who had been a dear friend of mine from childhood asked, "Horace, what do you teach them about honesty?"

"Well, Mary, I tell them that a boy who cheats in an examination or in classwork, or gives a false excuse, justifying himself because others do it, will grow up to be the kind of person who will lie at the customhouse to get a set of furs through."

She colored to the roots of her hair and said, "You're the meanest man I ever talked to."

I laughed. "Why, Mary, I use you on all occasions, of course not using names. But it is the same thing. You wouldn't lie at the customhouse, but for the fact that the practice of friends of yours in good standing makes it permissible for a lady and a Christian. It is worth while bringing that home to boys."

One topic for a meeting surprised me. It was the question of joining the church. I was still more surprised to have a number of the boys express a desire to join the church. Others said it would be hypocritical. The answer was, "We would not think of joining a church which would not accept us after hearing what we believe and what we do not believe."

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"Well, what do you want to join for, anyhow?"

"Because the church is the only institution that exists entirely for doing good and leading the right kind of life."

Personally, I should regard all of this as a part of religion, perhaps as the main part of it, but whether it is or not, it is the only approach to a large number of students of today, who seem to me to get no help from the usual methods. Moreover, a goodly proportion of these boys were conspicuous in moral character and in standing for all fine things in school life. Some of them reminded me of the objection of an English lord, when it was suggested that John Morley might be made prime minister: "Good heavens, no! These agnostics are too damned conscientious for us Christians."

In dealing with the young along such lines, a man is bound to meet with disappointment; but he must not be discouraged. In the first place, boys have their own standards, which are somewhat different from those of adults. We should do well to respect them. In the second place, they develop very unevenly toward the adult standard. A failure on a boy's part to appreciate what seems to you a plain call to duty or honor gives you a hard fall, but then a bit of chivalrous unselfishness beyond what you could hope for gives you a choky feeling. Moreover, you work with very different materials. It is a great feat with one boy simply to get him to realize that such things are not done by gentlemen. Trying to raise him to an appreciation of high ideals and positive thoughts about the better life, to raise him to an appreciation of the religion of Benson, mentioned above, would be like teaching Wordsworth's poetry to John L. Sullivan. But of another boy you know that, be his station in life high or low, he has the highest standards and has enlisted for the war. Altogether, I think that masters in boarding schools deal with the most interesting stuff in the world, that is, with human nature—deal with it at the most interesting time of its development. Speaking for myself, I can

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only say that though a man is bound to make mistakes enough to teach him modesty, though he is bound to feel his helplessness in too many cases, yet he is in a fight that is immensely worth while.

When schoolmasters think of the huge amount of preaching they do and the apparently small effect of it, they must take comfort from the statistician who calculated that in the Civil War it took a ton of lead to kill a man, so many bullets went wild. But the North won the war.

Of course schoolboys and still more college boys startle us by their radical tendencies. Well, in the first place, youth was always that way. In the second place, no generation has had to face so many unsolved problems, has had so much reason to think that the methods of the fathers have failed. All we can ask is that the boys follow their consciences and endeavor to apply Matthew Arnold's words: "Think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well."

In this matter of religious belief, the Protestant churches differ immensely in the emphasis they put on the creed. That emphasis, however, is dwindling all along the line. I have myself been urged to join the Episcopal Church, and have been scolded by clergymen because I laid so much stress on the creed. At another time, I was talking to a gentleman who had been the pastor of a large Congregational church, and was condemning severely an Episcopal clergyman in New York who, from the pulpit, was denying and attempting to disprove almost every article of the creed. I said that I had no objection to his skepticism, but that he ought to resign from the pulpit and the church, and ought not to utter these heresies while maintaining his priesthood. The gentleman replied:

"Mr. Taft, I cannot agree with you. To me, the creed is just a flag to rally to. When I was at the head of that big church in —, I knew a very good man who was an atheist, but who

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desired to join the church because he thought that organized effort for good was more effective than individual effort. I was very glad to take him into the church."

All that I could say was, "Well, that beats me."

For myself, I have always cherished a recommendation which Howard Mansfield, an old Yale man, gave me. We had discussed creeds a bit, when he said, "Oh, Horace, I understand you—speculatively wicked, but not, in general, opposed to righteousness."

George Quaile, the headmaster of the Salisbury School, a splendid man and a true Christian, told me of an amusing incident. Mr. Quaile was a pretty strict Church of England man who did not favor voluntary groups. A boy came to him one day and said he would like to start some prayer meetings. Mr. Quaile gave him permission. Some mornings after, the boy appeared at breakfast with one eye closed, a split lip, and a face that looked as though it had been through the war. Mr. Quaile said, "My conscience, Jimmy, what's the matter with you?" The boy replied: "We started our prayer meeting last night. I thought that it was rather stupid to follow the old method and have each boy tell of his own faults. I thought that it would be better if each boy told the faults of the others. *It didn't work out.*"

A rather natural result of some of our Sunday-school teaching appeared in the letter home of a small boy at the Pomfret School. Describing its beautiful chapel, he said: "The windows are beautiful. They are blue and gold and other colors, and have pictures of the *men who were famous in God's time.*" I think that some Sunday-school teaching justifies the little chap in thinking that God's time was back there.

Sherman Thatcher was much troubled about a boy, because the youngster seemed to be slippery and evasive. At last he detected him in a flat lie and said to him, "I am sorry, my boy, that you think so lightly of the truth."

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"Why, Mr. Thacher," the boy replied, "I think a great deal of the truth, *but I don't make a fetish of it.*"

The point of view of the mechanical Christian was set forth admirably by a man who found himself in Sing Sing, and said to his spiritual adviser: "I don't see how I ever got here. I have always tried to live within the revised statutes."

There is nothing on which people discussing education are so nearly unanimous as the general ignorance of the Bible and the pity of that ignorance. Many years ago, I was invited by the head of the Young Men's Christian Association to attend a meeting of headmasters in New York City to discuss the teaching of the Bible. I protested. I said: "I am a wicked Unitarian. I do not know much about the Bible, and I never gave a lesson in it in my life. I deplore the ignorance of our own generation and the still denser ignorance of the following generation as much as any one. This ignorance is so dense that, by comparison, it almost makes me feel that I do know something about the subject."

The answer was: "You are exactly the man we want. We wish to have all views expressed, and each man is expected to write a paper to express his views." I obeyed and sent in a paper, maintaining that the Bible ought to be taught in three ways:

First, there should be a brief history of the Jewish people, with dates and leading events and personalities; the most familiar stories in the Bible should be connected with this, and the history part should be so short that it could be learned thoroughly. Another course, quite separate, should deal with the Bible as literature. This would include many of the stories already dealt with in the historical course. Possibly it would be better to omit these stories from the historical course and give them only in the literary course. A boy ought to know the main facts of the history of the people of the Bible. He ought to know these stories, reference to which is constant in

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English literature. He ought to be made to realize, as far as possible, the beauty of chapters in Isaiah and the Psalms and the parables of the New Testament.

These two courses should be taught with all the rigor and thoroughness used in a course in Roman history or English literature, and no boy should have an option about taking either course.

The third course would deal with the religious significance of the Bible and should be quite optional. I went on to argue that compulsion was quite out of place in discussing matters of creed.

I was greatly amused when Dr. Peabody put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "You hit the nail on the head."

I laughed. "Yes, I am a great teacher of the Bible." Then to my surprise, I found that the main debate was held on my paper. A good many agreed with me, but some were shocked. One man almost weepingly said he could not think of teaching the Holy Book without dwelling constantly on its divine origin. His talk seemed to condemn me to utter darkness. Another man jumped up and said: "Before we go any further, I should like to ask how much time is given in each of the schools to the study of the Bible." I whispered to Dr. Peabody: "Here I go down again." Yet I found that we at Taft were then giving more time to this subject than most of the schools. When we reached the weeping gentleman I referred to, he hemmed and hawed, but I said: "How much?" It turned out that they gave half an hour a week in his school whenever he happened to think of it. Practically, they gave it no time at all.

I still think that parents and schools together should cover this ground. The history may be difficult for parents to teach, granted that they know anything about it, a supposition that is a little wild. The very numerous stories, however, can be read or told and made interesting to young people.

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The only debate about my plan, I think, would be in regard to the third course. Some might feel that there should be more rigid compulsion in that than in either of the other two. As for the other two, we can all unite on the importance of familiarity with the beauty of both Old and New Testament and of the importance of knowledge of Bible stories and Bible language for any one who attempts to read modern literature.

In the course of my sermonizing I became interested in Francis William Newman, especially interested because he was a brother of Cardinal John Henry Newman, and because the two brothers showed how earnest, unselfish seekers for the truth can arrive at exactly opposite results in regard to religious theory. Both were intensely interested in the subject and almost morbidly conscientious and serious. John Henry developed more and more toward high-church doctrines and practice, and finally became a Roman Catholic and one of the leaders of that church. Francis William, equally conscientious and eager, followed the truth as he saw it, becoming less and less ecclesiastical and more and more skeptical, till at last he became a Unitarian and finally, I think, an agnostic. He suffered much persecution, but never swerved. The contrast between the careers and the religious development of the two brothers is very striking.

CHAPTER XXX

OLD BOYS

IT is a significant fact that only in schools and colleges of the English-speaking world is a sentiment of loyalty to the institution developed. Only in these is there a school or college spirit. In the United States, till the last few decades, this spirit was confined to the colleges, but now more and more the school is taking its place in the memory and affection of its graduates. It may be that eventually an American, like an Englishman, will feel a keener loyalty to his school than to his college.

A French visitor expressed great surprise at this feeling. He found that even high-school graduates had a feeling of loyalty to their school. The Frenchman might feel that his education had been much superior to that offered here; but of affection for the prison he had been in so many years there was no trace.

To those engaged in secondary-school work and especially boarding-school work, this is one of the greatest rewards, including, as it does, many precious lifelong friendships with old boys, wives, and parents. I feel that I have been very much blessed in this regard. I have always called our "reunion day," which comes about the middle of May, "my dividend day"—and indeed the dividends are far better than money. Of course, such a day is a mutual admiration affair; and yet, with all allowance made for the enthusiasm of the occasion, it leaves a glow of deep satisfaction. We teachers have much that is humdrum in our daily lives—the petty but necessary discipline, the steady round of recitations, exam-

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inations, and reports. We believe in our work, but we often cannot see the forest for the trees. To see and hear the testimony of mature men as to what they think they got at the school gives hope, confidence, and inspiration. Moreover, the old boys are a part of the school in important ways. They are, too, our best witnesses with the public. They are an encouragement, whether in advice or in criticism, and they greatly promote the right school spirit. It makes a strong impression on boys of school age to see the enthusiasm of grown men and to hear graduates of twenty, thirty, or forty years' standing tell what they think of the school and what it has meant to them in their lives.

I need hardly say with what interest we watch the careers of those with whom we can keep in touch, nor do I need to say with what conceit we take to ourselves credit for anything especially fine in such a career or how we refer to fate and the inborn qualities of a graduate if anything of the opposite kind occurs. On the whole, however, I think that we can view the record with modest satisfaction and feel that our work is worth while.

My memory for names, never a good one, has failed me in an embarrassing way in late years. The name of a boy will generally call to my mind the boy and his school career, but when I see the boy himself the name will not come. Then, of course, I am hopelessly lost as to the wives of the old boys. I received an invitation to the wedding of one of them and wrote him a cordial letter of congratulations and urged him to come up to Watertown when he could and bring his bride with him. He wrote and thanked me heartily for the congratulations and the invitation, but added: "Both were a little late. We shall be glad to accept your invitation to go to Watertown. When we do, we will bring two little boys with us." It turned out that there were two graduates of the same name and it was the other one who was getting married.

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I am not alone in my troubles. When a reunion comes around and two or three hundred old boys are expected, there is a considerable searching of minds and making inquiries as to the identity of some of them. The faculty wives especially are troubled because they have not had such close contact with the boys in school. One lady early in the morning of a reunion day answered her doorbell. A young man stood there and said: "Perhaps I've come to the wrong door."

"Not at all," she said warmly. "I am very glad to see you."

She shook hands with him—at which he seemed a little surprised—ushered him in, and was asking him to sit down when he said:

"They told me at the shop that your electric wiring was out of order and sent me to fix it."

But things like this you know must be,
In every glorious victory.

CHAPTER XXXI

HEADMASTERS

IAN HAY in "The Lighter Side of School Life," a most interesting book to American teachers, describes vividly the different kinds of English headmasters. There is the Bismarck type, despotic, awe-inspiring, totalitarian. Masters as well as boys dread his displeasure. Parents simply dare not face him—which, Hay says, is all that is wanted of parents. Hay gives an amusing conversation in which he was trying to get from a distinguished alumnus of a great school personal reminiscences of such a headmaster:

My friend considered.

"He was a holy terror," he announced, after profound meditation.

"Quite so. But in what way?"

My friend thought again.

"I can't remember anything particular about him," he said, "except that he *was* a holy terror—and the greatest man that ever lived!"

"But tell me something personal about him. How did his conversation impress you?"

"*Conversation?* Bless you, he never *conversed* with anybody. He just told them what he thought about a thing, and that settled it. Besides, I never exchanged a word with him in my life. But he was a great man."

"Didn't you meet him all the time you were at school?"

"Oh yes, I *met* him," replied my friend with feeling—three or four times. And that reminds me, I *can* tell you something per-

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sonal about him. The old swine was left-handed! A great man, a great man!"

Happy the warrior who can inspire worship on such sinister foundations as these!

The other kind of headmaster described by Hay is a model of diplomacy, with suave and indirect methods, sometimes of doubtful ethics.

This is a very simple classification. I can only say that nothing was more interesting and surprising to me than the extraordinary variety of men and methods that built successful schools. For myself, knowing the boys personally, bringing to bear what influence I could, was of the essence of the whole job, the one thing which greatly attracted me in the work. But I have seen a splendid school built by a man who did not know his boys and did not wish to.

We have the dictator variety here, though, of course, not with the majesty and awe of the English headmaster. There, the headmaster's office and authority are unique and the head of one of the great public schools is quite on the level in prestige with Bishops and Cabinet ministers.

It has been my good fortune to know and count among my friends a goodly number of the headmasters of the last half-century. Four distinguished ones, I might mention, who were before my time. My two older brothers, Charles and Peter, graduated at Andover in 1860 and 1863 respectively. Dr. Samuel Taylor, known to the world as Uncle Sam, was monarch of all he surveyed. He was of the old school with a rigorous standard in scholarship and conduct. I heard dear old Warren of the Albany Academy describe him. He said that the time never came as long as Uncle Sam lived when he was not King on Andover Hill. He lived, however, to be a misfit. In his younger days, boys who went to Andover and to college went with serious purpose and often at great sacrifice. He lived into the time of the Pullman car, when the sons of the well-

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to-do were sent to school and college for quite a different purpose. He felt that the devil was in the younger generation. Warren said that, when he was in Andover, Uncle Sam frequently referred to my brother Peter. Peter had wished to enter the senior class. He had come from a high school and was very gruffly refused. Later, the old man relented, and at the end of the year, Peter graduated second in his class.

Dr. Henry Coit was the founder and for many years headmaster of the great St. Paul's School. To a large number of old boys of my age and of the older generation, he was the ideal headmaster. I confess that I cannot understand it. His austerity and ecclesiasticism and lack of sympathy with some of the activities of boyhood would have repelled, one would think. I felt the same way in reading about Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Yet there was no getting away from the fact that hundreds of fine men looked back upon the influence and example of these two men as influential factors in their lives. Dr. Arnold led an important reform of the English public schools, a reform which was dreadfully needed, and Dr. Coit's example had marked influence in the development of the modern boarding school in America.

A very different type was Dr. Gunn, the Master of the Gunnery. By sheer force of character, he made an impression on countless boys, as he did on the community in which he lived. His methods, his penalties were original and unconventional. No question in regard to curriculum had yet arisen, nor had progressive education been heard of. I don't think he troubled himself with theories. He simply lived the life and expected the same of his boys. Elderly men—not many of them are left—who revere his memory gratefully join Mrs. Gunn with him in their thoughts of their school life.

Of these three I had heard much, before I had dreamed of schoolmastering; but not till long afterward did I hear of a man who must have been one of the most interesting char-

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acters in American education. He was known to the world as Sawney Webb (William R.) of Bell Buckle, Tennessee. He had had a sound education of the old kind and had served as an officer in the Confederate army. He began a boarding school with the highest standards of life and scholarship and accomplished amazing results with so little equipment that it shames the rest of us.

He believed in Latin and Greek and mathematics, taking English in his stride. He believed in corporal punishment and all the rest of it. Yet he was original and unique in everything he did. Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton, said: "Webb violates all the principles of modern pedagogy, but sends us the best prepared boys we have." A mother would say: "Colonel, I like everything I hear about your school except—" "Madam, you needn't go on. If you don't want your boy thrashed, don't send him here."

Judge Edwards, a roommate of my brother Will at college, called on Dr. Webb to see about entering his nephew in the school. As he went up the front steps, he saw a boy sitting there, fishing in a pail of water. He came out an hour later and the boy was still there. He said: "Colonel, what is that boy up to?" "He's fishing, don't you see? He went fishing yesterday without permission. He is fishing all day today." Could a more appropriate or more harrowing penalty have been devised?

As an old man retired, he spent some time in southern California. In that part of the country a new educational theory grows on every bush. He was invited to attend the commencement of a vocational school, a school in which nothing was taught that was not useful, that is, that did not have a dollars-and-cents value. He sat on the platform while the orator of the day denounced everything which he held sacred in education. "Of what use is Latin or Greek? What can a boy do with algebra? I want my boy to know something useful. I

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want him to know how to milk a cow." And so forth. Out of compliment to the old gentleman, they asked him to make a few remarks when the main speaker had concluded. He said: "I can't go very far with my friend who has just sat down. He has condemned nearly everything which, in my judgment, makes education; and yet I want my boy to know something useful. I want him to know how to milk a cow. He does. We live in the country. But then, I want him to know something that a calf can't beat him at." Sherman Thacher told me that it exploded the commencement.

There was a vacancy to be filled in the United States Senate and the Tennessee legislature was in a turmoil. There were more than two candidates, and no one of them could get a majority. After a long struggle, a man suddenly rose and nominated Colonel Sawney Webb of Bell Buckle. There was a shout of applause and the old man was chosen United States Senator. He had had as much idea of being Archbishop of Canterbury as of being suddenly plunged into the chief legislative chamber of the nation. One old boy said to another: "I wonder what old Sawney will do in the United States Senate?" The other one said: "I know what he'll do. If he approves of a bill, he will say: 'Gentlemen, this bill must pass—pleasantly, I hope.' " I wish I had known him.

Since the above was written, an article on old Sawney has appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1942. It is by Professor John Andrew Rice, and gives a somewhat less complimentary description of Mr. Webb, especially in his old age. However, the article is not inconsistent with the main facts as I have given them.

I joined the Headmasters' Association in 1893, its second meeting. Forty years later, being called on for reminiscences, I said: "When I joined this Association, I thought, 'What old men are running the schools of the country!' Now, I look around and I wonder what kindergarten you all came from."

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Time brings a change in the point of view. I had the privilege of knowing the leaders of that day, many of them outstanding men. Tetlow of the Girls' Latin School in Boston, Collar of the Roxbury Latin School, both schools of exceptionally high standard and both men of vigorous, aggressive character; John Meigs, the founder of the modern Hill School, Mackenzie, the founder of the modern Lawrenceville, Bancroft of Andover, Amen of Exeter, Coy, the first headmaster of Hotchkiss, Cushing of the Westminster School, and Warren of the Albany Academy—they were all men of outstanding accomplishment and, most of them, of vigorous character and decided views. We younger men profited by their advice and their debates and were surprised by the joy of combat which appeared in many of them. I remember Collar's coming down to a New York meeting with, I think, fifteen resolutions aimed at the colleges and the college examinations. Tetlow rose and objected to some of them because they were wrong, and to others because they were trivial. The word "trivial" brought Collar to his feet. He said hotly that he would not have dragged himself from a sickbed down to that meeting to urge the adoption of anything "trivial." The debate waxed furious and many of us joined in until the morning had nearly gone. Then Tetlow rose with a smile and said:

"I saw President Eliot yesterday and told him that the schools were going to move on the colleges. He inquired and I told him that I understood that we were going to adopt resolutions. He asked, 'How many headmasters are there in the Association?' I said, 'About fifty.' He said: 'That would be very impressive, very impressive, indeed. The fifty headmasters of those schools can have what they please from the colleges. But if you can get fifty headmasters to agree *on a single resolution*, you will greatly surprise me.'"

With that, we laughed and adjourned for lunch.

John Meigs to me was the outstanding headmaster of his

generation. His strong ways, his incisive speech, his vigorous personality, all made it easy to understand how he built and guided with sure touch a great school. And when we met Mrs. Meigs and heard what her gracious presence and inspiring ideals had contributed to the life and spirit of the school, we could not wonder at the enthusiastic loyalty of a host of old Hill boys.

I not only liked and admired Dr. Meigs but had my own reasons for gratitude, as I received advice and encouragement from him in regard to my projects for expansion of the Taft School.

It is not always easy to understand methods and success of a schoolmaster. Amen, for instance, did an important work at Exeter and wrought a very much needed reform. It involved dismissal on a large scale and a very vigorous tone-up all along the line. I did not pretend to know him as I knew many of the others. But one could see in the small, quiet, unobtrusive man very little of the will power and stern judgment which must have been there.

Of my own contemporaries, it has been my good fortune to call many of them intimate friends and to exchange experiences and to profit by their advice. First in character, leadership, and achievement, I should put Endicott Peabody of Groton, whose position in the world of independent schools is unique. A rare combination of strength, sweetness, and high idealism, his influence has gone far beyond the limits of his school and his graduates. He was the founder of the school and completely dominated it for fifty-six years, a length of service which in itself is unique and important. His school had the advantage and disadvantage of great social prosperity from the start. He was thus enabled to maintain an exceptionally high standard in every way, and he had the judgment to see the danger of too narrow a basis from the social standpoint and to open one-third of the places in each class to

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competition, thus introducing a democratic element which, from its quality, would exert an influence out of all proportion to its number. The wealth and social standing of many of the parents presented problems which were not present to any such degree in most schools; but how these problems could have been better dealt with, I do not see. The accomplishments of graduates in college and in life are the best answer to the criticisms—there have been criticisms—and the loyalty of an exceptionally fine body of men to their headmaster and to Mrs. Peabody is a rich reward for the devoted life they have led.

Time and space fail for telling in any detail of the many headmasters whose friendship has been dear to me. Lewis Perry of Exeter stands out as a distinguished head of that famous historical school, beloved of all who know him, with a charm which he shares with the rest of his family, a speaker welcome to any audience, a man with a delightful sense of humor, a loyal friend.

I have spoken of the variety of headmasters and accomplishments. Frank Boyden has built a unique school by methods all his own, another dear friend.

Then there are Alfred Stearns and after him, Fuess at Andover, both advancing the cause of education through the prestige of that great school.

Huber Buehler, whom I always regarded as the real builder of Hotchkiss, a shy and seemingly cold man, puzzled me greatly by his splendid success, though I valued his friendship and knew what a warm heart he had, and George Van Santvoord has nobly carried on the great work. Father Sill, another man different from all the others and the builder of a fine and unique school; Batchelder, the first headmaster and real creator of Loomis; Thayer of St. Mark's; St. John, the creator of Choate School; Boyd Edwards of Hill and Mercersburg; Hume of Canterbury; John Briggs of St. Paul; Perry

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Smith of Winnetka; Buck of Berkshire; Allen of Polytech; Field of Milton; Galbraith of Williston; Nicholson of Hartford; Halleck Lefferts of Pomfret; Quaile of the Salisbury School; and Fred Winsor of Middlesex—it has been a great privilege to know these and many others.

The Headmasters' Association, a group of about one hundred heads of boarding and day schools, has meant much to me. It has been largely through its meetings during half a century that the friendships I have mentioned began and flourished. All members value the association for the same reason. Teachers lead a narrow life, and a headmaster in many ways is a lonely man, with problems which do not trouble the rest of the faculty. In such gatherings not only are friendships formed and strengthened, but there is a discussion of problems and difficulties which we all have in common. There is the frankest exchange of experiences and methods—sometimes in the discussions, but more often in informal conversation of various groups. A man comes away occasionally with help in solving a problem or, what is almost as comforting, with the knowledge that all the rest have the same problem and have failed to solve it. These informal talks during the two days are often more inspiring and suggestive than the formal discussion.

And we have plenty of fun. I remember our amusement when Dr. Peabody read a letter from an old boy of Groton, saying that he was tired of business and wanted to go into school work. He inquired whether Dr. Peabody knew of any vacant headmastership, adding: "I don't know enough to teach anything, but I think that I should make a very good headmaster." We agreed that perhaps the boy was not so far wrong after all.

Another association, much more recently formed, which has meant much to me as to all its members, is that of the Connecticut Headmasters. We meet twice a year: in the fall,

only the headmasters; but in the spring, the headmasters and the representatives of the different staffs who are interested in the subject proposed for discussion, as, for instance, the teaching of science or of history. This taking us out of our shells is valuable in every way, and the participation of the masters especially so. Friendships, co-operation, and generous rivalry flourish. To those whom I have mentioned as members of the national association, I would add Dr. Aaron Cornburn of the Wooster School.

An honor that pleased me exceedingly and stands out in my memory was a surprise party which these good friends arranged and carried out in the spring of my retirement. The surprise was complete and took me quite off my feet, and I cherish the beautiful beaker designed by Mrs. Batchelder with a much too flattering dedication upon it and with the names of all the donors on the bottom. And several years after my retirement, at a regular meeting of the Association, a statuette of my long self by Mrs. Batchelder again surprised me and warmed my heart.

It seems to me important that school authorities should encourage as much as possible such association, bringing masters as well as headmasters together. It would broaden views, prevent rust, and promote friendship.

CHAPTER XXXII

END OF SCHOOL NARRATIVE

I HAVE told of the drive and its results, of the rallying of the old boys, the pleasure of meeting them and the expenditure of energy and vitality in the campaign for the endowment.

The first part of the school was built by Bertram Goodhue. We occupied it gradually in the fall of 1913 and the beginning of 1914. Mr. Goodhue died before the second expansion came (a great loss to American architecture), and this part of the school was built by James Gamble Rogers and finished in 1930. With both of these men it was a great pleasure to work. Mr. Goodhue was a man of extraordinary talent, but with an artistic temperament that required some diplomacy in dealing with him. Friends of the school will remember the ornamentation above the fireplace in the old library, which has now been made into a reception room. Mr. Goodhue had the tree in the Garden of Eden branching out into algebra, literature, and other subjects, and the figures of Adam and Eve. I told him that I never liked Adam and Eve anyhow, and that I hoped he would get something else. When I came home I talked with the masters, who sided with me and said that the tree in the Garden of Eden was the tree of knowledge of good and evil and ought not to branch out into these various subjects. I wrote to Goodhue that it would not do. He replied that it was a keen disappointment to him, and he could not take it lightly. He added, "If you give that up, you must give up the motto which you so much wanted—

Timor Domini initium sapientiae.

[Fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.]

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However, if that motto is given up, how would this one do? "If no man can serve two masters, how in hell can one poor architect serve a dozen?" "It seemed to me that he came off pretty well in the discussion, but I stuck to my point. Adam and Eve did not appear.

The depression struck us as it did others and brought a hard struggle. In the first place, a substantial part of the contributions to the fund had to be canceled and a part of the securities in our endowment became worthless.

The years 1930 and 1931 were marked by heavy losses in ways that hit nearer home. My brother Charlie died December 31, 1929. My brother Will died on April 8, 1930. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Charlie Taft, died the next year. All very dear to me.

Harley Roberts died in April, 1930. He had broken down and had been reduced to half-work four or five years before, and had been unable to take an active part in the school for two years. He had lived, however, to see the physical part of the school completed, for whose highest interests he had done so much.

I had been aware for some time that I had been gradually delegating more of my work to others, and that what I had kept for myself was done with less vigor and with more interruptions on account of health. Probably others noticed it before I did. At any rate, when a committee of old boys urged me to appoint an understudy that my work might be lightened, and that the public might know who my successor was to be, I replied: "No, you are quite right as to the trouble, not as to the cure. I will fix a time for my retirement and, in the meantime, you and I will form a committee for the trustees to find my successor." It is probable that I ought to have resigned earlier, but it is hard to let go.

However, we went to work and are deeply gratified by the result of our labors. I announced that I would resign on July

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2, 1936. The spring of that year we announced the election of Paul Cruikshank, who was then the head of the Romford School at Washington, Connecticut, a school of his own creation. I was interested to note that when I was at his age, my school had advanced to about the same size his had attained.

Of course, there were "doings" the last few weeks of my headmastership. I have spoken of the very gratifying surprise party given me by the Connecticut Headmasters. The reunion in May was a very cordial rally of old boys to say good-bye to me and to give an enthusiastic welcome to Mr. Cruikshank—a welcome to which he responded in a manner that made a fine impression and gave promise of an intelligent and vigorous administration.

One amusing incident I told at the May reunion. It had come to the notice of the authorities of a prominent New England school that somebody of my name was leaving the Taft School. There was evidently a misapprehension as to the circumstances under which I was leaving, for I received a letter beginning "Dear Horace" and going on to say that the writer was the chairman of admissions of this school, was interested in my case, was sending me a catalogue, and would gladly give me advice in regard to my next school. I did not answer, but presently received the catalogue, and in about a month received a second letter, expressing the hope that I had found the catalogue interesting and suggesting that I consult him even though I decided not to go to his school. He then asked me to answer a long list of questions, the first question being: "How old are you?" I was tempted to have a little fun and to begin at the other end and tell him what books I had read, what games I liked, what my course of study had been, and so forth, ending with the fact that I was seventy-four years old. I concluded not to be too clever, answered the question about my age and then said that I supposed that he would not be interested in my answers to the other questions. One thing

looked a little bad about the questionnaire. There was no question as to why I was leaving the Taft School, a very important question for a school receiving a new boy.

I said goodbye to my last senior class at commencement, wrote my last reports to parents, and retired. I had undertaken one or two tasks connected with the public to which I will refer later and was kept fairly busy through the summer. In September, I went to El Cajon, California, about fifteen miles from San Diego, where my sister Mrs. William A. Edwards lives. We took a house and spent most of the year there. I busied myself more or less in making speeches and in writing to newspapers against President Roosevelt's plan for packing the Supreme Court. Having been prodded by old boys to write an account of my uneventful life, I dictated a few score pages and sent the result on to a master and an old boy in whose judgment I had great confidence. Their polite criticisms seemed to mean, being interpreted, that if I had had anything to say and had known how to say it the result would have been much better. This only confirmed my own judgment, and I was well content till I returned to the East and was again under pressure by faithful old boys who, in spite of all proof to the contrary, were determined to make an author out of me. Consequently, I have done the infernal thing over and have taken the opportunity to give my views on various and sundry questions, educational and political, which have interested me. These additions seem to have added to the dismay of my mentors who think, and probably rightly, that the additions would be of less interest to the public than the original. However, I have myself found some pleasure in expressing my opinions on a considerable variety of subjects.

But I am getting ahead of my story. My friendship with Sherman Thacher had continued in full strength all his life. We had corresponded frequently, and I had seen him many times in the East. I had never, however, seen his home in the



PAUL CRUIKSHANK

PRESENT HEADMASTER

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Ojai Valley since his school had started. Sherman had died two or three years before my retirement, but it was a great pleasure to visit the school for two or three days in the spring of 1937 and to find it prospering greatly under the guidance of his son Anson. I was glad also to have a good visit with Sherman's widow, who is my cousin. A few weeks later, I gave the talk at the commencement.

Since then I have read the very interesting biography of Sherman Thatcher by LeRoy McKim Makepeace of Waterbury. It is the story of a noble life.

I reached home again about July 1, 1937, having been absent a full school year as I had planned, and found a delightful house prepared for me with all my furniture distributed with much more taste and convenience than would have been possible had I been managing. I have been in easy reach of the school, and my connection with it has been a keen pleasure. I have watched with immense satisfaction Paul Cruikshank's fine administration and the important part which Mrs. Cruikshank has taken in the life of the school and have been able to continue affectionate relations with the faculty and their families and to enjoy in my greater leisure the intimate contacts with the very pleasant and cordial group of friends in Watertown and vicinity. Civil government classes containing a part of the senior class, weekly talks at vespers, and Sunday-night suppers, have been unimportant from the standpoint of service to the school, but they have meant much to me. I hope that they may continue while my strength lasts.

CHAPTER XXXIII

RETIRED

JUST before my retirement from the position of headmaster, I was chosen president of the Connecticut Merit System Association, a branch of the National Civil Service Reform Association. The Connecticut branch had changed its name to get rid of the word "reform," which was felt to be a handicap. I served during the summer of my retirement and after my return from California. I cannot pretend that my services were important. My acquaintance with the practical workings of the system was quite limited, and my efforts were devoted to speech making, writing articles, and other kinds of propaganda.

Professor Sumner coined the phrase "the forgotten man," meaning thereby the average, law abiding citizen, who attends to his business, raises a family, supports the church, and so forth, ending with: "He pays. Whatever else he does, he always pays." All that I can say about this is that the forgotten man deserves to be forgotten. There are enough of him to turn this government bottom side up, if he will get together with his fellows and organize. Frankly, the American people do not care very much for good government. When I say this, I am referring to the middle class, to the businessmen, and to college men alike. Many questions before us are complicated and difficult, such as finance, employer and employee government and business, the tariff. Very able men have studied all these questions thoroughly and have reached conclusions that are diametrically opposed. The question of efficient, hon-

est government, however, is simple enough for any high-school graduate and is unsolved because of the lack of interest in it. There is nothing dramatic about it. It requires simply a very limited amount of civic patriotism on the part of so-called good citizens. But that amount is not forthcoming.

I referred in Chapter IV to my youthful and rather comical experiment in Cincinnati. I learned how the primaries, the caucuses, party committees, and conventions were run by office seekers and officeholders in national, state, county, and city politics.

Offices are the prizes for which the soldiers of the mercenary army fight. It is the spoils system, and while it lasts the best and most patriotic men in the country must play the game or retire from practical politics—an enormous loss in itself to the country. There are three million and a half of these offices in the national, state, and municipal governments and the bulk of them are the prizes or bribes of political activity. That we can ever remove all selfish rewards from politics is, of course, an absurd idea. But here we have the wages of the rank and file—the city and state machines are built on them. There are, indeed, much higher prizes for the seekers of tariff favors, public utility monopolists, and so forth. But any men after these prizes must deal with the machines or with the party leaders in legislature or city council, and these machines owe their power to the patronage system. Whether a man wishes for the reform of the courts or the abolition of “senatorial courtesy” or the restriction of government extravagance or any other reform, radical, liberal, or conservative, he will find the spoils system in his way, preventing the adoption of the reform or clogging the administration of it if adopted. No movement will do more to purify the political atmosphere, abolish machines, and tempt good citizens into politics, than the abolition of the patronage system.

It is this purifying effect of the proposed reform which

made President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, who was not a politician, but one of our greatest thinkers, say: "Civil Service reform is so fundamental that all other reforms must rest on it." In all this, I have said nothing of the fact that honest and efficient and economical government is impossible under the patronage system. I put this result second, though it is generally the only object that reformers mention. The first one seems to me far and away more important. In fact, I should name the results of the reform of the Civil Service in the order of their importance as follows: first, purification of American politics; second, honest, efficient, and economical administration; third, a fair democratic way by which any American citizen on his merit may earn the right to serve his country.

Many things are surprising about the situation. This reform has been before the country for seventy years. It has been urged in national and state platforms. Distinguished men, the leaders of both parties, have urged it in the strongest terms. I have already quoted President Eliot. Alfred E. Smith says: "Let's stop all this hot-air talk about reduction of taxes and the cost of government and get down to the root of the evil. There are two things that don't fit together—political patronage and the reduction in the cost of government." Abraham Lincoln pointed to a group of office seekers in Washington and said: "There you see something which, in the course of time, will become a greater danger to the Republic than the war." We have had smashing denunciations of the patronage system and strong approval of the merit system from Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt on the Democratic side and from Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Charles E. Hughes, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, and Elihu Root on the Republican side. All these men have had to deal with the spoils system,

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either using it or fighting it, because of the apathy of the public.

It is this apathy that is so surprising. In spite of the eighty years of discussion, in spite of the national platforms, in spite of these strong statements from leaders, the ignorance in regard to the question and in regard to its enormous importance is dense. In talking to any audience, no matter how well educated, I have found it safe to assume complete ignorance of the question. I was in the position of a Cincinnati lawyer who was astonished at the decision given against him by a judge. He carried the question up to the higher court, and at the beginning of his argument read from Blackstone and other textbooks, citing elementary principles of law. The judge interrupted him to say: "I think that lawyers might assume that the court knows a little law." To which the lawyer responded: "Ah, your Honor, that is the mistake I made with the court below."

If you ask the average man about the system, he will tell you that it has to do with examinations of some sort, and he will give you the impression that it is about as important as a new system of accounting or perhaps an improvement in the ventilation of government offices. He has no notion that it goes to the very root of honesty and efficiency in government. We must remember that the average citizen thinks he has done a very patriotic thing when he votes once or twice a year. We are told that we get as good a government as we deserve. Never believe it. We get a much better government than we deserve. I was arguing in a big city in favor of the merit system on the ground that it would purify the whole political atmosphere, when a man advised me: "Mr. Taft, you are dead right. That is unquestionably the most precious result of the reform. But that argument will get nowhere with these businessmen. They don't give a damn for good govern-

ment. Tell them that you will lower their taxes. Then you will get them." That is undoubtedly too pessimistic a statement. Yet there is too much truth in it for comfort. The general sentiment is in our favor. There is no question about that. People feel toward the politician as the Scotchman did toward the dentist. He was fumbling in his pocket when the dentist said, "You don't have to pay me in advance." "I was na thinkin' o' that. I was just countin' ma money before you gie me the gas." The people are wrong. They have themselves to blame. Many men in politics would be glad to help lift things, but they can do nothing without popular support. They are like the man on Fifth Avenue who was rolling along in a broken-down Ford car at about ten miles an hour. A policeman shouted at him: "Can't you go any faster than that?" he said: "Yes, I can, but I don't like to leave my car."

I will not go on with the argument. The enormous cost of the spoils system, moderately estimated at two billion dollars a year, ought to be enough to make us think. The amazing misfits in office are so numerous that we are accustomed to them. Suffice it to say that the spoils system is like my golf, as my brother Charlie described it. I played cross-handed, had a peculiar stance, and so forth. Charlie watched me solemnly and said: "Horace, you do everything *exactly* wrong, don't you?"

The Hatch and Ramspeck laws have been splendid steps forward and give great encouragement. We must remember, however, that the federal service contains only one-third of the offices which are used as spoils. The cities are more important. Not only is there the greatest waste there, but you cannot educate a politician in Tammany politics in his home city and expect him to grow wings at the state capital or in Washington.

It is encouraging to look over the record and see how small a number of citizens is required to bring about reform, if they

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are earnest and *organized*. The reform is bobbing up all over the country in various places.

I was amused to see a letter from a citizen of Torrington, Connecticut, saying that the merit system was good in theory but could never work in practice. This is a fine example of the dense ignorance that exists even among educated people. He only needs to read a little on the subject to find out that ours is the only civilized country still using the spoils system and also to find out that the merit system is working very successfully in many parts of his own country. He is in a position to answer as the Kentucky mountaineer did. He was asked whether he believed in infant baptism and replied: "Believe in it! I've seen it done."

But nothing can be done unless the friends of good government organize. All self-seekers, those who are after offices, pensions, or tariff privileges, understand this. It is only the good citizens who fail to realize how prompt the politicians are to pay attention to a small minority who are vigorous and organized. A clergyman once engaged in getting up a new hymnbook said that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes. We can learn a good deal from the tactics of the other side.

Of course, this reform becomes vastly more important as government activities are extended. The nation, state, and city interfere with our lives more and more, and it is certain that this trend is not going to be reversed. Consequently, the honesty and efficiency of the officeholders become increasingly important.

We must not be discouraged or deceived by fraudulent merit systems. Philadelphia has one with which the politicians are perfectly content. An honest spoilsman in that city will frankly tell you how they work it. Names given to systems do not count. Calling a system a merit system does not make it one.

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For reasons of health I found myself unable to play even the unimportant part I had been playing in the organization and resigned.

Not long after my election as president of the Merit System Association, I was asked to be president of the Connecticut chapter of the League of Nations Association. My chapter on that shows my opinion on the subject, and I accepted with pleasure. Of course, no one can think of the League of Nations unless and until Hitler and Hitlerism are absolutely crushed. If that time ever comes, we shall be called upon to take up the question of international organization again. The isolationists are still with us. But we have one great advantage. Anybody who *now* thinks that we can remain isolated or that the prevention of all war is not of the first importance to us, no matter where the war is, ought to consult a psychiatrist. In this movement, as in the other, I found myself unable to continue the little help which I was giving, and resigned.

I also had a small part in the birth-control contest in Connecticut. Massachusetts and Connecticut have the unenviable position of being the only two states so backward as to forbid a rational treatment of this subject. The movement is bound to go on to complete success in spite of the medievalists, but it is a pity that it should be held up in these two states, with a result of great suffering by hundreds of women and the increase of an undesirable part of the population.

CHAPTER XXXIV

REFORMS AND REFORMERS

THERE is nobody who does not occasionally indulge in ridicule and scorn when the poor reformer is mentioned. I have known a clergyman to warn young men not to become reformers, as though it were a sin or a disease. The best that an ordinarily charitable man would say for a reformer is what an Englishman said of Gladstone: "He is a good man in the worst sense of the term." Having been a dabbler in that way myself, with no results to speak of, I want to make a plea for justice and to urge that we need more reformers and not fewer, in national, state, and municipal politics, especially the last.

Most of the accusations against reformers have examples enough to justify them if they are made with discrimination. The first and most serious one, but the one least often justified, is that some man is using a reform campaign for publicity: we have all known of reformers who have made it worth while to politicians to buy them by office. It is not the common failing—I have seen many fine men who, whether mistaken or not, sacrificed time, effort, and money for causes in which they believed, with no thought of reward.

The next charge is that the reformer is impractical. It is often a true bill. The reformer frequently wants a straight course with no delay and no compromise, when the practical man knows that he must take what he can get. The reformer is like the rich lady who had bought a yacht, but had never tried sailing. When she was out some miles from port the sea

grew rough, and she became squeamish and told the skipper she wanted to go straight back to port and didn't want any nonsense about tacking or anything of that sort. Nothing so exasperates a man in politics who is honestly trying to help toward a desired goal, but sees the obstacles in the way, as to be branded by a reformer as a machine man, an obstructionist, a man who is playing politics. He often feels more bitterly towards this closet philosopher than toward men who are frankly out for what there is in it for them. When Grover Cleveland was straining every nerve to save the gold standard, he used patronage to the limit with the United States Senate. No man was a better friend of Civil Service reform than he, but in such a crisis he sacrificed the lesser object for the greater and took doggedly all the abuse that was heaped on him.

The reformer is peculiarly open to the charge of being impractical because often his job is propaganda, and many attempts and much noise must be made before results appear on the statute book. He is trying to prod a sleepy and indifferent public and often makes a nuisance of himself. It is when the stage is reached at which the reform must be embodied in a statute which can be carried out that the reformer needs common sense and the help of the practical politician who, at heart, is with him.

Another accusation with much truth in it is that the reformer is apt to be narrow. History shows that generally it is only by concentration on one object that the work can be done. The world will not willingly let the stories die of many of the great reformers, such as Lord Shaftesbury, Richard Cobden, John Howard, Rowland Hill, Horace Mann, Jane Addams, and Margaret Sanger. Each pursued with energy and emphasis a reform that seemed to him or her important and thereby achieved much for humanity.

The Lord keep us from cynicism! Tom Reed was once asked

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for the definition of a statesman. He said: "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead." This is very bright, very cynical, and untrue. Tom Platt, Quay, and Penrose were all very successful politicians, and they are all dead. But no man careful about his words would call them statesmen. Lincoln, Cleveland, and George Frisbie Hoar would be called statesmen beyond a question. What is the difference? Perhaps we may say that a statesman is a man who uses practical skill and ability to advance certain principles for the general welfare, while a politician, in the popular use of the term, is a man who advocates causes and principles with a view to his own advancement.

There is much to make a thoughtful citizen anxious, so much that it is necessary to guard ourselves against despair. We are making a very bad job of our democracy, and it behooves every man with a spark of civic conscience to do his bit. Of course, there are many very important questions which are outside politics. It is easy to excuse a man who throws himself into a movement like that for boys' clubs or for the reform of business methods or for any one of the humanitarian movements. But the average educated man takes so little part in *any* activity outside his selfish interests that he deserves to live under a Hitler. Among the political movements for simply cleaning up government, I would put the reform of the Civil Service first and, next, the government of our municipalities. Not only has the government of our cities been a failure in general, but the city is a training school in sordid and sometimes corrupt politics, the influence of which reaches far beyond the limits of the city.

Our judicial system is cumbersome and uncertain in its action, the delays are notorious, and, what is a very important matter, the confidence of the public in many parts of our administration of justice is lacking. During the trial of the officials of Waterbury, Connecticut, when one damning reve-

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lation after another was made, it was all too common to hear a man on the street say: "I wonder whether they ever can convict men with as strong a pull as those fellows have." The same question comes up whenever a rich man is indicted. The selection of a jury, which is accomplished in so short a time in England and which in an important case in this country may take many days, is another thing which calls for reform. Our methods of electing judges in many states, the denying to the judge of that power which in England enables him to guide the trial, cut red tape, and secure substantial justice, are another serious defect. The cures for many of these evils are simple to understand and have been urged time and again by leading lawyers and by bar associations. The resistance of demagogues in legislatures and constitutional conventions has been too strong, and there is not enough dramatic interest in the questions, no matter how important they may be, to stir up popular feeling in their favor.

All these things are vastly important in our political life, and the dishonesty and self-seeking pervading the political atmosphere have serious effect on life outside of politics. Altogether, these things involve the essence of civilization.

At bottom, one great trouble is mistaken party loyalty and the wrong idea of what party should mean. It is quite true that a successful democracy must be run by two parties. At any rate, Greece, Rome, and all the English-speaking democracies teach this lesson; and, by their failure, France, Germany, and other countries with their numerous parties drive home the same lesson. A party system requires party loyalty. True. But our federal system is a complicated one, too much so for the political ability of the people. A party should *mean something* in policy or principles. Our parties are theoretically composed of men who agree on *national* issues, the tariff, the foreign policy, the New Deal, and so forth. There is not a single question bearing, for instance, on the government of

Connecticut or Hartford or Watertown, which is considered when a man joins the Republican or Democratic party. Consequently, in all elections except those for President, United States senators and congressmen, the party labels, banners, and war cries mean nothing at all. Yet, as we have seen, the questions of city and state politics are immensely important and ought to be considered on their merits. Theoretically, we ought to have two national parties formed on national issues and, in each state, two state parties formed on state and municipal issues. One need only consider the great difficulty we have in getting the majority of citizens to the polls once or twice a year to see how wild a proposition it would be. The majority will continue to vote according to national issues as they have always done. We must deal with the facts as they stand. But one very striking thing in a democracy is that we are ruled in many ways by minorities, consisting of citizens who are anxious only to hold the balance of power in elections and thereby to have an influence on congressmen, state legislators, and others, out of all proportion to their number. In general, you may put it down that in a political fight one man who has an ax to grind, a pension, a bonus, a tariff schedule, an office, is worth fifty who confine their good citizenship to voting once or twice a year and taking the rest of it out in talk. There is not much hope of effecting real and lasting reform in municipal and state politics, our judicial system, and so forth, until a goodly number of citizens of both parties *organize* and use their influence for good government. The Republican or Democratic organization in a great city necessarily becomes a mere organization for getting the offices or those plums in the way of contracts which can be gathered by successful machines. There is no principle or policy in connection with city government which a Republican organization, for instance, can uphold. There is no Republican way of collecting taxes or viewing a corpse or building streets. Yet

the people are divided on the lines of national politics and go into a fight for the mayoralty and other offices as though a principle were at stake. The organization of intelligent men and women in any city in the country, throwing their weight in favor of a reform, could accomplish it. This is the way in which reforms have come about in most cities. But the bulk of the so-called good citizens stick by their party, which is all that the regular politician desires of them. The reform of the party from the inside, which leaders urge as the proper plan, is a vain hope. Organize a sufficient minority of good citizens who can throw their weight on one side or the other, and you will find it an easy matter to reform the party from the inside.

Of course all of this can be helped immensely by separating absolutely the national elections from the state and municipal. We have recently, for instance, defeated an excellent governor of Connecticut, and it is hard to think that such a defeat would have been possible but for the landslide for Franklin D. Roosevelt. The state of Connecticut must suffer from having the two elections tied together.

In any case, there must be a tremendous awakening of the home side of patriotism if we are to reach a reasonably honest and efficient government, and if we are to attack such complicated questions as labor and capital, and taxation, with the decks cleared.

The reforms proposed and in many cases carried out, such as the direct primary, the popular election of senators, the popular election of judges, the initiative and referendum, all have a flavor of democracy about them and win the sincere support of many for that reason. They accomplish little in removing our real troubles, though one of them, the popular election of senators, has had one highly beneficial result. It has probably not given us better senators, but it has made it possible for the people of a state to choose their legislature without considering national politics.



BUST OF THE AUTHOR

BY EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN BATCHELDER

CHAPTER XXXV

THE END

WHEN a man has reached his eightieth birthday he must be conscious that he is on "waiting orders." But old age brings blessings as well as drawbacks. One blessing is that, as one looks back, the hard and disagreeable things fade away and leave in the mind pictures and memories it is sweet to recall. There are old friendships still strong and good to think of. A schoolmaster has many.

But a man must not look backward too much, even in old age. He cannot be happy unless he does his bit, even if it is a very little bit. He cannot reach the heroic spirit of Tennyson's Ulysses, but what he has he must give.

An old boy of mine said that he had taken for a motto or a wish, "When I finish, may I be all used up." I said, "That is a good motto, but I should like to wish also for the converse: When I am all used up, may I finish."

I always liked the verse in the Harrow song "Follow Up," which reads:

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.

And as for cheerfulness and courage, we can emulate the old Yankee woman who exhorted a complaining friend, "Count your marcies." I cherish the philosophy of old Ben Franklin,

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who, when he was over eighty, wrote, "At my age I think that I ought to be grateful that I have only three incurable diseases."

It was a wise old colored preacher who said to his aged parishioners, "Bredren, we must co-operate with the inevitable."

In this spirit, so far as in me lies, I should wish to carry on till the evening comes.

